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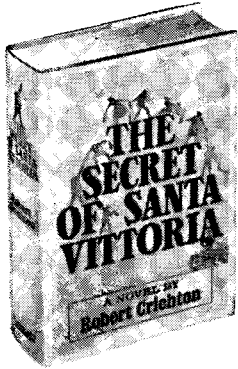
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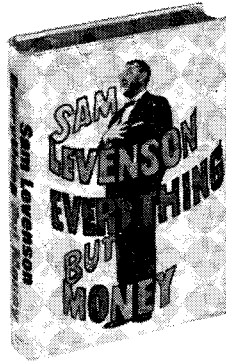
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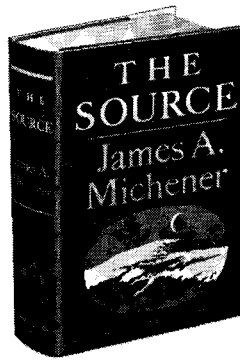
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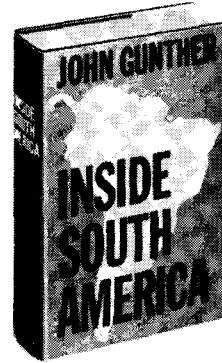
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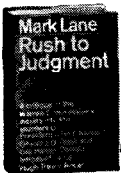
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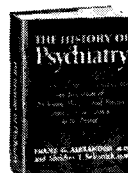
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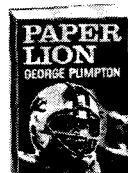
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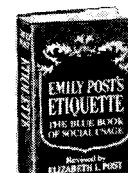
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Watching the Oceans: A report from General Dynamics

Wouldn't it be nice if you could plan a vacation and *know* weeks ahead that the weather would be good?

Actually, 24-hour local forecasting is right almost 85 percent of the time. But longer range prediction—on which can depend anything from a vacation trip to the success of a year's wheat crop—is far less certain.

Even though information from hundreds of full-time land weather stations is supplemented by measurements in the upper atmosphere and reports from weather satellites, a vital link in the chain has been missing.

Weather is essentially born or modified as a result of the interaction of sun and air with the oceans that cover two-thirds of the earth's surface.

Oceanography and meteorology can be considered two faces of the same coin—the study of the total marine environment. And relatively little is known about it yet.

Seagoing "weather bureau":

What has been needed to fill the gap is an oceanographic "weather bureau."

It would have to stay in place in the deepest part of the sea, regardless of storm or current; collect environmental information from the atmosphere, the surface and the depths; send that information regularly and correctly back to land.

And it would have to do all these jobs without human presence for long periods of time.

With a network of such sea stations seeded throughout the world, oceanic information could be integrated with that obtained from land stations and

from space. Meteorologists could determine the patterns that will create the weather next week, or perhaps months hence.

Oceanographers could analyze the subsurface currents, the levels of dissolved nutrients in the water, the migratory patterns of fish to anticipate their location for commercial fishing.

And with navigation lights, fog horns and radar beacons at known positions, such a network would provide invaluable navigation aid for ships.

Monster buoys:

Today, the beginning of such a worldwide system may be at hand—an ocean data station, more commonly known as a monster buoy, developed and built by General Dynamics for the United States Navy's Office of Naval Research.

The first prototype has been undergoing sea trials since 1964, collecting and sending its information through calm and hurricane.

This ocean data system consists of a giant pieplate-shaped buoy, forty feet in diameter and seven and one-half feet deep, containing an assortment of environmental measuring devices and the electronic and power equipment to collect and transmit to shore the data acquired.

It can be "locked" in place, moored to an ocean floor as deep as 30,000 feet, by a plaited nylon cable only two inches thick. Although the buoys are presently designed to operate for a year at a time without human maintenance, the conventional propane-powered generator systems that provide

electricity for the buoy's operation carry a two-year supply of fuel.

Unlike a traditional ship, which exaggerates the motion of waves, particularly in side-to-side pendulum-like rolling, the symmetrical, discus-shaped buoy hull follows the slope of the waves, reducing pitching and rolling to a minimum. Its stability keeps its omnidirectional antenna in proper position to radio information to a shore analysis station.

Defies hurricanes:

No one really knows just how rough the weather might get in a full-scale typhoon or hurricane—defined only as a cyclonic storm with winds of over 75 miles per hour—because of the obvious difficulty of humans taking accurate measurements under such conditions.

The General Dynamics/ONR ocean data station was designed to withstand winds of 160 miles per hour and waves 60 feet high.

Buoy Bravo, the first prototype, remained in place under winds of 110 miles per hour and waves 50 feet high during Hurricane Betsy in 1965, with no interruption in its flow of information. Its elastic nylon mooring line permits the buoy to drift slightly and then pull back to position without dragging its "anchor" of steel chain.

Typhoons and hurricanes, luckily occur only occasionally. But the intensely corrosive environment of the sea is constant. For protection, the buoy's steel hull, mast and antennae are coated with inorganic zinc and several layers of vinyl.

A hundred tests:

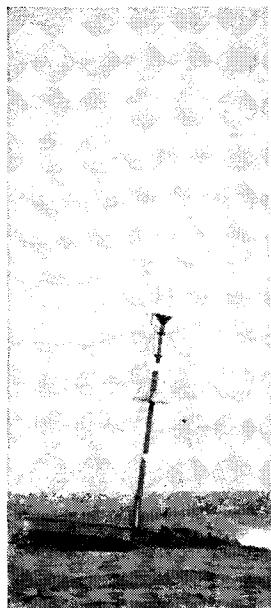
An assortment of sensors can be located on the 38-foot-high mast and on the radial spokes of the disc antenna to measure wind, humidity, precipitation, radiation (from the sky and reflected back from the sea), barometric pressure, and compass bearing.

Others inside and immediately under the hull will read water temperature at the surface, wave height, period and direction.

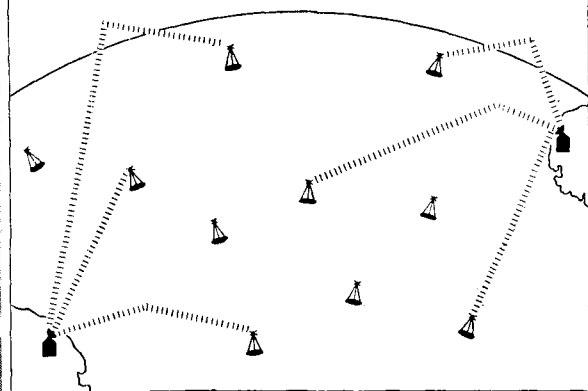
Clamped along the mooring line at regular intervals underwater, still others will measure temperature, pressure and salinity and determine the structure of subsurface layers of the depths.

Inside the hull, rugged electronic components and circuitry will acquire, store and transmit information from as many as 100 separate sensors.

These subsystems will be packaged



Someday a large network of ocean data stations could simultaneously supply information about weather and oceanographic factors throughout all the oceans. Land-based scientists could receive an almost minute-by-minute picture of what is going on throughout the total marine environment.



in containers purged with nitrogen and hermetically sealed to provide an inert, absolutely dry, environment. The buoy at sea will provide better conditions for electronic equipment than does a dust-temperature-humidity-controlled laboratory ashore.

The data acquisition system will look at every sensor once an hour (or it can be monitored more often; individual sensors can be checked continually). Measurements will go into both a magnetic core memory with a capacity of 24 hours of data and a recorder that will store a full year's information.

Every six hours a ground station will interrogate the buoy, commanding it to transmit all information accumulated during the past twenty-four hours. Each discharge of data will provide an eighteen-hour overlap, giving scientists a continuous record.

The ground station will also instruct the buoy to transmit data on the particular one of its three radio channels which will assure best reception on shore of long-distance "bounce" off the ionosphere.

Benefit for all nations:

A few prototype monster buoys do not, to be sure, constitute a full-scale oceanic environmental survey. They provide a starting point for a truly international system—one in which all nations would share, and from which all would benefit.

But now that the practicality of an ocean data station has been proved, the many elements of a total system are already being worked out: the optimum number and locations of stations to provide simultaneous coverage throughout the seas; ways to integrate at central analysis stations the ocean data with that from land and space; techniques of maintenance and replenishment for the seaborne network; development of devices to measure many kinds of subsurface phenomena.

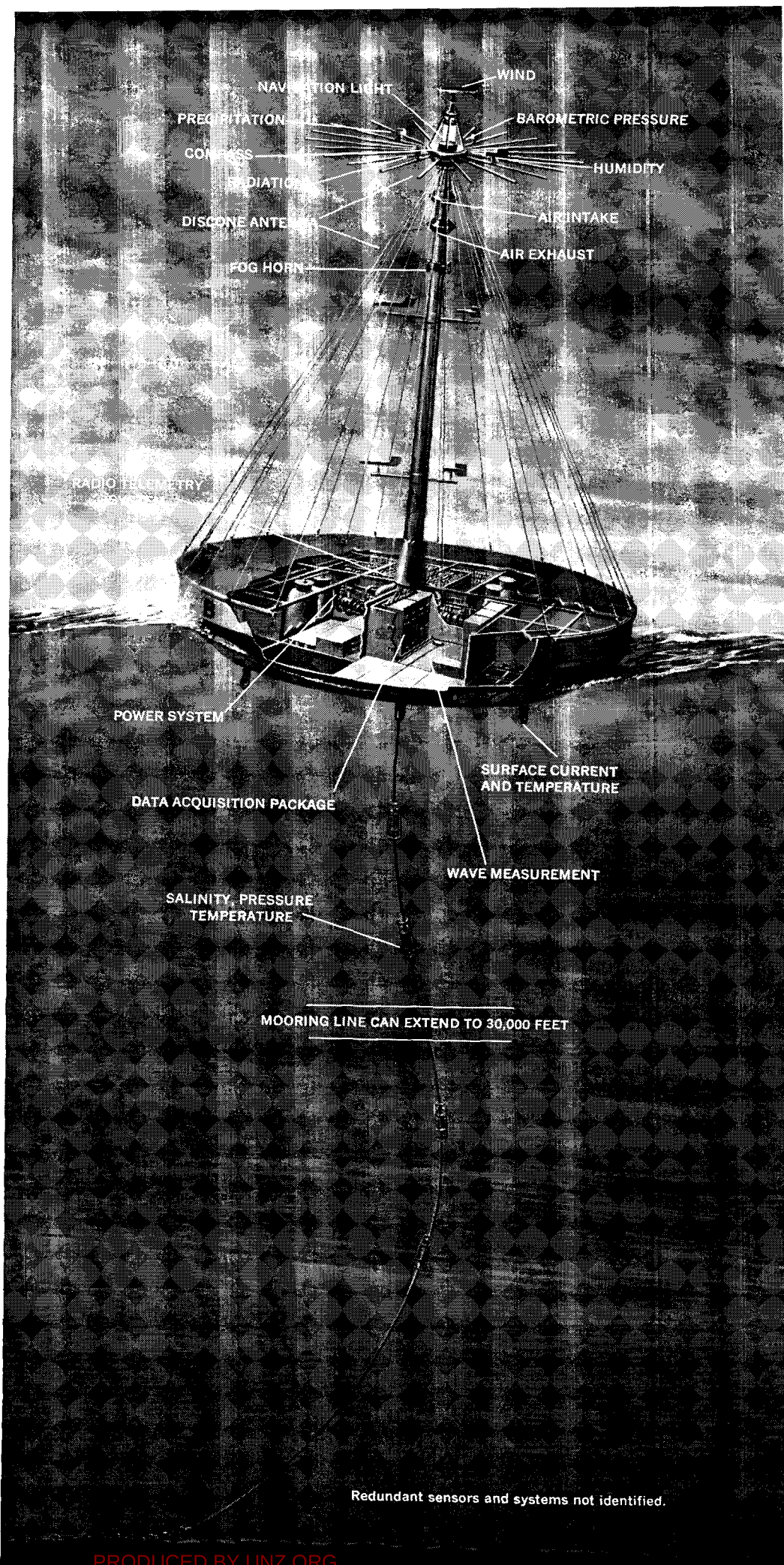
The day when data stations will be dotted throughout the oceans for a genuine oceanographic-meteorological environmental watch could come within a decade.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building materials; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

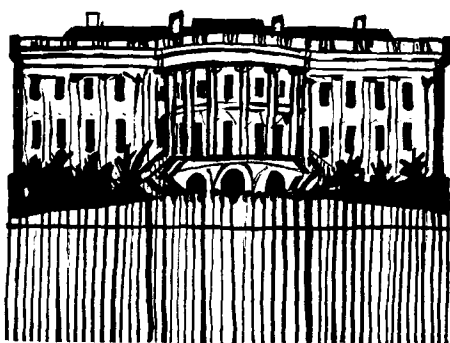
GENERAL DYNAMICS

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reports

Washington



If one were to give serious credence to the lamentations and alarms that arise these days from Capitol Hill and the press, the Great Society is doomed. But the loudest complaints that it will never work have come from some of those who did not want the Great Society around in the first place and seem a bit too eager for the funeral. Though it cannot be claimed that the Great Society is in the best of health, the reports of its passing are, to borrow from Samuel Clemens, exaggerated.

Knocking the federal bureaucracy is a national tradition: the bureaucracy won't strike back, nor are many important people likely to rush to its defense; the more the bureaucracy carries the blame, the less noticeable is the role of politicians — federal, state, and local — in gumming up the works.

The noise has been amplified of late in large part because there are simply more federal activities to complain about, because having settled so many long-standing issues, Congress at the moment has fewer diversions, because state governments have been shaken from their torpor by legislative redistricting, and because the newest programs

were promoted amidst hyperbole from the White House about how much they would accomplish how soon. Finally, this town is a tight little island where rumors of mismanagement become fashionable verities in no time.

All of this presents splendid strategy for President Johnson's political opponents: it is factually impossible to deny his legislative achievements; it is difficult to argue that the current political climate permits him to do much more; it is safe to charge that the new programs are not producing what was promised.

Too many programs

But, the crocodile tears aside, there are problems. There are too many "categorical" programs in which federal funds are given out for a single specific purpose — disposing of sewage, providing college dormitories, maintaining a peanut-research laboratory, building a highway, training mental health workers, and on and on. Multiplied by the number of federal programs, the results are thousands of contractual agreements — containing regulations, guidelines, and requirements — with state, local, and private institutions in more than 90,000 separate jurisdictions.

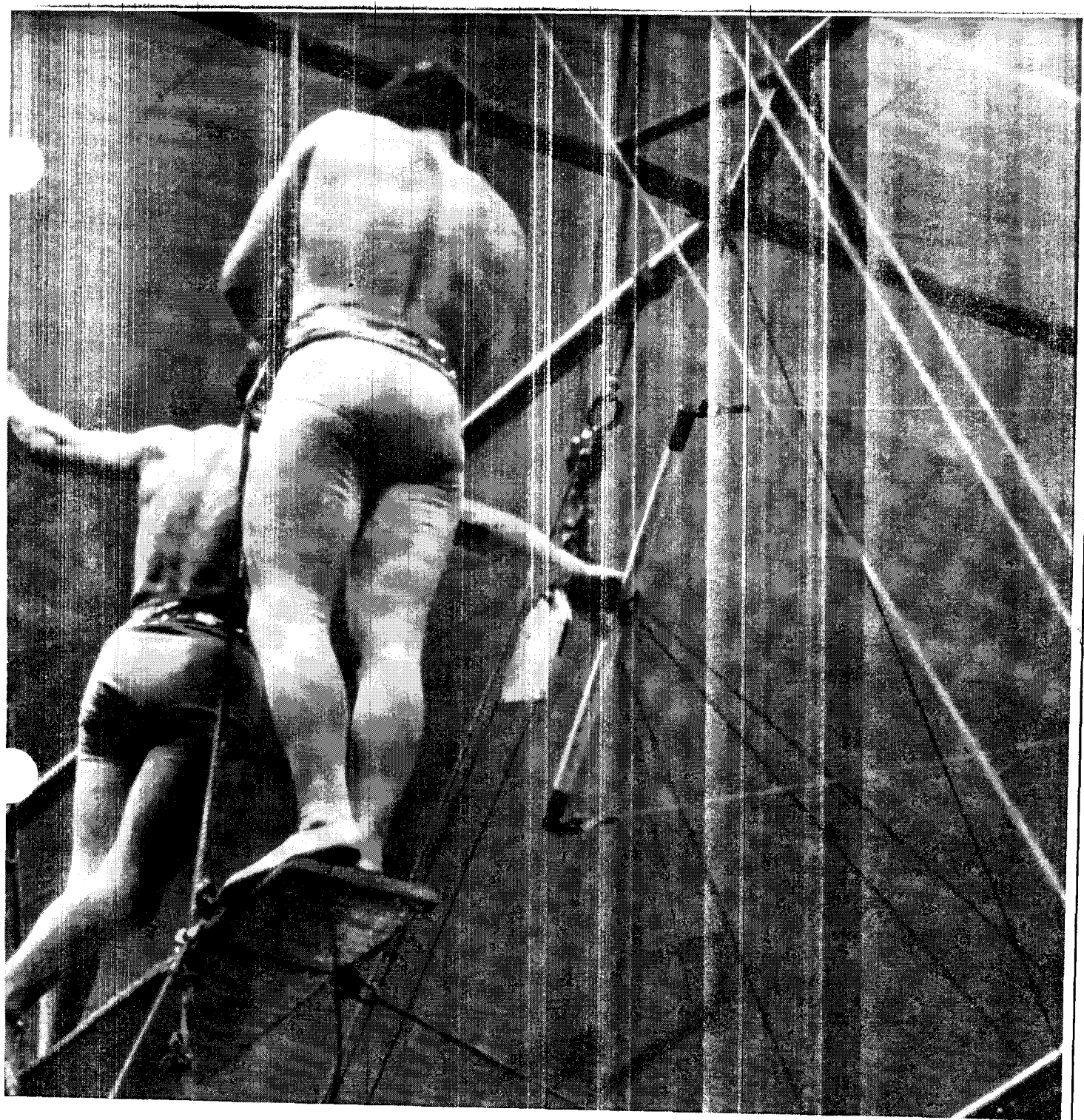
This fragmentation denies flexibility to mayors and governors trying to work with programs where federal money is involved, and correspondingly it reinforces the autonomy of the state and local sewer authorities, welfare agencies, health departments, and highway directors who deal directly with their federal benefactors. It leads to programs in the same field — for example, education or urban development — which overlap or contradict each other or operate out of phase and which pro-

ceed from three or more federal agencies.

Just how many federal programs there are is one of Washington's mysteries. The Budget Bureau, which, oddly, relies on the Library of Congress for its figures, says there are about 180 "major" programs; the Department of Housing and Urban Development reports 236 "urban" programs; the Office of Economic Opportunity published a 414-page catalogue of federal programs "for individual and community improvement."

That there are so many detailed programs in different categories may be senseless, but it is no accident. Congress likes it that way. A congressman is at his most powerful not when he casts his votes on the floor but as he operates in his subcommittee, arbitrating among the competing claims of how a program should work, who should be in charge, who gets the money, with the implied power to investigate and harass if things do not go his way. Congress operates essentially as a collection of subcommittee fiefdoms which leave one another alone, and this also works out nicely for the client groups — the highway engineers, the welfare workers, the vocational educators — who know where to go to see that the strings on the highway or welfare or vocational education money lead to their hands. The result is a set of vertical relationships, leading, for example, from the state highway engineers to the federal Bureau of Public Roads to the Roads Subcommittee, in which each party is in a position to do the other favors.

The President has a hard time muscling into this cozy alliance, and therefore has great difficulty putting an end to or even shrinking pro-



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Washington

grams that have outlived their usefulness. The programs that Congress is perennially willing, even eager, to cut are those where the clients are politically weak — the poverty program, for example, or foreign aid.

New thinking, new approaches

There are some innovations afoot in Washington which are startling in both number and importance, and also in the seriousness with which they are encouraged by the White House. Basic to the new look is a crucial new sophistication in the way key Administration planners view what they are trying to do. They think in terms of cities and poverty rather than mass transit here, vocational education there, urban renewal here, TB checkups there. This simple conceptual change leads to fundamental changes of approach.

Once it is understood that the ghetto problem is at once a job problem and a school problem and a health problem and a legal aid problem, the next step is to gather all the relevant programs into a combined, coordinated, *horizontal* rather than vertical approach. This was the idea behind the "model cities" program enacted last year and now getting under way (it was called "demonstration cities" until it dawned on Administration officials that "demonstration" and "cities" were not the most fortunate words to link). The federal government will reward, by paying a large part of the local costs, cities which draw up promising plans for a concerted social and physical attack on entire neighborhoods. Some 120 urban aid programs operated under 5 federal departments could be involved.

The approach is in terms of problem-solving rather than in terms of doing a bit for labor, for educators, for welfare workers, for the construction industry. The problems (health, poverty, the cities) are being viewed in terms of "systems analysis," an approach first brought into effective use at the Pentagon. Someone has remarked that there are as many versions of systems analysis as shades of blond, but in essence systems analysis recognizes that actions affecting one part of the system are likely to affect the rest of it, and tries to understand how.

For example, if this had been done over the last ten years, and if the broader implications of various programs undertaken in the name of some specific advance had been better understood, there might not have been so many highways that slash through cities destroying neighborhoods or so many urban renewal projects that destroyed more than they built. This process of defining a problem, understanding its components, and then applying the resources of a number of institutions has long since been taken for granted in the physical and military sciences in trying to solve such problems as putting a man on the moon, building a new missile or a supersonic transport plane, or curing cancer.

The Administration's social planners say they are now proceeding, with great difficulty, to the solution of domestic problems on the basis of models and experiments rather than by the usual methods of nationwide dosage of the latest patent medicine. Once there has been built up a climate of acceptance of federal aid to education or a war on poverty, it is hard to resist getting a full-scale program going while the getting is good. Yet massive application of ideas that could have stood more

cutting and fitting creates disillusionment and is in the end both monetarily and politically expensive. This is why the neighborhood centers are being launched on a pilot basis, and why the original model cities proposal was to start out the program as a sort of national contest, rewarding the fifty-odd cities with the most promising plans and expanding the program only after more was learned about what might work. This was, however, less than Congress would swallow, and now some seventy cities are eligible.

Another major change that sets the new Great Society programs apart from their predecessors is that many of them recognize that Washington should not do the local planning. In the model cities program, the block grants for health services, the federal school aid program, and the community action program, the onus for drawing up the plans and making them work is on the cities. Federal standards must still be met, and sometimes the detailed plans must be approved by the federal bureaucracy; this fails to eradicate delay or paper work, but it is far preferable to the older system under which the federal government would tell the recipients exactly how the money was to be spent.

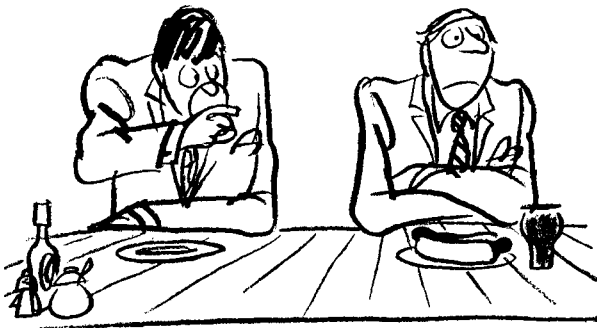
All of these are basic conceptual changes. Fitting in with them are some structural and even mechanical changes. In mid-1965 President Johnson instructed all domestic agencies to utilize the tools of a programming-planning-budgeting system (PPBS). PPBS, in use in the Pentagon since 1961, is essentially a method of trying to measure the benefits of a program in relation to its costs, and to examine alternative ways of reaching defined goals so as to select the least costly method.

Second, there has been some, and there will be more, reorganization of the domestic agencies. The reorganization of government agencies also means a reallocation of power within Congress from one subcommittee to another and a disruption of the established relationships between the clients, the bureaucrats, and the benefactors.

The politics of innovation

The great hope of the poverty program was the unusually unfettered money for community action programs, but Congress has been unable to resist deciding for itself





1. Your hot dog's getting cold.

I'm not hungry.



2. As the father of a brand new baby, you're none too cheerful.

I had a disturbing thought.



3. Tell me.

It'll be years and years before the kid is self-supporting.



4. It's not unusual for fathers to provide for their children until they're through school.

That's just it—Jane and I love kids. We want 5 or 6.



5. Wonderful.

But what if I should die, perish the thought, before they've earned their PhD's?



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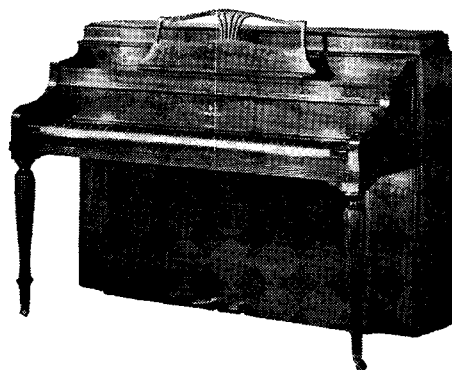
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Washington

how the community action money should be spent — mostly for Project Head Start (three- and four-year-olds won't picket city hall). The Administration was barely able to shake loose Congress' control over each little health grant, a true model cities idea was resisted, and so on. (Congressmen are now beginning to realize that PPBS could undercut their own arguments that Kentucky must have more highways and Kalamazoo another flood control project, and they have started to deny funds for PPBS activities.) Robert Wood, the Undersecretary of HUD, a former MIT political science professor, suggests that what is developing here is a confrontation between the "*politics of distribution* — the concern with satisfying needs for goods and services, with allocating scarce resources, with mediating between conflicting classes or ideologies (business and labor, farm and city)" which has been followed largely since the New Deal — and the "*politics of innovation*," wherein "the focus turns to ways to expand the resources and to deal with the problems in the larger context. Our preoccupation is less with ideology than with the quality of our national life. The New Deal focused on redistributing fixed resources and assumed rather stable problems; the politics of innovation assumes expanding resources and changing definitions of the problems." The question is no longer one of whether there should be "handouts to the poor" but how to "break the poverty cycle"; the question is not how to move more cars by more roads, but how to develop new transportation techniques that adjust to the whole urban environment.

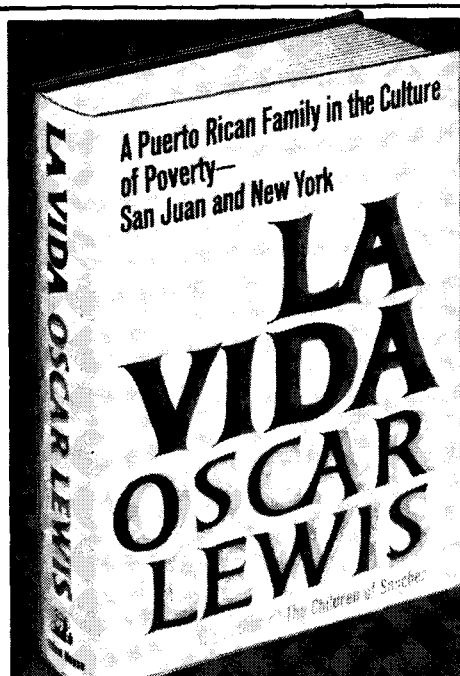
The Heller plan

The gradual dissipation of ideological issues leaves politicians with little to argue about except how well the federal government is functioning, normally a matter of limited political sex appeal. It creates the odd situation in which Lyndon Johnson, conservative House Republican leader, Melvin Laird (Wisconsin) Robert Kennedy, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the social planners in the bureaucracy all start sounding pretty much alike: "the people" must make more of their

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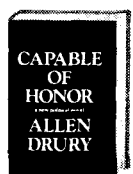
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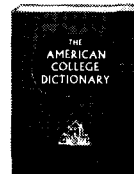
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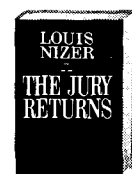
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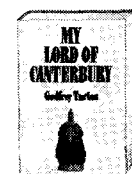
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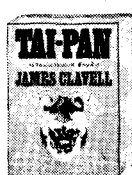
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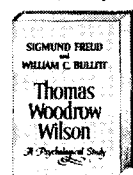
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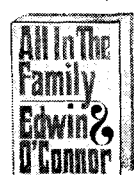
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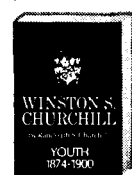
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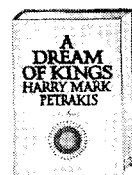
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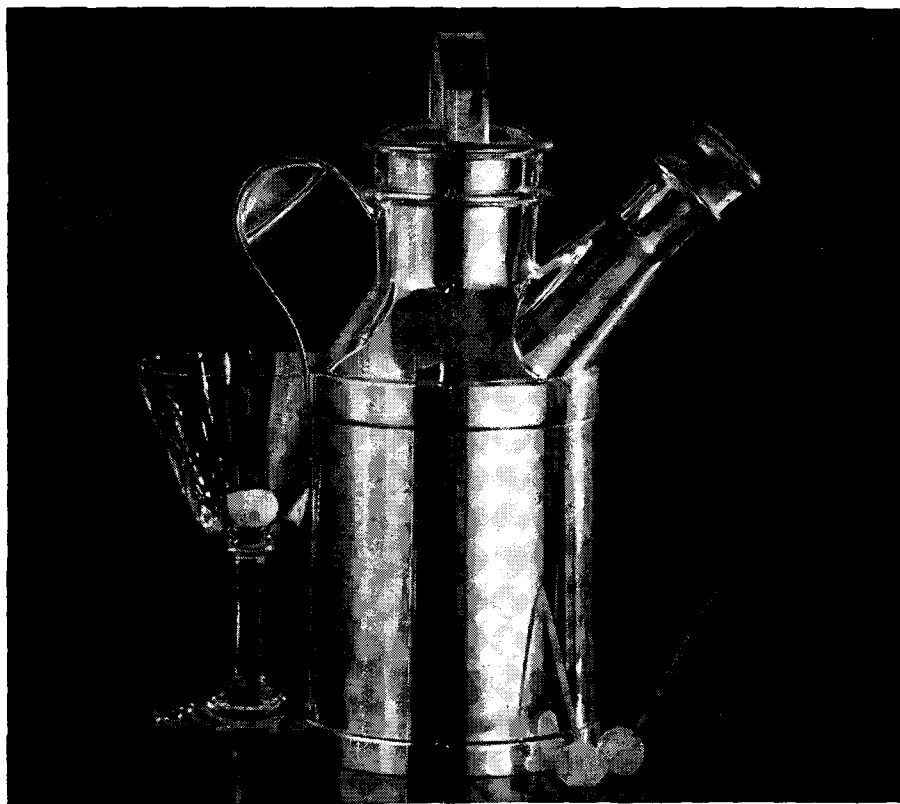
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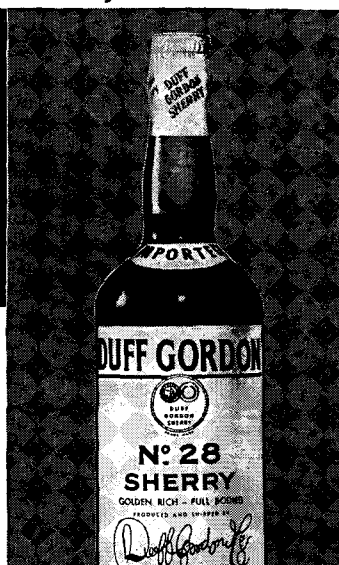
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Washington

own decisions, "Washington" must not take on too much, and so on. It enables Republicans to make official doctrine a plan first plumped for by one of those dread "new economists," Walter Heller, to return in a lump sum to the states a specified proportion of federal tax revenues. It gives the idea favor among liberal Democrats, conservative Republicans, all governors, and even some mayors, provided they are guaranteed their cut.

The Heller plan appears to offer a solution for much that is wrong, but there are other reasons and motives offered for supporting it: it can provide states with money they can't seem to raise themselves, it proffers stringless money, it mollifies state political leaders, it drains off funds from Great Society programs, it provides Republicans anxious to appear "positive" with something to offer, and it increases the power of state governments. One observer here suggests that people react to the Heller plan according to their own perceptions of a state legislature, which range in enlightenment from Heller's Minnesota and Laird's Wisconsin to Texas or Mississippi.

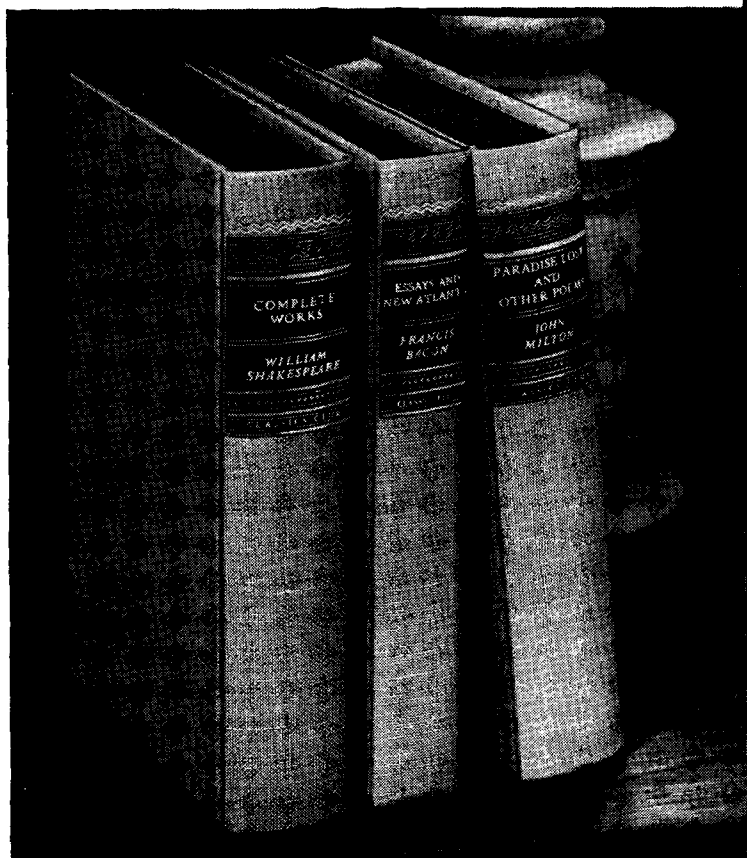
Yet the key point about the Heller plan is that it threatens the practitioners of the politics both of distribution and of innovation: the former with loss of power to arbitrate among the interests; the latter with loss of opportunities to initiate new federal programs which entice state and local officials into attacking problems in new ways or which bypass the officialdom altogether. Therefore Congress is not likely to consider a Heller plan seriously until there is a chance to cut taxes, and perhaps not even then. Meanwhile, the search is on for more ways to provide federal support for important activities without so much federal nitpicking.

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new programs in the states and cities are suffering a crisis of competence as much as anything else.

Politicians must get re-elected, and the electorate is inclined to ask what they have done for the voters lately. The politics of distribution brought fairly quick and visible payoffs; the politics of innovation do not lend themselves to the stump speech. Neither do the problems they are facing lend themselves to quick solutions. President Johnson, while he seems to understand and encourage the new ways, has failed to put them across to the public.

The complaining and the bickering over what ails the young Great Society grow louder. The danger is that in the confusion what will be thrown out will be the baby, the bath water, and the plumbing and the house besides. It has taken a lot of people a lot of effort over a lot of years to build that house; what may be lost along with it is any national confidence that we can build another one.

Elizabeth Brenner Drew

Israel



Toward the end of last year, events in the Middle East seemed to be escalating in a pattern dangerously close to that which preceded the Suez War a decade before.

Egypt and Syria signed a mutual defense treaty, and an Arab Defense Council was formed to coordinate military plans against Israel. From Cairo, an Arab firebrand, Ahmed Shukairy, heading a phantom "Palestine Liberation Organization," nightly lashed the Arab world with exhortations of violence against Is-

rael. Finally, in mid-November the Israelis struck back. After more than seventy incidents of shooting, sabotage, mining of roads, and planting of booby traps by infiltrators from across the Syrian and Jordanian borders, Israel mounted a retaliatory raid against the Jordanian town of Es Samu, the biggest military action in the Middle East since Suez in 1956.

At stake in the dispute has been a small patch of demilitarized territory on the shores of the Sea of Galilee where Israelis are allowed to farm, but not arm, and have operated their tractors directly beneath a line of hills where Syrian guns have been mounted. It is on this frontier that the United Nations has concentrated its efforts to keep the dispute about land cultivation rights from escalating, and by the end of January an armistice was at least under discussion.

Fortunately, the parallels between 1956 and 1966 were more superficial than real. The crisis is never really over in the Middle East. Despite the noise and gunfire, the Arab nations are also involved in familiar internecine squabbling — though never ceasing for an instant their efforts to outdo one another in breast-beating about throwing Israel back into the sea.

President Nasser stepped up his feud with King Faisal of Saudi Arabia by providing hospitality in Cairo for Faisal's deposed father, ex-King Ibn Saud, and his vast entourage of wives, concubines, children, slaves, and advisers. Meanwhile, Nasser is keeping 50,000 Egyptian troops in the Yemen, hoping for a new opportunity for expansion south after the British move out of Aden and southern Arabia.

Syria, the chief troublemaker, turned its attention from harassing Israel to harassing King Hussein of Jordan. Then, to complicate things still further, the Syrians nationalized the Iraq Petroleum Company's trans-Syrian pipeline, in a classic case of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. Their aim was to force an increase in revenues from oil flowing through the pipe. But now no oil is moving at all, and the losers include Syria as well as its neighbor Iraq.

The realities of power

For the state of Israel, the chief difference between the days of 1956

and today is the fact that what is going on along Israel's borders really does not threaten the security of the state, and the Israelis know it. The Arabs are not going to overrun Israel and throw the Israel back into the sea, and the more intelligent and responsible Arabs know that, no matter what they have to say in their propaganda. On both sides, the power realities and the political realities are entirely different today.

In 1956 it was Egypt which was directing the infiltration and sabotage gangs against Israel, and Egypt was backed up by a large army in the Sinai Desert, equipped with Russian arms. Today it is Syria which is the leading firebrand, and Syria does not possess anything like the army which Egypt had a decade ago and does not remotely resemble the same kind of military or strategic threat to Israel.

Whatever the rights and wrongs about the Suez War, it consolidated the security of the State of Israel much as the war of 1812 consolidated the independence of the young United States. It enabled the Israelis to turn the focus of their energies to the internal problems of the state and the building of a national economy. The ingathering of Zionists was emphasized, and consequently the decade since Suez has been a period of high-pressure development effort in Israel. The achievement has been enormous.

The population has leaped from 1.8 to 2.7 million since 1956, and up until 1966 the Israeli economy had been expanding at the highest sustained rate in the world, an average of better than 10 percent every year. Everything has expanded with population. Citrus production, for example, up from around 100,000 tons at the time of Suez to nearly 300,000 tons today; exports up from \$106 million to nearly \$500 million; electricity output up from 246 million kwh in 1948 when the state was founded to well over 3000 million kwh today.

Zeal is not enough

But in 1966, coinciding with the rising tensions between Israel and the Arab world, the Israeli economy hit the skids. The blush is off the bloom, and problems have closed in from many directions. The growth rate plummeted to a mere 3 percent last year, unemployment is rising, the

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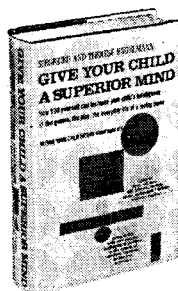
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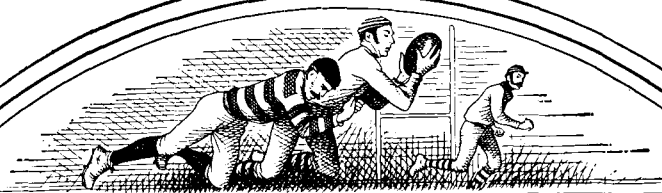
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Israel

trade gap is wide, and an economic squeeze is under way. The Israeli national debt now costs 17 percent of the total budget to finance (more than is spent on education or development), and the flow of loans, gifts, and grants from abroad is tightening up. The uninhibited drive and enthusiasm which typified the Jewish state since its birth in 1948 have given way to uncertainty and frustration. Zeal, like patriotism, is proving to be insufficient.

Israel today is having to reassess its economy and long-term outlook and even its tactics in dealing with its Arab neighbors. Changed Middle Eastern power realities in turn mean an entirely different atmosphere in which Israel has to operate to meet new border tensions. Before Suez, Israel was keyed up and ready to go, and with each retaliatory action against Egypt, which was the great strategic threat of that time, excitement and expectations mounted. But today, the prospect of another dreary round of frontier incidents and retaliatory raids has aroused little enthusiasm in a people as preoccupied with economic and domestic problems as the Israelis presently are.

No enthusiasm for conquest

The Suez War and the subsequent years of economic development had the effect of cooling completely any latent Israeli desires for conquest or territorial expansion. The 1948 armistice borders certainly make little geographical or political sense, and before Suez, there had been a strong underground feeling in the Jewish state that Israel had gotten a raw deal and that the borders ought to be redrawn, by force if necessary.

But when the Israeli Army dashed across the Sinai Desert and engulfed the Gaza Strip on the Mediterranean Coast, the country suddenly woke up to the fact that Israel had acquired the responsibility for another 300,000 Arabs. This would have completely upset the ethnic and economic balance of the Jewish state. And so Israeli forces withdrew to the old borders, with greatly moderated enthusiasm for conquest. It remains a simple fact of Israeli life that to acquire territory means acquiring Arabs, and thus acquiring trouble. Moreover,



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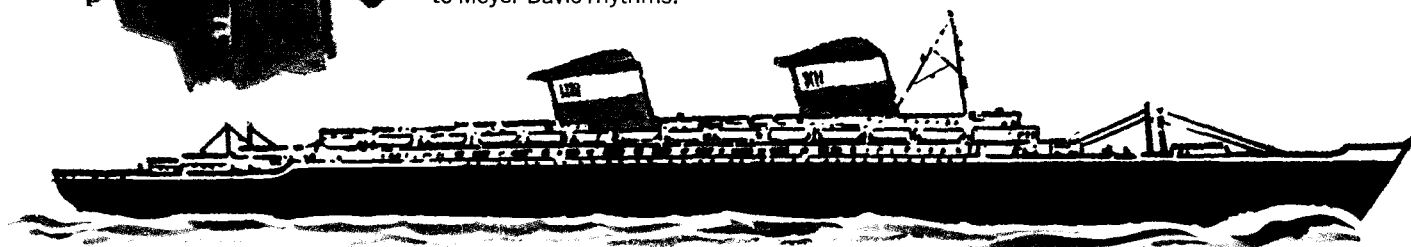
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Israel

within their crazy-quilt pattern of frontiers, Israel has grown and prospered so much that border clashes no longer constitute the national preoccupation, or source of frustration, which they did ten years ago.

Today, in the face of Arab raiding and sabotage, the reaction of the average Israeli is "Why can't they leave us alone? — we don't want to go through this business all over again." At the same time, after more than seventy acts of sabotage in two years, resulting in eleven Israeli dead and another fifty-eight wounded, there is pressure for some kind of action. But there was an unprecedented amount of public and private questioning of the practicality and wisdom of the "retaliation policy" following the big Israeli raid against the Jordanian town of Es Samu last November.

Reprisal backfires

The Es Samu raid, biggest affair of its kind since Suez, followed by barely twenty-four hours an incident on the Jordanian border in which an Israeli Army jeep was blown up by a mine and three soldiers killed and six wounded. Israeli forces then crossed the Hebron hills to the town of Es Samu, evacuated those Arab citizens who had not fled, and methodically blew up forty buildings. But the action escalated beyond anything the Israelis expected, owing to the fact that the Arab Legion moved up and gave battle even though they were only in trucks and light armored cars facing Israeli tanks.

Why Jordan? Why not Syria? That was the universal question in Israel in the wake of the raid. The Israelis know perfectly well that the Syrians have been trying to deflect Israeli retaliation against Syria, by financing and directing the saboteurs who operate across the Jordanian frontiers to the south. But the Israeli government explanation was that the Jordanian border incidents had gone on long enough, yet that there had been no recent incident serious enough to justify reprisal against Syria.

Nevertheless, the newspaper *Shearim* of the Poalei Agudat Israel Party, which supports the government, subsequently editorialized: "Israel has customarily resorted to

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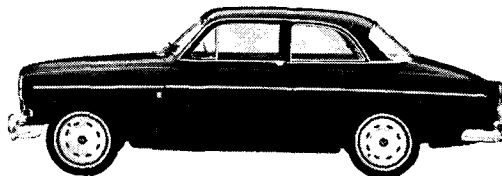
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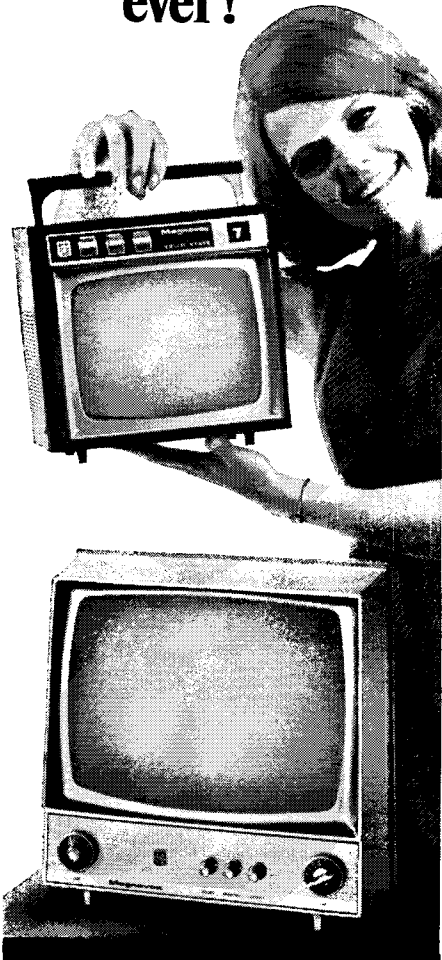
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Israel

reprisal raids as a deterrent, but the changes in Syria's position and that of Jordan from a pan-Arab viewpoint present very serious difficulties and complications for the reprisal method. We must not ignore the serious dangers from a security as well as a political viewpoint inherent in reprisal raids against Jordan, even if they appear most necessary. The raid gave an exceptional opportunity to the extremists to intensify incitement to a people's war against Israel."

In 1956, the retaliation which escalated into the Suez War decisively ended the threat to Israel's security from Egypt. But Israeli retaliation in 1966 threatened to set off a flock of Arab firebrands, and hit hardest at the Arab leaders who were doing their best to exercise restraint under politically complicated, emotional circumstances. In short, along with its other troubles these days, Israel's version of the old British policy of "having a bash at the wogs" has backfired — not completely, but enough so that the Israeli government is going to have to wait and think the situation through carefully and cautiously before having another bash. The hope now, of course, is that it will never be necessary even to think of a future retaliatory raid. In any event, there is much else to preoccupy Israel.

Paying the piper

The familiar problem on the economic front is easier to state than solve. Israel is a victim of its own success: it is consuming more than it produces and more than it can pay for. The cost of the expansion has been covered by bond drives, gifts, aid grants, German reparations, and inflation. Now there has to be a period of reorganization and redirection.

The problem lies in the helter-skelter fashion in which the great expansion was pushed forward in the post-Suez years. Immigrants arrived by the boatload or plane-load and off they went, most of them, to kibbutz farms, where there were living quarters in prefabricated cottages grouped around communal dining halls, with farm outbuildings, tools, water irrigation pipes, and land waiting to be farmed. Those

who could not be farmers could provide for consumer needs. And so all kinds of small factories and workshops sprang into existence, producing goods like furniture, electrical fittings, carpets and curtains, pots and pans, dresses and other clothing, pipes, bricks, and building materials.

Immigrants became consumers, and with the expansion of the population, consumption has been steadily on the rise. But the cycle has left Israel with a small-business consumer-and-agriculture economy, and a visible trade gap that amounted to \$500 million in 1966. Today, therefore, Israel is trying to figure out how to squeeze many of its small industries into larger manufacturing units which are aimed at supplying the export market instead of the home market so that the country can pay its way.

There is plenty of technical skill in Israel, but it is surprising how



little of it has been harnessed or directed toward the country's long-term manufacturing needs. In the time of all-out expansion, there was little real planning, except to put a plow or a saw or tools into the hands of new arrivals. Israel now needs such enterprises as a printing industry, or highly specialized products, such as optical equipment, medical and surgical instruments, electronic equipment, high-quality printed textiles, small electric components, special engineering fabrications, agricultural equipment, pumps, switches, motors, and control cabinets.

The government is giving priority to some of these categories, and beginnings have been made, but they are just beginnings. In the meantime, the stagnation which began in 1966 seems almost certain to drag



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Israel

through most of 1967. Unemployment reached 30,000 at the end of 1966, or more than 4 percent of the total labor force, and this is a fairly grim prospect for a small country which had hoped to absorb another 20,000 to 30,000 immigrants each year.

Political frustration

When a country is in trouble economically, its government is usually in trouble politically. The five-party coalition headed by Premier Levi Eshkol is no exception. Eshkol is under constant fire for his lack of clear leadership, of ability to make decisions and take forceful action. But opposition in Israel adds up to not much more than the speeches and opinions of a few strong-minded individuals. There is no well-organized political group waiting in the wings to take over.

Proportional representation, designed originally to ensure that Israel's many disparate political voices would be heard in the Knesset, has divided the country into ten or

twelve factions and parties, which compete for 120 parliamentary seats, no one party ever gaining more than 46. Thus, by the time a coalition of the major parties is put together, the "opposition" consists of a mere scattering of leftovers. This leaves no real political power base for opposition leaders, and adds to the frustration of a lot of vigorously independent men in their prime who think that it is time that Eshkol and others of the founding fathers' generation should move off the scene.

Limited opportunity

There is also a growing frustration of opportunity in Israel — not for the mass of the population, but for the highly qualified, intellectual class. There is, in fact, an Israeli brain drain. An Israeli father told, for example, how his son wanted to go to the United States to study to become an aeronautical engineer, but the father persuaded the son to stick to mechanical engineering, because there is no aeronautical industry in Israel.

There is a certain amount of highly skilled and productive research in Israel, at such places as the Weiz-

mann Institute, but it is not enough to absorb the talents of all the bright young students who come out of the Hebrew University and want to be nuclear physicists or space technicians or cancer specialists or aeronautical engineers.

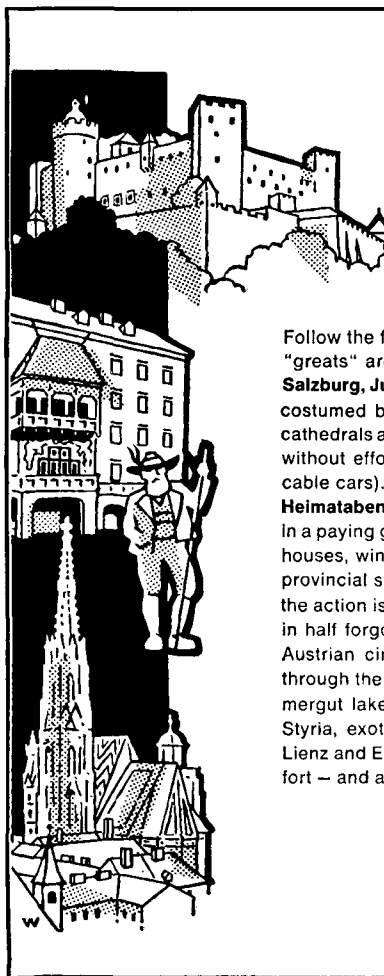
At the other end of the social scale, the Jewish state has found that assimilation of Jews from all over the world, with their wide range of ethnic and cultural backgrounds, has not been easy. The Jewish population is divided into two categories — European Jews, numbering about 35 percent of the population, and Oriental Jews, from Africa, the Middle East, and so on, who make up 65 percent but who are generally on the low end of the scale economically as well as in terms of political influence.

The two great "assimilators" of the Jewish state were supposed to be the army and the kibbutz collective farm system. But assimilation has been neither automatic nor permanent. After years of "mixed kibbutzim," the policy now is simply to organize these collectives on a straight ethnic or national basis — Moroccan Jews, Iraqi Jews, Tunisian Jews, European Jews.

In the army, assimilation works well for two years, but when young men and women come out of the army, they naturally return to their homes, and a kind of automatic re-segregation sets in. It also causes sociological problems within families, when young Oriental Jews suddenly have to give up the standards of military service and return to feudal family conditions.

The problem is serious enough to have attracted the attention of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem in a recent two-day seminar of economists, psychologists, and sociologists, and the general conclusions were not encouraging. In the present economic squeeze, the gap between European and Oriental Jews seems to be widening, and it is likely to be several generations before assimilation takes hold.

Israel has a fair budget of problems, and a period of reassessment is at hand. "You might say that we created the State of Israel, which is a legal entity," says one Israeli philosophically, "but now we have to face the problems of building an Israeli nation, which is something much more complex, solid, and mature."

A black and white illustration showing a variety of Austrian architectural styles. At the top is a large, multi-towered castle or fortress. Below it is a smaller building with a clock tower. In the foreground, a man in a hat and coat stands next to a tall, ornate church spire. The style is a detailed line drawing.

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The new Calcutta



The international merchants raised Calcutta from the mud of the Ganges; the British nurtured, shaped, and christened it. The "Black Hole," site of some brutal treatment of British military hostages which made the city infamous, has become virtually its synonym. Last year *Newsweek* called it the "City of Death."

British edifices give the city its backbone, from Dalhousie Square, an imposing complex housing all of Bengal's bureaucrats, to the Victoria Memorial, a squat museum people say was meant to be a nineteenth-century Taj Mahal. Calcutta's railroad connection with the rest of the country arrives at Howrah Station, a vast, gloomy, cobwebbed Crystal Palace.

The hub and night life are still mostly foreign. Luxury-seekers congregate on a two-block strip of Park Street and spend their money at Trinca's, the Peiping, the Bar-B-Q, or Kwaliti Restaurant — "night-clubs" which close at 1 A.M. and where painfully adolescent imitation Beatles play out-of-date Western music. A Polish mother-and-daughter team in Mexican costumes strip-tease at the Moulin Rouge. Rickshaw-pullers offer their customers "English girls?" as a matter of course.

The times change. The old euphony of street names, Harrison, Lansdowne, Bow, Braeburne, Wellesley, gives way to a new one: Gandhi, Sarat Bose, Bepin Bihar Ganguly, Gariahat, Rafi Ahmed Kidwai. But taxi drivers still respond more quickly

to "Central Avenue" than to "Chittaronjon," and no two stores agree on the spelling of "Dharamtola" in English.

The Grand Hotel, prohibitively expensive at \$10 and up a night, does a good business with American expense-account journalists, jet setters come to Calcutta for the maharajas' Christmas polo match, Indian businessmen, and movie stars. Around the corner, though, in the smaller, more modest European hotels, the ghost of the old days hangs heavily from the rafters. Dining rooms stand empty, their rows of straight-backed chairs the only thing left of imperial consultations and card games. An Armenian hotelkeeper, who long ago lost all reason for going home, corners his few guests one by one to tell them in a low, tired voice that India has gone to hell since independence.

At the YMCA and Salvation Army the silent missionaries gather, with their pale, pale skin and pastel clothes, eating their mild English breakfasts of porridge, toast, and tea, and revealing in their eyes and shoulders the hopeless, spiritual invincibility that is their reward for decades spent in leper colonies and rural schools.

A new Calcutta is rising beside the dusty corpse of the old, an Indian Calcutta that was always there but never before conscious of itself. For more than a century British gentlemen ruled from the governor's palace; now a Bengali lady presides there. The native upper class has taken up convivial socializing in the formerly all-Western country clubs. The middle classes have deified the Bengali poet and musician Rabin-dranath Tagore: they fill their homes with his books and recordings, send their children to his university, Shantiniketan, and crowd the month-long annual Bengali Cultural Festival, where Tagore becomes their Chaucer and Shakespeare in the open air. Communism and modern poetry, in their distinctly Calcuttan incarnations, invigorate the lower and lower-middle classes.

Bengali culture

Calcutta is Paris and Jerusalem to the Bengalis, the soul of a culture divided into two geographic entities. East and West Bengalis feel more loyalty to each other than to their respective countries, Pakistan and India. Nearly every Calcuttan has

immediate family across the border.

Bengalis think of themselves as literary and intellectual. They say their language is the most mellifluous and refined in all India; for evidence they point out that the national anthem is in Bengali, though more people speak Hindi. The culture produced India's most famous nineteenth-century poet, Tagore, its best twentieth-century film-maker, Satyajit Ray, and perhaps the two most important modern Hindu mystics, Ramakrishna and his pupil Vivekananda. Bengal's Sarojini Naidu, late poet and stateswoman, was known as the "nightingale of India," and her daughter Padmaja now serves as governor of the state. Bengalis are plentiful among yogis and other holy men, and also among the Indians who are studying medicine and engineering abroad.

Other Indian nationalities do not question the Bengali claim to spiritual prowess, but they tend to devalue it insofar as it differs from their own communal stereotypes. Punjabis, for instance, priding themselves on health, strength, industriousness, and military skills, acknowledge the mental gifts of the Bengalis, but scorn them as "soft" and "cowardly." Punjabis are in turn dismissed by the Bengalis as "big and stupid."

Bengalis think of themselves as emotional, sensitive, argumentative, and dramatic, and feel that they resemble Italians more than any other European nationals.

Compared with the Hindi movies made in Bombay, the Calcutta-made Bengali films have a Zolaesque, melodramatic realism. Instead of postulating economic security and dealing with the theme of marriage, Bengali films frequently treat the theme of suffering, either as inherent to the human condition or as a product of a socioeconomic system. Hindi films have happy, musical endings; Bengali films have sad, thoughtful ones.

Bengalis fill out all the middle social strata from upper-lower class to lower-upper. Above them are foreigners and non-Bengali maharajas with a palace in every city. Below them are Hindi-speaking people, attracted to the metropolis from all the surrounding rural areas. With few skills, this lower class aspires to jobs in Calcutta's factories, such as the Dum Dum Munitions Plant, but more often they work as sellers of

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betel nuts, domestic or municipal servants, and rickshaw-pullers. With home and family in the distant states of Orissa and Assam, thousands of men sleep on a patch of sidewalk they have appropriated, some on string cots but many just on blankets.

Begging a way of life

Below the lowest class there is still another group, with no nationality: the beggars. A great part of this immense, uncounted army is blind, deformed, or diseased, beings driven out by their families and communities as bearers of a curse. They beg with a macabre vehemence, appealing directly to the shudders of horror and guilt their bodies evoke among the healthy. In this surreal world, where one involuntarily counts the fingers of every beggar, the line is not always easy to draw between healthy and sick. Old men and women sit dejectedly in corners wailing "Son! Daughter!" Young mothers push their babies into the faces of the passersby and whisper eerily, "He is hungry." Children caked in filth and wearing only shreds of clothing whine "Ma! Ma!" or "Daddy! Daddy!" in an agonizing, teary singsong for hours, pursuing their benefactors through the streets, pulling at their jackets, knowing that they will be given money to go away. Other children, however, run around their "beat" friskily, laughing and appealing for money with flirtatious looks, or singing.

Leftists contend that entrepreneurs manage these beggars, assign them locations, and pocket a large cut of their take; that greedy parents maim their own children, cutting off a hand or an arm, twisting a foot, because they will earn more at beggary that way. Conservative Indians de-emphasize the problem, saying either that beggars have existed all through history and the rich have always given them alms as a religious duty, or that beggary, a character defect, must not be encouraged with handouts, or that they envy the men sleeping in the streets because it is so hot inside. A foreigner who takes a snapshot of a beggar profoundly offends all Indians. They agree to a man that beggars are private dirty linen.

Compared with the poverty of an American city, Calcutta's poverty



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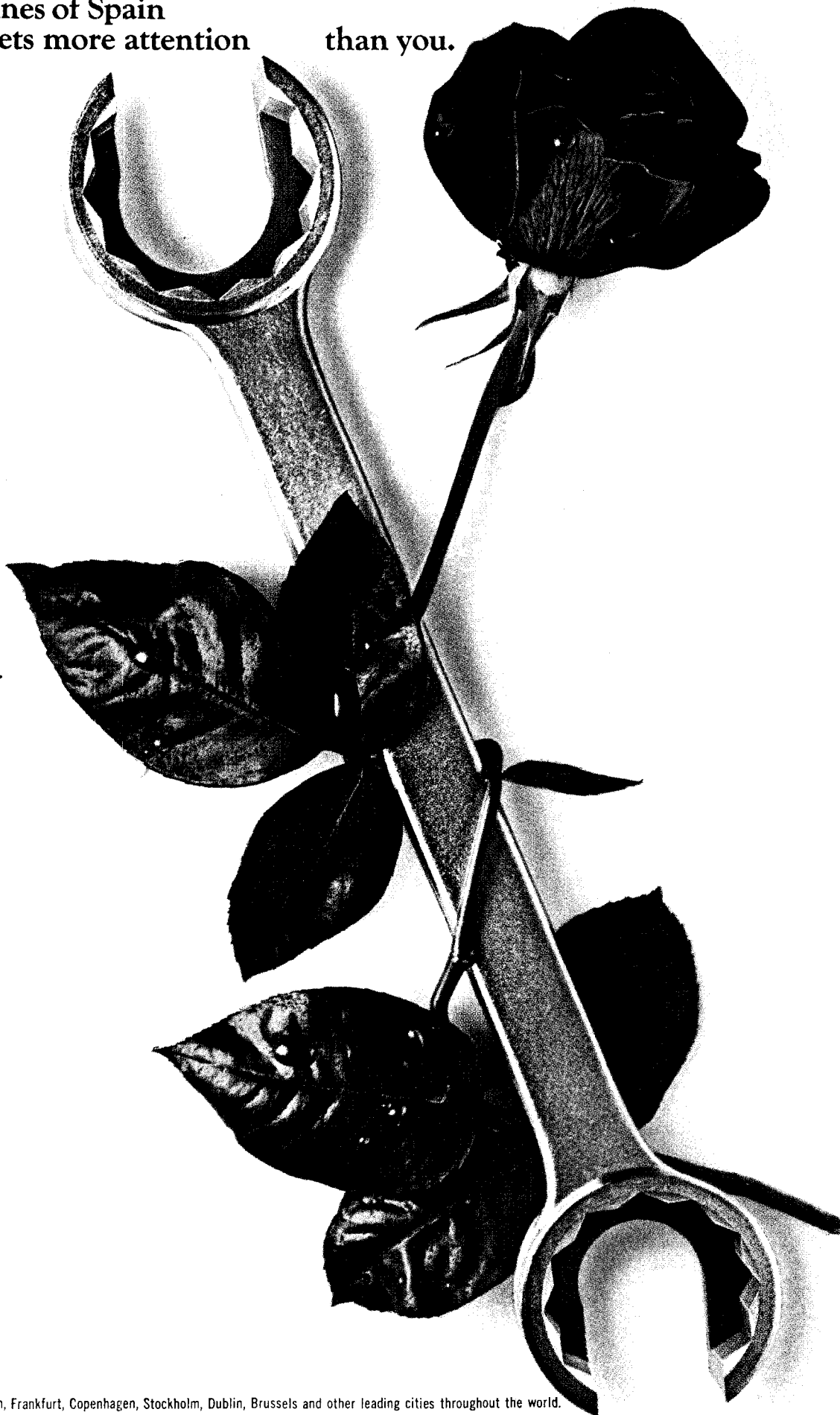
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Calcutta

seems extraordinarily peaceful. Huge shipments of bread can stand unguarded outdoors in the street all night, and no one thinks to steal any. Calcutta policemen swear that there is no murder and no rape. Narcotics are legal, and so cause no criminal problems. (The closest thing to prohibition and criminal black-marketeering in Calcutta developed last year when a popular Bengali candy was banned by the government to economize on milk.) Faces on the commuter trains are sleepy or blankly resigned; the commuters give coins automatically to singing beggars making their rounds; a New-York-City-type subway murder would be unthinkable. After midnight the huge city goes to sleep; five million men and women are afraid of the dark—which becomes, in consequence, perfectly safe.

The lure of Communism

Communism has more hold in Calcutta than anywhere in India outside the state of Kerala. The prestigious Calcutta universities graduate large numbers of pro-Russian and pro-Chinese radicals. This intelligentsia, eloquent and vociferous because it is Bengali, engages in complicated ideological disputes in the pages of newspapers and writes political poetry and drama. Placards all over town attack India's collusion with the United States and urge the nationalization of India's basic industries.

In practice, the Communists have as many planks as there are problems in Calcutta. In India generally, but particularly in Bengal, college graduates far outnumber the available white-collar jobs. (A joke tells of a graduate in Bengali literature who is reduced to taking employment as the monkey in the Calcutta zoo—one day he falls into the tiger's cage and waits to be devoured, until he discovers that the tiger is also a graduate in Bengali literature.) Hence the enormous Bengali civil service is filled with educated men who hate their busy-work occupations, their outrageously low salaries, and their uncomfortable lives. The discontent of this intellectual proletariat makes Calcutta volatile—agitators stage wage strikes, parades, boycotts, and riots, and are sent to jail. For these men the Party offers dignity. For

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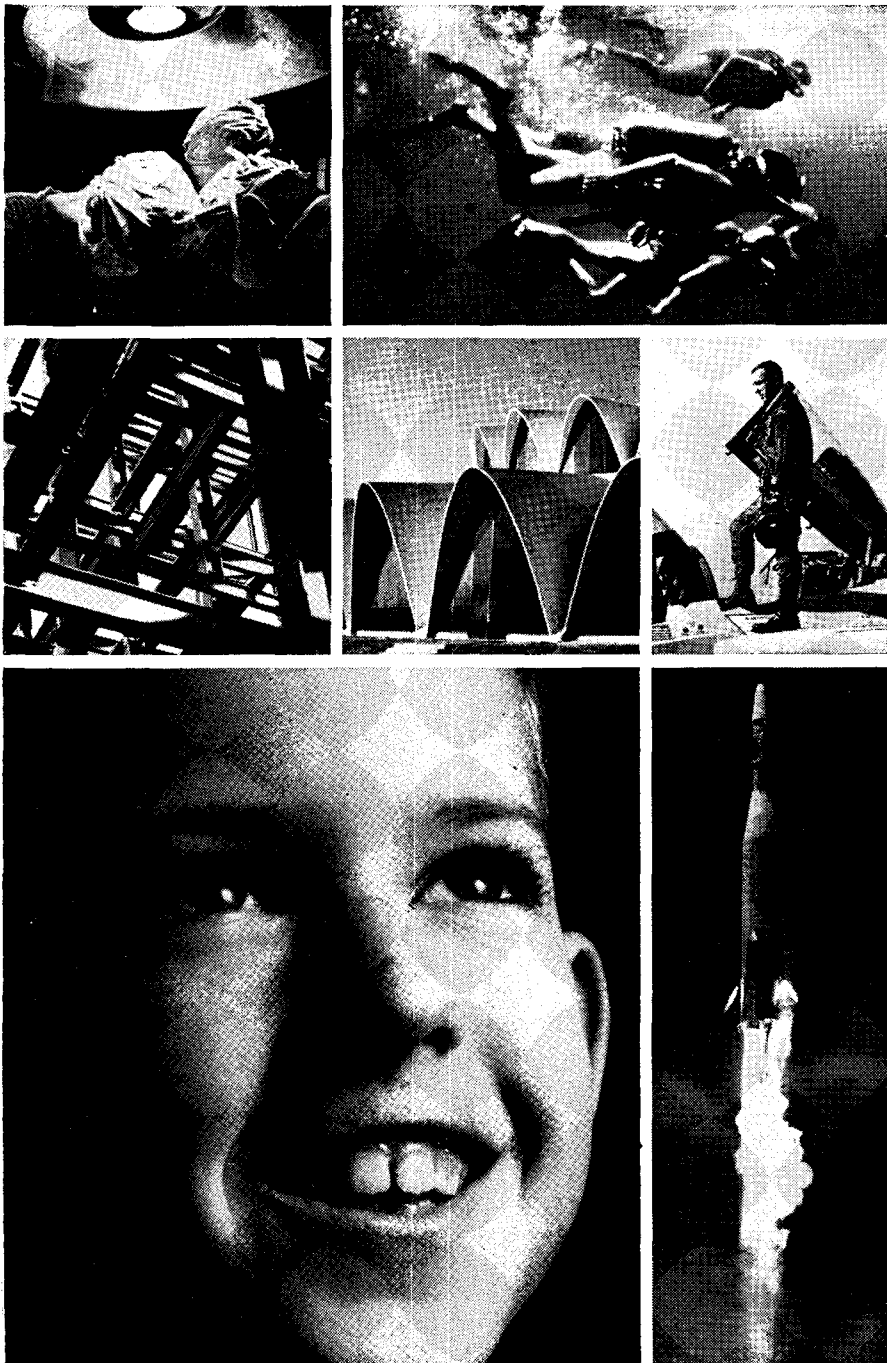
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Calcutta

the slum-dweller and rickshaw-puller, the Party offers a comforting ear into which they can lament their miserable housing and sanitation. For the peasant and villager the Party offers the whispered rumor that American wheat is poisoned, that it makes you sterile, that it won't make good chapatties.

Poetry in Calcutta

When Allen Ginsberg came to India four years ago, he spent nearly all his time in Calcutta and made friends with some poets recently out of college. He bolstered an incipient, antiestablishment literary movement, the Hangries — "hungry and angry" — who were demanding economic, sexual, and aesthetic freedom from the old order. They published works widely condemned as "obscene," and threatened to hold a nude parade. Most were politically leftist or anarchic. Hangries met in Coffee House, across the street from Presidency College, a big, ascetic room looking like an empty gymnasium.

Now Ginsberg is a memory, and public fury has died down. West Bengal fined the last Hangry revolutionary a token sum after a protracted suit. But poetry in Calcutta continues at a fever pitch, and the literary scene in that city is doubtless the most active in the world. According to several Bengali intellectuals, approximately five hundred poetry magazines are being published in Calcutta. As one fades away, another appears in its place. Last year an important group of poets, former Hangries or friends of Ginsberg's, began a *daily* poetry magazine as a publicity stunt; for a short time during the spring cultural festival, they published *hourly*.

Although he is neither obscene nor Communistic, Tarapada Ray is one of the leading young Calcutta poets. He writes about the emotions, love, nature, and Calcutta; nearly every poem contains a trace of gentle humor.

Ginsberg nicknamed Tarapada "Torpedo" because of the way he talks. He is ferociously, demonically alive, almost munching on the cigarette clenched in his fist, spewing forth ideas, running his torchlike, wild black eyes over everything around him. He recites his own and

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Calcutta

his friends' poetry by heart in an oceanic bass voice that rolls devastatingly over the round Bengali syllables. Then he switches into English, with apologies, to do an impromptu translation for the Americans, exquisite in its awkward syntax. And grinning, he exuberantly launches again into a machine-gun conversation. Sometimes his words spill out so fast that he can only stutter gibberish for a moment until he regains control. Tarapada supports an insane brother, but jokes about madness.

When Tarapada says or hears something funny, he slaps himself, rolls over, flings his head around till he gets a glimpse of the enigmatically smiling, hedonistic god Krishna on his wall. Tarapada's home is poor: two small rooms and an outdoor latrine for himself, wife, and baby in a crowded part of town. He has few clothes, and eats almost nothing but rice with a bit of fish or vegetables. He has few nonessential items around his apartment, except for a collection of books and a sprawl of newspapers in Bengali and English, a calendar, a huge map of Bengal, and the portrait of Krishna.

Tarapada's two-year-old son is named Kritibash after Tarapada's pet poetry magazine. His wife was selected for him by his parents, a traditionalism that marks him as a conservative among his friends, all of whom are either bachelors or married to love choices. But he and his wife are so gay together that they are often mistaken for lovers. He boasts of her singing talent, though he is tone-deaf, and she dotes on his poetry. Gloating at his own heresy, Tarapada sleeps till nearly noon every day, and stays up talking and joking with friends nearly all night. He knows the only two tea stalls in Calcutta that can be persuaded to remain open after twelve.

The office clown

The poet holds down a steady job in a government office in Dalhousie Square, earning about \$60 a month. Generally he arrives at work in the middle of the afternoon, finishes his business in a well-spent hour or two, and breezes out again. In the summer he works shirtless, and otherwise earns for himself the reputation of office clown. He hasn't told his



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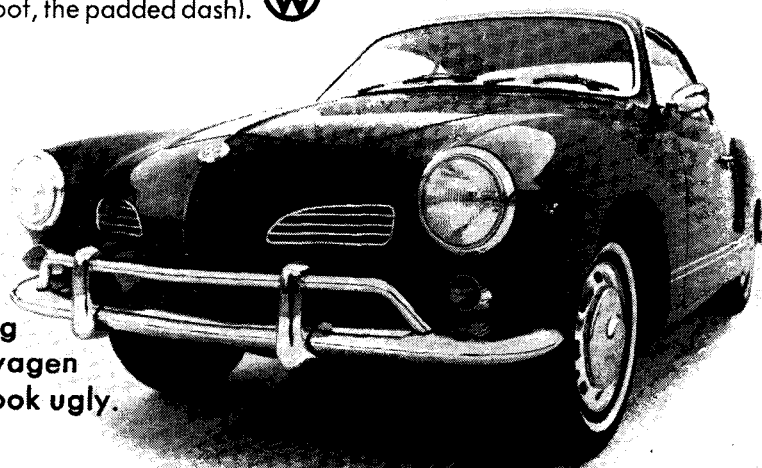
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Calcutta

co-workers that he's a poet, he says, out of fear that they will make him write ceremonial poems.

His office is a mammoth, grim structure housing over ten thousand government employees, the major concern of whom these days is to translate all the old documents from English into Bengali. Tarapada's department keeps records of payments to landlords for land nationalized at independence. Hundreds of clerks sit on high stools along long tables in one great room; before them are amassed heaps of thick, Dickensian ledgers with colored swirls on the page ends; everything appears to be handwritten. The papers are in stunning disarray, but no one seems to be doing anything. Occasionally someone scrawls a note in a file explaining why a previous memo was lost. Tarapada estimates that the work of this office might easily be accomplished by one sixth as many people.

A respectable beatnik

Though Tarapada seems a beatnik to the Calcutta bourgeoisie, he is a force for respectability among his poet companions. Alcoholic colleagues sometimes arrive drunk at his house in the middle of the night; he pays for their taxi and lets them stay till they can go home. Once a number of them took LSD and suffered a long night of violent convulsions; Tarapada thought they were dying, but kept his sober vigil as best he could. He does not participate, but neither does he condemn them for their behavior.

The gatherings of the young poets are always gay. As one pastime, they read aloud the headlines in an English newspaper, adding "by a staff reporter" to every dire deed. They relish the memory of Ginsberg's visit, recalling the time he made fun of a pompous Bengali artist by using the man's original script as a table napkin. Tarapada relates his dreams: in one, he is trying to knock down the Taj Mahal with a hammer, but he comes across a man who says "No use. I've been trying to do it myself for twenty-five years." They appreciate the esteemed Rabindranath Tagore only in a Camp fashion. They dismiss Gandhi as "unhealthy."

When war broke out with Paki-

stan last year, Tarapada was more of a pacifist than a patriot. A Hindu, he has no anti-Muslim feelings whatsoever. The only way he could communicate with the half of his family on the other side of the national boundary was to write to them through a friend in America, a Muslim. He sympathized with the American boys who did not want to fight in Vietnam; he only asked why they didn't, instead of burning their draft cards, cut off their firing thumbs?

A Brahman, like many of the poets, Tarapada nevertheless does not worship in any formal way; nor does he wear the rigidly prescribed "sacred thread." Yet at thirty-two, he will not smoke in front of his elders. If he were to come into a large sum of money suddenly, he hypothesizes, he would give a third to support his parents forever, a third to support his wife forever, and make the rest into a prize for the best young poet each year. After that, he says, he might kill himself, for he lives only for his responsibilities. "There is no such thing as happiness," Tarapada says, in a rare moment in which he is not grinning; "It is not possible."

Tarapada loves Bengal (he has never traveled outside his state) and Calcutta with a violent, defiant pride. In the evening he often strolls through the streets of his quarter, Kalighat, the oldest, dirtiest, most religious part of town. He stops at a tea stall down the street for some foamy tea, yogurt, a soft cookie that blissfully combines the virtues of coconut and cheesecake; he and his friends drink from red-clay cups and then smash them on the floor. He is most at home here, the smells of darkening Calcutta around him, expounding a theory or reciting a poem over the rough wooden table of the tea stall.

The Kalighat merchants light up their wares with lanterns: an orange cloth with a thousand names of god written on it, two-inch statues of Ganesh, the elephant god, red and white bangles for women's wrists, long sticks of dizzily sweet, endlessly burning incense, bits of glass cut to look like jewels, enormous flower wreaths of yellow, orange, and white to honor a god or a parent. One man sells guaranteed magical aphrodisiacs: deer testicles, powdered musk, oily stones, green and black substances to mix with milk

and nutmeg and drink during thirty nights of abstinence.

The burning grounds are not far, just past the modern square crematorium. Walking to the burning ghat, Tarapada catches sight of the bonfires under the night sky: twelve? thirteen? The number seems to change from moment to moment. The stray dogs of the city have gathered, barking and howling at the melting corpses. A family of mourners poses for a photograph with their charge just before he is laid on the wood. The employees of the burning ghat walk about blank-faced, stoking up a fire, building now a new one, small for a child, carrying a body through the required religious rituals. The smell of burning flesh rises in the air.

— Faye Levine



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letters

Our crisis mentality

SIR:

I read with interest your newly inaugurated feature, Viewpoint, bringing the view of South Dakota Senator George McGovern on the Vietnam situation ("Foreign Policy and the Crisis Mentality," January *Atlantic*).

Senator McGovern's comment about France's former role in Vietnam is significant. He says near the end of his piece: "The French successfully and gracefully terminated self-defeating campaigns in Southeast Asia and North Africa; in the process they might have gained certain insights that are worth our evaluation."

If history has no current lessons for us, such as the full implications of the world pendulum swing against colonialism and racism, shall we not finally have to pay the inevitable price of national egocentricity?

RAY SOUTHWORTH
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

I was hoping that a member of the U.S. Senate could add something that most, if not all, dissenters fail to do — to give us a logical alternative to our present situation.

ROGER J. LEBER
Parlin, N. J.

SIR:

Senator McGovern states the case of thousands of us who think that military solutions are not always the answers to difficulties and who do not believe that the American political and economic system should be imposed on all the rest of the world.

The senator does not include a pertinent point with which I think he would agree: that those of us who oppose the official American postures in Santo Domingo and Viet-

nam are often considered suspect at best and disloyal at worst.

What our fellow Americans fail to see is that we are thinking of the welfare of our country just as sincerely as they. We do not question their loyalty; we wish they might respect ours in turn.

GEORGE R. GILKEY
*Wisconsin State University
La Crosse, Wis.*

SIR:

Senator George McGovern's article was heartening for being so cogent an analysis of our nation's character and present foreign policy situation. It is doubly heartening that in a time when our nation's politics seem permeated with uncertainty, reactionism, and moral ambiguity a United States senator can write such a sane, open-minded statement.

WARREN K. HALL
Mount Hermon, Mass.

The Southern Baptists

SIR:

Marshall Frady, although he was born in the South, the son of a Baptist minister, has an unfortunate, ill-developed, and incomplete understanding of both God and the South ("God and Man in the South," January *Atlantic*).

It would obviously be possible for an omnipotent God to resolve the whole civil rights question in the proverbial twinkling of an eye — if He wished to do it in that way. It would be a bit inconsistent of Him, however, since Christ in His ministry on earth apparently never felt it necessary, or of sufficient importance, to address Himself to the greater problem of actual physical slavery.

I know the Southern Baptist Church is far from perfect. It is people, and people are not perfect. It has, however, contributed greatly to the history and condition of this country — and the world. It has a fine tradition of service and concern for the souls of men, and it will continue to contribute, whatever the Marshall Fradys of the nation think of it.

GURNIE C. HOBBS
Bowie, Md.

SIR:

I am a member of a church in the Southern Baptist Convention. Southern Baptists, as Marshall Frady

pointed out, traditionally claim the Bible as sole authority for their faith in Christ. Two things Christ said were, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me," and "Love one another." Many Southern Baptist are unable to look beyond the first of these.

The real tragedy, it seems to me, is that the 35,000 Southern Baptist churches have failed. These churches are in a position to be the most influential power in the South for promoting civil rights by practicing and preaching what Christ taught — love. But they have disobeyed His instruction: "Go ye therefore . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

DR. RAY W. FULLER
Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR:

Marshall Frady knows very little about the Southern man, be he white or black, and much less about God.

People of maturity, who, like me, do not subscribe to the idea that Christianity had its birth in 1954, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision on integration, are forced to believe the publication of his article to be beneath your dignity.

CECIL H. JONES
Jacksonville, Fla.

More on marijuana

SIR:

As a marijuana user who is incensed by the reality of not being able to exercise legally the right of expanding my consciousness in the confines of my own home, I wish to thank you most graciously for presenting Allen Ginsberg's "The Great Marijuana Hoax" in the November issue. It's about time the general public was informed of the brainwashing they've been subjected to for so many years. But let me briefly add some of my own findings:

Since my husband and I first started using pot over a year ago, I have noticed a much more natural relationship developing between us and our children, not to mention a better relationship between ourselves. Since marijuana places one's perception at a much higher level, it has become possible for me to take a much broader view of reality in general, so therefore I feel I am



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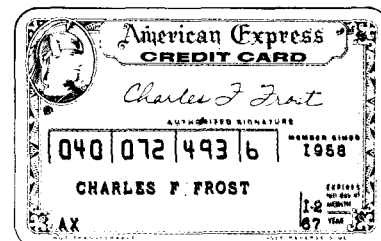
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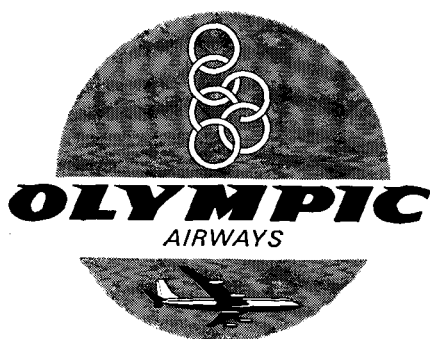
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changing from a somewhat scatter-brained female into a more aware and relaxed woman, with growing possibilities for a more meaningful existence. I am not attesting to the fact that pot alone will produce these effects, for I have no real proof that this is the case, but I myself have a great deal of respect for the benevolent and beneficent herb. I only wish that others would afford themselves the opportunity of experimentation so that it will be impossible to pervert the truth.

I would like to sign my name to this letter to give it the ring of truth that is intended, and it makes me angry that I am forced to ask that you withhold my name, for we are not in a financial position to take our grievances to the Supreme Court in the event of arrest, which would certainly be imminent were I to exercise my personal courageous instincts.

NAME WITHHELD

SIR:

If marijuana causes people to write like Ginsberg, then I think our laws should remain unchanged.

ROBERT D. STRATHY
Wauwatosa, Wis.

SIR:

This past summer student leaders from over 300 colleges met at the National Student Congress of the National Student Association to consider a number of questions affecting student life. Among these was the question of drugs.

Mr. Ginsberg presented his case to delegates at the congress, both formally and informally, and he debated those who advocated the retention of the present laws. The students were asked to evaluate the issue for themselves.

When the issue was presented to the congress as a whole — free from the polemics which characterize much of the present popular debate — the student response was clear: they urged a repeal of those laws which render possession of marijuana a crime; and they urged that present statutes concerning LSD be modified to permit research into the drug under carefully controlled conditions.

CHARLES HOLLANDER
Director, Drug Studies, U.S.N.S.A.
EDWARD SCHWARTZ
National Affairs Vice President, U.S.N.S.A.
Washington, D. C.

The Los Angeles Police

SIR:

The article by Paul Jacobs ("The Los Angeles Police: A Critique," December *Atlantic*) will surely be attacked as subversive, ignorant, malicious, illogical, and unfair.

As a former member of the LAPD, I found the critique to be most challenging.

It seems to me that American law enforcement must demonstrate that the theme "to protect and to serve" applies to every individual, group, household, and establishment within the police jurisdiction; that it holds human rights as important as property rights; and that legality, morality, and compassion are fully as important as efficiency.

A. C. GERMANN
California State College
Long Beach, Calif.

SIR:

Paul Jacobs presents a picture of the LAPD similar to the one presented by my current police science instructor at Long Beach State.

It may be of interest to add this quote from the eulogy given at the funeral Mass of Police Chief Parker, July 20, 1966:

"Some said that Chief Parker was an impatient man. But it was said with almost a holy impatience that he surged to meet the horsemen charging toward the Apocalypse of our times. In his mind there was a clear-cut distinction between liberty and license, between rights and riots, between the demands of the individual and the demands of the common good, between the imperious clamor of the mob and the orderly due process of the law."

RAY RUST
Long Beach, Calif.

Moviegoing in India

SIR:

Anyone who has lived in India or studied the civilization of South Asia cannot help sharing some of Faye Levine's impressions of Hindi movies ("Life, Love, and the Movies in India," November *Atlantic*). Yet in suggesting that "happy endings" may be a direct borrowing from the West, and implying that in any case they are a bad influence on the poverty-stricken masses, Miss Levine fails to recognize the effect of the Hindu world view on Indian culture.

Hinduism proposes as its central

ethic *sva dharma*, or individual adherence to a pre-ordained position in the social order. Man's attempts to change his social position are viewed as "bad acts," with a corresponding effect on his status in the next life. Under such an ethic, a struggle against the cosmos or even an active conflict of individual wills becomes impossible. Classical Sanskrit drama, accordingly, follows a pattern which is rigidly adhered to in all plays: felicity, misfortune, harmonious resolution — the same pattern employed in the Hindi films to which Miss Levine objects.

The purpose of the "happy ending" is to show how man can resolve his problems without trespassing the limits of *dharma*. Its effect on the Indian masses would hardly be to produce dissatisfaction, but rather to suggest a way of coping with one's poverty without feeling the need to struggle against impossible odds. Granted, this view is hardly tenable to a Western mind, but it is one which India has embraced for two thousand years and which may prevent total anarchy in this age.

JANET POWERS GEMMILL
Gettysburg, Penn.

SIR:

Miss Levine obviously disapproves of some Indians thinking America to be "alcoholic, neurotic, and promiscuous" but dubs the whole of India, five paragraphs later, as "this country of poverty, filth, disease, malevolent climate, and rampant insects."

NASH SOONAWALA
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Ending strikes

SIR:

Leland Hazard's recent piece, "Strikes and People: A Proposal" (December *Atlantic*), is a breath of crisp fresh air and clear logic at a time when serious doubts are developing with respect to the collective bargaining process in the United States.

Community interest, especially as it relates to labor-management relations, is difficult if not impossible to define. And yet there is a community interest in many labor management disputes. Anticipating and adapting to change, and trying new ways of doing things, have become crucial to the future of the nation. In this connection, the community at large has a great stake, and Mr.

Hazard's proposal is worthy of the most serious consideration as a means of achieving the necessary maturity of our restless society.

ROBERT H. RYAN
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR:

Leland Hazard's suggestion that a superagency, the Industrial Peace Commission (IPC), be created to deal with strikes is disappointing as well as unrealistic. The author begins by affirming his belief in the protections of the Wagner Act, and then suggests that giving the membership the right to go over their leader's heads and secretly vote on a management proposal which their leaders rejected would be in the interest of industrial peace.

Experience under the Taft-Hartley Act, where it was provided that the membership could secretly vote on the last offer of management prior to the invocation of an eighty-day "cooling off" injunction prohibiting a strike, demonstrated conclusively that the rank and file will never accept an offer turned down by their leadership. The Taft-Hartley "last offer" elections were held just before the expiration of the injunction, and the membership stood firmly behind their leaders every time.

Professor Hazard's suggestion is naïve because the leadership almost always presents management's offer to the rank and file and because this type of proposal would automatically alienate labor support of the IPC because it would be viewed as a direct slap at union leadership.

It is also well established, and was even mentioned by Professor Hazard, that the rank and file, not the leadership, has been turning down management offers in recent months of prosperity, and holding out for higher settlements. If anything, the leadership has been acting as a moderating influence.

Professor Hazard's faith in the possible pressure which the findings and public recommendations of his IPC would bring to bear on the parties is seriously challenged by the experiences of similar procedures under the Railway Labor Act.

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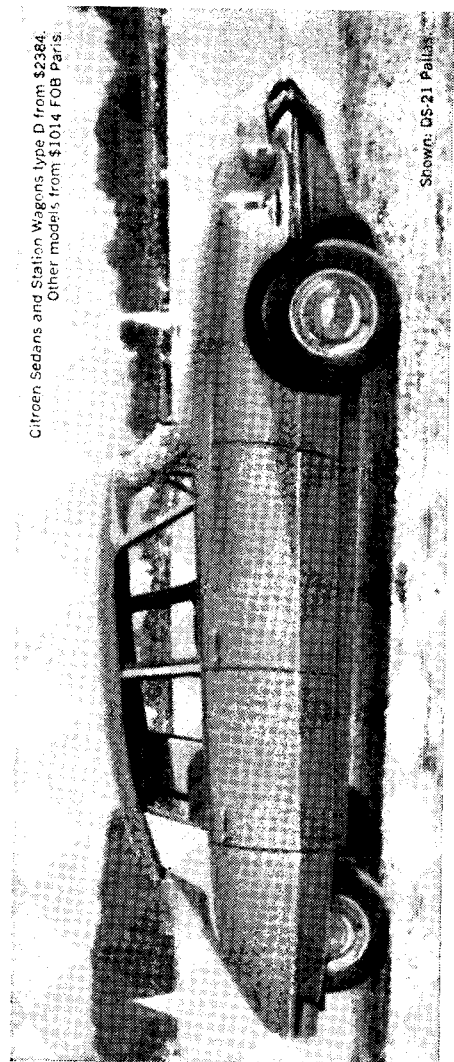
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and a strike is threatened, the National Mediation Board may recommend the appointment of a Presidential Emergency Board, which shall investigate the dispute and make a full public report of the issues, findings of fact, and its own recommendation of what action should be taken by the parties.

This institution has been a total failure in recent years because the parties ignore its recommendations and view it merely as a ritual which is performed prior to more direct governmental interference.

There is no reason to believe that the proposed IPC would be any more successful than the Presidential Emergency Boards. The rank and file wants its "share" of prosperity, as reflected in record profits and a growing GNP, and has repeatedly ignored its own leaders, politicians, governmental mediators, and the Administration.

I would like to suggest that in spite of perplexing strikes such as the airline strike last summer, collective bargaining has proven overwhelmingly successful. Industrial relations is a strange field in that its failures and not its successes are publicly emphasized. A serious strike is often considered an indicator that collective bargaining is a complete failure. That thousands of contracts are successfully bargained without a strike or that hundreds of thousands of grievances are settled by private arbitration machinery is forgotten in the flush of each new crisis.

What we need is perhaps better and well-defined mediation to ward off strikes and make collective bargaining even more successful (e.g., definite jurisdictions for different mediation agencies, prevention of multiple mediations or political mediations, specific rules for the entry and exit of mediators in bargaining disputes, et cetera).

What we do not need is an agency such as the IPC which would only create further confusion, would interfere with already confused mediatory efforts, and might endanger free collective bargaining, which is far from perfect but superior to the alternative of governmental dictation to unions and management through the compulsory arbitration of new labor agreements.

MICHAEL EISNER
Roosevelt University
Chicago, Ill.

Department of corrections

SIR:

In your fine article on my grandfather, "The World of Erle Stanley Gardner," by Charles W. Morton (January *Atlantic*), "his wife and married daughter live in a home of their own . . ." implies that we all live with my grandmother. This is not the case. Mrs. Gardner has her own home, while I, my brother and mother live with our wonderful stepfather, Mr. Anthony Naso, in a home a few miles away.

VALERIE J. NASO
Oakland, Calif.

SIR:

Surely John Kenneth Galbraith's delightful satire ("The Polipollutionists," January *Atlantic*) should have been titled "The Effluent Society."

MRS. R. LANGDON WALES
Lincoln, Mass.

SIR:

Christopher Lasch ("Divorce and the Family in America," November *Atlantic*) is unquestionably right in emphasizing that the desire to protect women has played a considerable role in the development of the laws of the United States.

It should, however, be pointed out that contrary to Mr. Lasch's assertion, the divorce rate in the United States is no longer rising. Since 1950, the rate has been 2.2 divorces for 10,000 population.

The "right of divorce" advocated by Mr. Cantor is already a reality in the United States. Nineteen states and a number of territories have laws allowing divorce to parties having lived apart from each other for a certain period of time. In at least three states a divorce can be obtained on the simple ground of incompatibility. As stated by Mr. Cantor himself, more than 90 percent of all divorces are not contested. The "innovation" would be of major significance only for the remaining 10 percent, in which the contest, however rarely, turns not around the problem of divorce, but around the issues of property settlement, alimony, child support, and custody also. If the parties cannot arrange these problems amicably, they will have to be litigated, even under the scheme advocated by Mr. Cantor.

MAX RHEINSTEIN
University of Chicago Law School
Chicago, Ill.

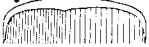
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Berkeley: a last word

SIR:

In his article on Berkeley ("The Decline of Freedom at Berkeley," September *Atlantic*), Lewis Feuer holds that student unrest has prompted suspicion and mistrust within the Berkeley community. As partial evidence, he cites my alleged involvement in an episode in which I supposedly observed a janitor dabbling with my personal correspondence. When specifying relevant information, Feuer also purports to refer to my subsequent relations with legal authorities and university personnel. His references are incorrect on those matters, and six illustrative issues come to mind:

1. *My Academic Position.*

Feuer: John Leggett was an "acting assistant professor" — and hence academically marginal — in the Department of Sociology at the University of California, Berkeley.

Fact: John Leggett had been an assistant professor for three years at Cal when Feuer's piece appeared. Leggett was never an acting professor, although some people viewed him as a bit of a ham.

2. *The Discovery of the Janitorial Supervisor.*

Feuer: Leggett "burst" into his office and found a janitor holding papers in his hand.

Fact: I walked casually into my office. The word "burst" does not describe how I entered my room, if only because I had to unlock the door before I entered. Feuer's phrasing suggests that I tried to entrap the janitor. Feuer is wrong. I leave these pastimes to the vice squad and Feuer's imagination.

3. *The Formal Position and Awkward Actions of the Janitorial Supervisor.*

Feuer: The alleged janitor is an affable Irishman who pushes a mop.

Fact: Floyd Riley was not a janitor. He was a janitorial supervisor in charge of four large buildings found on the Berkeley campus. He did not push a broom or tend a mop, but he did coordinate others who did. Consequently, when I discovered him reading my correspondence, there was a marked absence of janitorial equipment either in my office or in the hallway. Indeed, there was a total absence of janitorial equipment and common janitors on the floor where the sociology department was located. This supervisor was the only maintenance man on a deserted

floor. The hall lights were dimmed. The offices were presumably empty. Yet, when I entered my office and discovered Riley, he told me that he was simply (1) tidying up my desk in order to help me and (2) inspecting my office floor in order to discuss its condition with members of his staff, people who would presumably mop the floor after Riley had given my office such careful attention.

Touchingly, Feuer sympathizes with the janitorial supervisor, but his intentions fail to erase his omissions and inaccuracies.

4. *Where My Letters Were Located.*

Feuer: The letters were found on the top of my desk.

Fact: The letters were located in the rear half of a drawer located on the left-hand side of my desk. Riley had been on a fishing expedition, and he seemed to have learned the waters quite well. Only if Riley had opened the drawer twelve inches or more would he have discovered copies of incoming letters and outgoing correspondence. Otherwise, the back half was hidden. The front half of the two-foot drawer was filled with record files for approximately fifty undergraduate students enrolled in the social science (major) program.

5. *How Did Riley Discover the Materials?*

Feuer: Curious dabbling.

Fact: The janitor told a police officer, a research assistant, and Leggett how he discovered my correspondence. Indeed, that same evening, Mr. Riley re-enacted the whole snooping event before three sets of eyeballs pleasantly surprised with his acting ability. How did the supervisor commit such a blunder? After a university police officer had helped me to identify the name of the janitorial supervisor, the police officer happened to locate Riley and brought him back to my office so that Riley could explain and apologize. At this point, approximately two hours after I had discovered Riley going through my personal effects, Riley and the officer walked into my office. He then lowered his head deferentially — indeed his behavior at this point was appalling — and apologized at great length. While carrying on prolonged apologies and linking his unfortunate snoopings to my publicized politics, he walked over to my desk drawer. He then pulled it open six to eight inches so as to indicate its position

when he walked into my office. According to Riley, my letters were located in the very front of the drawer, and their presence had stimulated him to open the drawer even further, and to take them out and to look at them. However, Riley's story seems a bit farfetched, for the stimulus was something other than what Riley said it was. As you will recall, the first twelve inches of the drawer were filled with social science major folders. Why Riley should have associated innocuous file materials with unobservable (*not* concealed) correspondence remains unclear. But apparently the folders did whet his Gaelic appetite, for they moved him to open the drawer all the way and to go to snoop.

6. *The Content of the Letters.*

Feuer: Feuer implies that the papers were incidental and irrelevant.

Fact: When I walked into my office, Riley was holding three pieces of correspondence. He was reading the first of the three mentioned below: (1) a private, angry, and lengthy letter written by Chancellor Heyns to me. The letter focused on my distribution of political materials on campus last March just prior to UN Ambassador Goldberg's appearance on campus; (2) a carbon copy of a reply letter sent by me to Heyns. The letter dealt with my involvement in this episode. It too was private, angry, and lengthy; (3) a carbon copy of a letter sent by me to Vice-Chancellor Cheit; the letter also dealt with the incident.

These exchanges were private and controversial. They were none of Riley's business. Yet he dabbled not only in my correspondence, but in that of others as well. Vice-Chancellor Cheit informed me and two other members of the Berkeley campus chapter of the A.F.T. that university staff members had caught Riley on an earlier occasion going through the papers of another professor. The Vice-Chancellor viewed Riley's subsequent rifling of my papers as sufficiently significant to demote Riley from janitorial supervisor to ordinary janitor. Riley can now be found working in a new position located in another building, where — according to the Vice-Chancellor — Riley will not be in a position to go through the personal correspondence of faculty.

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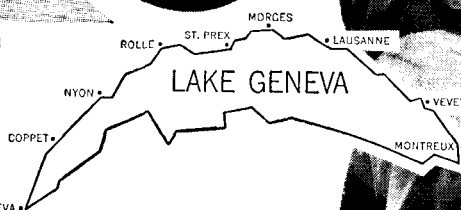
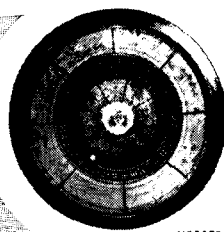
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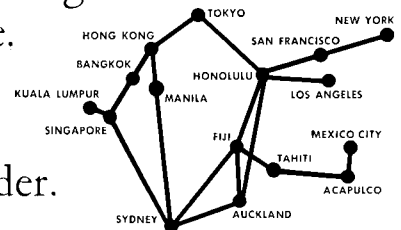
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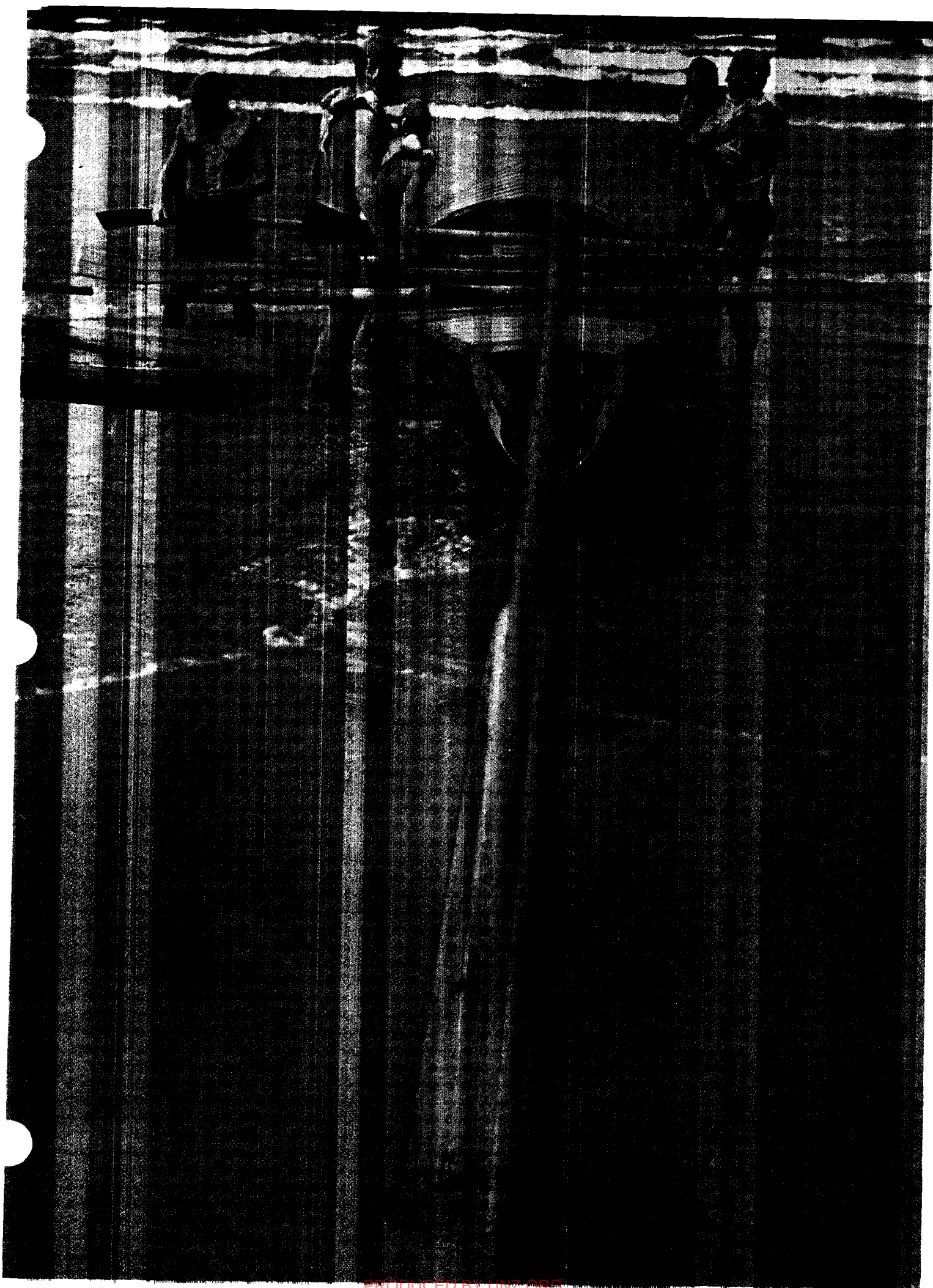
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THE EDUCATION OF ROBERT McNAMARA

BY DOUGLAS KIKER

The second most powerful man in Washington is also the second most controversial, writes Douglas Kiker, the ATLANTIC's Washington columnist. How six years in the Pentagon have changed Robert McNamara is detailed in these pages; how McNamara has changed the Pentagon is described, beginning on page 56, by his onetime special assistant.

WHEN he was a young man, Robert S. McNamara worked as a counselor at a boys camp. Today, as the Secretary of Defense, he is in charge of 4 million people and \$175 billion worth of property, including 5000 nuclear warheads; he is managing a controversial war in Asia; annually he supervises the expenditure of over half the national budget — by the end of 1967, total defense spending in the six years he has run the Pentagon will be over 400 billion tax dollars, which is more than the five-year cost of World War II. Everybody agrees he is the second most powerful man in Washington.

Young men who work as counselors at boys camps possess a basic quality of innocence not usually associated with Secretaries of Defense. But McNamara remains a man of essentially innocent nature today. It is an innocence largely obscured by his achievement, his power, his energy, his intellect, his awesome ability, and his stern managerial manner. But there it is, it is pervasive, often it is charming. History may also show that it is dangerous.

McNamara is not only the second most powerful man in Washington today. He is also the second most controversial. He inspires emotional response. His friends are as passionate in their defense and praise of him as his enemies are violent in their denunciations.

Washington reporters are sharply divided in their opinion of him. Liberal columnists admire him and defend him. "He's the biggest dove in the higher echelons of the Johnson Administration," says one. "He resisted the bombing of North Vietnam to the very end. He was the chief advocate of the 1965 bombing pause. And he's been arguing ever since that the bombing is not doing what it's supposed to do. He's dying to get this war over with."

Reporters of all political persuasion who regularly cover the Pentagon have a different view of the man. "McNamara is a great national asset, but so is the hydrogen bomb," says one. "Both of them must be utilized — and contained. He has a basic disregard for people. He has a contempt for the press and the people's right to know. He's very authoritarian. It's a question of, 'Poppa knows best, so shut up and take your medicine, Junior.'"

The big complaint is that McNamara has deliberately misled the press — and through them, the American people — on Vietnam; that by imposing secrecy and juggling facts and figures, he has obscured the true facts concerning both the progress and the cost of the war.

And, they say, the evidence is there for all to see. In January, 1962, McNamara described the situation in Vietnam as "encouraging." In Febru-

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ary it was "improving." In September, 1963, it was "getting better and better." In March, 1964, it had "significantly improved." In May, "excellent progress" was being made. By November, 1965, the United States had "stopped losing the war." By July, 1966, he was "cautiously optimistic."

At one point, McNamara was so concerned about this criticism that he ordered analysts in the Department of Defense to make a careful study and tabulation of every statement he had ever made concerning Vietnam. Today his lieutenants maintain that "if you look at his list of statements, it works, and he comes out clean. They were always properly hedged." His critics reply that the basic fact remains that the statements were designed to deceive. McNamara's own position now is that except for one statement made on October 2, 1963, in which he predicted that all U.S. forces could be withdrawn from Vietnam by the end of 1965, he would not change "one word" of his public statements on the progress of the war.

CONGRESS equally is divided in its opinion of McNamara. The labyrinthine relationships which exist between the Congress and the Defense Department defy description. It is enough to say that one of McNamara's major annual jobs — and the one he clearly despises most — is the preparation and presentation of congressional testimony.

One former high Administration official believes that the Defense Secretary tends "sometimes to overestimate the political pressure he's under from Congress." As an example, he cites McNamara's decision to announce that fewer U.S. troops would be required in Vietnam in 1965. "He did that because he thought the Armed Services committees wouldn't play ball with him otherwise."

A former Pentagon official traces his difficulties with Congress to several varied causes: he "never sugars up these guys on the committees, although he knows it might make life easier," he "is a sophisticated user of statistics and you've got to read the labels carefully," he "knows he's a hell of a lot sharper than anybody on the Hill," and, "besides, nobody ever gave him high marks for political judgment."

McNamara insists that he rather enjoys his congressional appearances because he likes debate, but there is other evidence to indicate that his dread of the annual ordeal is almost an emotional one. According to one report, a year ago, anticipating the problem, his eyes grew misty and his voice trembled with deep emotion as he confided to friends, "I'm going to have trouble. They're out to get me." He spoke gloomily of the torment of sit-

ting through hours of hostile questioning and predicted that his principal tormentor would be House Armed Services chairman Mendel Rivers. "I don't trust that man. He'll stab me in the back the first chance he gets," he said.

Every year McNamara goes through what has become an almost ritualistic preparation for his congressional appearances. His staff prepares analyses of every statement he has made since he took office on every conceivable subject that might be challenged by Congress. Supplied with a foot-high stack of loose-leaf binders jammed with statements and carefully phrased answers to every conceivable question which might be asked, he studies until late into the night and gets up as early as 5 A.M. for further cramming. Finally, he submits himself to "murder sessions" with his assistants.

McNamara knew well in advance this year that his big challenges in Congress would come from two issues: the question of producing an anti-ballistic missile system and the cost of the war in Vietnam.

McNamara gave President Johnson his final recommendation on the anti-ballistic missile months ago, well before Congress reconvened. His position is that it makes no sense to try and develop a "thick" system designed to protect the United States from nuclear attack by the Soviet Union. It would cost at least \$40 billion, and with it in operation, at least 50 million Americans still would perish in an all-out Soviet attack. His belief is that the best defense against the Russians is the threat of massive retaliation — which the United States already possesses — and the best hope is that some future accord on a ban of such anti-missile systems may be reached.

Recently McNamara revealed that the Soviet Union has begun work on an anti-missile system, and it soon became obvious that intense pressure would be placed on Johnson to start all-out production of a U.S. system in reply. McNamara strongly recommended that no system be built, but told the President that if political pressure became too great, a compromise solution might be to ask for \$1 billion to start work on a "thin" system. This would ultimately cost \$5 billion and would provide limited protection to major cities against the crude, but operational, long-range missiles Red China is expected to have within ten years.

McNamara told friends, "It's now a political decision, and the question is, Can the President stand the heat from people like Dick Russell?" In his State of the Union address the President indicated that the decision is being put off for now.

The ABM quarrel is a grammar-school-yard shoving contest compared with the year-long controversy over Vietnam. McNamara's problem is

that he is getting it from all sides, and he must be careful in answering one challenge not to leave himself open to another coming from an opposite direction.

Congressional hawks, such as South Carolina Senator J. Strom Thurmond, who returned from a two-week tour of Vietnam wearing a green beret and proclaiming that he still believes the war there could be won in ninety days, wanted to know why in thunder the United States didn't escalate the Northern bombing. Congressional doves, led as usual by Senate Foreign Relations chairman William Fulbright, read Harrison Salisbury's dispatches from Hanoi in the *New York Times* and demanded just the opposite. And the Republicans said, for a change, why don't you tell the truth about how much the war is costing.

McNamara knows he must defend himself, his Department, and the Administration against such charges. But he believes they are motivated by politics and emotion, not fact. He argues that last year's budget was submitted at a time of supreme uncertainty in Vietnam, when 100,000 troops had just been ordered into action. He maintains that he gave Congress full, fair notice that the budget represented an "arbitrary figure" and that a sizable supplemental request probably would follow. The decision to fight now and pay later, he says, was predicated upon the Korean experience, which produced billions of dollars worth of surplus and featured annual defense appropriations of such huge, unrealistic amounts that the Army was able to supply itself for four years afterward without additional money. "All I say to you on the question of candor and credibility is, read the record," McNamara says.

McNamara is fortunate in one respect this year. The Republican Party is playing a waiting game until events and a clearer view of the growing national mood determine its ultimate position on Vietnam. But party leaders are convinced they do have a good reserve issue in the charge that the Administration deliberately misled the American people last year regarding the true cost of the war and will mislead them again this year.

A MAN should be able to kick off his shoes and loosen his tie when he gets home from work like that, but McNamara enjoys no such luxury at the Pentagon. It is just as well to state the matter bluntly: the American military establishment doesn't like Robert McNamara, never did like him, and never will like him. He has been there for six years now, and there is every reason to believe he will still be there a year from now — and the year after that. When he took the job back in

1961, he announced publicly that he was obligating himself to serve eight years — two full presidential terms — because he had concluded that true effectiveness in the job could be attained only through long-term service.

Be that as it may, the military still considers him an occupation force. His flag of power still flies. But the military believes the day eventually will come when that flag will be hauled down, and McNamara and all of McNamara's men will leave, as all invaders must, sooner or later. And, oh, will that be a happy day; the brass will jig in the corridors.

What McNamara did at the Department of Defense is monumental. He took management control of the national defense effort away from the military and placed it in the hands of a civilian bureaucracy, which he created and which operates at his command. "The question today," one critic says, "is no longer whether there is civilian control over the military, but whether there is public control over the civilians in the Pentagon." Others have described McNamara as "a civilian on horseback."

McNamara's achievement is even more impressive when two other facts are taken into account. First, he rode into town alone, like Gary Cooper hired to clean up a rowdy cow town; he brought no one from the Ford Motor Company with him, not a single personal assistant, not even a secretary. Second, he achieved his managerial revolution within existing law; in fact, one of his first moves back in 1961 was to order Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance, then the Pentagon's general counsel, to determine just how much change could be made within the law. As it turned out, there was quite a bit.

McNamara made no attempt whatsoever to effect his changes through the existing Pentagon bureaucracy. Instead, he superimposed a new bureaucracy, one in which the assistant secretaries became the apostles and "cost effectiveness" the new gospel. And any fool, say McNamara's admirers, can see that it works.

It might work for McNamara, that singular man, but what happens when McNamara leaves and some lesser mortal takes his place? Will it go on working, or will the whole organizational house of cards come tumbling down? (Ford is still in business, his defenders retort. Besides, they maintain, the McNamara system is designed amply to take into account human frailty.)

"Cost effectiveness," "long-range budgeting," "mission planning," "task sequence networks," and all that sound impressive, say the critics. But it is a system devised by a group of "pipe-smoking, trees-full-of-owls types" (as retired Air Force Chief of Staff General Thomas D. White once described them) who really don't know anything about

waging war. It certainly didn't produce any miracles in Vietnam, did it? (What McNamara has done in Vietnam is miraculous, answer his friends. He has waged a war halfway around the world without the invocation of emergency powers.)

There are other charges. The Defense Department has become "overcentralized." The morale of the military has been demolished. The new bureaucracy has contributed to lengthening delays in the development and production of new weapons systems. McNamara's whiz kids believe the technological revolution is over and thus are reluctant to spend big sums on new research. And, to boot, they are all a bunch of pacifists at heart who believe that continued development of more sophisticated weapons impedes chances of broader arms limitation pacts.

THERE is no evidence that McNamara is affected by such criticism. "He handles problems one at a time. Once a decision is made, he's on to the next thing," says a Pentagon aide. "He's an activist. He'd rather decide. To him, no decision represents a decision — to do nothing," says Califano. His faith in the facts — once he decides what the facts are — is unshakable, says a former Administration official.

On major defense problems, McNamara makes his own analysis and arrives at his own conclusions — no matter who else might be working on them. This leads to charges of "arrogance," and sometimes leads to controversy such as that which has surrounded the TFX contract. McNamara is aware of the dangers, but believes a Defense Secretary who acted otherwise would be superior in name only. In this connection, there are those who defend McNamara's appreciation of political realities. "You need to define the terms," says a friend. "If it means that you do what you believe to be in the public interest, then you must say he's been a good politician."

It's that brain, of course, that awesome mind that resides directly behind that slicked-back hair and those rimless glasses. His is a brilliance which awes everyone — everyone, without exception — who comes into contact with him.

"He's as brilliant as any man I've ever known," says former White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers. "He's incomparably the strongest man in the Administration," says a high White House official. "Sometimes when I'm talking to Bob McNamara late at night, and I hear him going along like a machine, boom, bang, boom, everything in order, I feel like it's all I can do to keep up and pretend I'm understanding," President Johnson has remarked to friends. On another occasion, asked his opinion of McNamara, the

President looked away, thought for some time, then said slowly, "He's the most *capable* man I've ever known, I think."

"All his life Johnson has admired and respected two kinds of men, men of power and powerful men," a friend of the President explains. "By men of power, I mean people like Sam Rayburn, big oilmen, people like that. By powerful men, I mean men who are just powerful by nature — men like McNamara."

Johnson often invites his Defense Secretary and Mrs. McNamara to spend weekends at Camp David and the LBJ ranch. On occasion, when Mrs. Johnson is out of Washington, Johnson has been known to phone McNamara at home and invite himself over to dinner. And the rumor persists that Johnson seriously considered him for Vice President in 1964, until organized labor complained. Democrats charged that this would be an admission that no one within the party was capable of filling the position, and political advisers convinced him that McNamara would add no strength to the ticket because he and Johnson both appealed to the same group of voters.

Johnson's friendly attitude toward McNamara exists despite the fact that McNamara's closest friend in Washington is Senator Robert Kennedy. "McNamara and Bobby are very much alike. They're birds of a feather. Both are energetic, hard drivers," says one mutual acquaintance. "It's an avuncular friendship," says another. "Yeah, but which one's the uncle?" asks a disinterested observer. Everybody agrees that McNamara, especially with Bill Moyers gone, is the best available honest broker between Johnson and Kennedy.

"He's impersonal with Bobby when it comes to issues of policy," one source says. "He never talks about his relations with Kennedy to Johnson," a White House aide reports. And he speaks of his relations with Johnson to no one. "I don't even know if he discusses them with Cy Vance. It's just a closed shop," says one Pentagon official.

Everybody agrees that McNamara is one of the President's principal advisers today on general policy. But no one is exactly sure anymore just how much weight the President gives to his advice. This is because he sometimes speaks in terms of two McNamaras — McNamara the manager and McNamara "the perfesser." And sometimes Johnson scoffs at the "perfesser."

It may be that Johnson has concluded that Professor McNamara lacks political savvy. If that is the case, it is a conclusion Mr. Johnson shares with many others who know McNamara.

"Try to tell him he's a political figure in a controversial political cause, and he just doesn't dig it," says a former White House aide. "McNamara's gifts, though considerable, bear no relation to the

world of politics. And he hasn't learned. Politics really don't interest him," says a noted political scientist. "He's got bad political antennae. Because of that, I don't think he would make a very good Secretary of State," says another. "His is not a subtle political mind," says a man who has worked with him. "Not in the sense of being aware that his beautiful reasoning on an issue fails to solve the other guy's political problem."

It is Professor McNamara whose energetic pursuit of intellectual interests brings smiles to the faces of those who know and like him. "If you told him to read Joyce, don't be surprised to hear him quoting passages from the *Dubliners* to you a week later. You never know when he's going to spring a slightly arcane piece of literature on you." Another friend tells of a recent Washington dinner party which was graced by an exceptional number of beautiful women in alluringly low cut gowns. "Bob wasn't there. He was invited but he stayed home because he had invited a visiting Harvard professor in to discuss sex education." It is Professor McNamara who regularly protested to Adam Yarmolinsky when he was his special assistant at the Pentagon, "You aren't bringing enough interesting people in to see me."

McNamara the "perfesser" has a side to *him*, too, and that is McNamara the moralist — the Presbyterian elder who manages the most awesome war machine in history, and who worries a lot about it. A few months back, he glanced out his office window at the Pentagon and saw that a group of ministers had set up a picket line to protest the war in Vietnam. Forthwith he invited them up for coffee.

The clergymen told McNamara that they were there to protest the killing in Vietnam. McNamara told the clergymen, "You know, there are two ways to kill a man. You can kill his body, or you can kill his soul. I'd rather kill a few thousand bodies than kill fourteen million souls in Vietnam."

And there is other evidence of such tortured rationalization. For example, here is McNamara, sitting before a fire on a snowy evening at a friend's house, musing: "If you read Toynbee, you realize the importance of a democracy learning to cope with a limited war. The greatest contribution Vietnam is making — right or wrong beside the point — is that it is developing an ability in the United States to fight a limited war, to go to war without the necessity of arousing the public ire. In that sense, Vietnam is almost a necessity in our history, because this is the kind of war we'll most likely be facing for the next fifty years."

The manager, the professor, the moralist, the liberal ("I'll give McNamara credit for this," Georgia's Senator Richard Russell once said. "He's no phony. He truly *believes* in integration.") — the man has managed to isolate these conflicting qualities most of his life. It is not so easy now.

Last summer McNamara went to Montreal and made a speech which produced headlines and raised eyebrows. His broad theme was that true security depends on good relations between nations and never can be secured through the procurement of military hardware; if a Pax Americana is to be imposed, it must be through generosity and good works, and not through the force of arms. Later he remarked to friends, "That speech gave me another year or so on the job. I was so frustrated I had to give it."

In November McNamara went to Cambridge, to participate in an off-the-record session at Harvard's Kennedy Institute, and the overall impression he created was unfortunate. On his way through campus the university police car in which he was riding was blocked by anti-war demonstrators who sat down in the street. Campus police, sure they would jump to safety at the last moment, wanted to drive slowly into them, but McNamara would have none of that. "Goddamn it, let me out of here," he shouted. He climbed on the hood of an adjacent auto and calmly agreed to submit to questions for five minutes. The crowd quickly grew in size, and when he attempted to talk he was interrupted with catcalls of "murderer" and "fascist." At that, he lost his temper, grabbed a portable loudspeaker, and shouted, "I spent four of the happiest years at the Berkeley campus doing some of the same things you're doing here. But there was one important difference. I was tougher and more courteous. And I was tougher then, and I'm tougher now."

Later that same day he raised Harvard hackles when he protested that demonstrators, preoccupied with Vietnam, were neglecting social injustice here at home. "Why is Harvard so silent about the Negro problem?" he asked. "Why aren't you rioting about *that*?"

"He's a very spoiled man, I thought," said one person who heard that defense. "The remarks about Negroes . . . seemed to me to be part of an attitude of defensiveness and self-justification by a man who is being called a fascist and doesn't much like it. His unspoken presumption was, we've got the Vietnamese problem in hand, so why don't you stop presuming to kibbitz. And anyway, *I'm* a dove. Why do you make *me* the villain when it's Dean Rusk?"

He adds: "As I reflect on it, it's indefensible and even a little outrageous. It's presumptuous because he presumes to say what 'we' liberals ought

to be fighting for (quickly wrapping himself in the civil rights toga) without granting the right of liberals or anyone to oppose the war as a disastrous course for America to be following. McNamara always wants to label arguments about Vietnam 'morality' arguments. In his arrogance and righteousness he allows very little to the substance of opposition arguments. It's a defensive debate tactic."

It also is inconsistent with the fact that McNamara often has voiced private complaints that liberals fail to involve themselves in Defense Department matters until it is too late, which lets the hawks fill the vacuum.

But the sour truth which liberals now must pour sugar over and somehow swallow is that Robert McNamara the "perfesser" is their only principal advocate within that tight little group of desperate men who make the decisions about Vietnam. McGeorge Bundy is giving money away at the Ford Foundation. George Ball is opening will boxes. And Bill Moyers is publishing a big, fat suburban newspaper on Long Island.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk is no warmonger. But he insists that sooner or later the United States must forcefully challenge the concept of Communistic "wars of liberation," and Vietnam is as good a place as any.

The military never wanted this war, and many people fail to give them credit for warning of the consequences. But the strategic necessities involved in a war of containment are naturally alien to the instinct, native to any good military leader, to conquer once battle is joined. (And it must be remembered that the current members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff all have taken office during the McNamara regime. Among them are no Curtis LeMays, no men who speak, as LeMay once did, of the desirability of "nuking the Chinks.")

At the White House resides Walt Whitman Rostow, the special assistant for national security affairs. When McGeorge Bundy left the position, Johnson and Rusk reportedly agreed on one thing: "Neither wanted another, second Secretary of State operating in the White House basement." McNamara blocked a move to replace Bundy with Robert Komer, a National Security Council staff member who subsequently became the President's special assistant for Vietnam pacification. McNamara, among others, recommended Moyers for the post. But Johnson blocked that.

Nobody has still quite figured out how Rostow got the job, because Rusk studiously ignored his existence when he was chairman of the State Department's policy planning council. McNamara evidently thought that others would block this appointment; Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith called the President twice to protest it. But

Johnson chose him, and the choice upset the delicate balance of power within the council which makes the decisions on Vietnam.

"I think it's reassuring to Johnson to have an Eastern Establishment professor talk his language and assure him everything's going well," says one source who is familiar with the situation — and who wouldn't be a source very long if his identity were made known. "The President likes him," he says. "Rostow shores up his confidence with the notion that a number of historical inevitabilities are occurring in Asia, all of which are good, and Vietnam — although it's a painful point along life's way — really doesn't matter."

As for McNamara, this same source says, "I regard him as a great sane voice on Vietnam. He's the one man in government who can say 'Wait a minute' and make it stick, and about the only guy left who's willing to try it. I trust him. He's not soft on Hanoi. But the integrity of his mind won't permit him to say yes to people who say that one and one equals three. Even if he doesn't win, he imposes restraint."

All this suggests an inevitable question: If McNamara feels this way about Vietnam, why didn't he fight harder, earlier, to prevent the situation from developing to its present state? The explanations one receives when one asks that question are varied. "He procrastinated in the early sixties, until just before the fall of Diem, when Kennedy sent him there on an inspection trip. When he came back, he had rejected the military's position that we were winning. But he made a statement to the opposite as a sop to the generals."

Or, "He was going along with the idea that we could lick it. He didn't get into the vital, non-military aspects of it until quite late because he thought this was State's business, and he didn't get deep into operations until 1965."

Or, "His judgments have always been pessimistic. But the political decision was not to quit." Or, "McNamara and Johnson both believed a little more pressure and it might work. Then they were in so deep they couldn't get out." Or, "McNamara constantly studies kill ratios, desertion rates, things like that, and never has understood why the situation there has not yielded to the judicious application of reason and resources."

No matter now, says one White House source: "McNamara may not be your kind of dove, but he's the only dove you've got, and, buddy, you better believe it." But can a Secretary of Defense who increasingly stands in isolated, philosophical objection to the policy decisions he must implement on the field of battle long endure?

Doesn't it smack of a dangerous innocence — either that or an ultimate intellectual hypocrisy — on his part to presume that he can? Doesn't the

“perferer’s” left hand *really* know what the Pentagon master’s right hand is doing?

There is no question that McNamara has had to indulge in compromise, that he has lost some battles, that he has uttered private concern about the very moves he has proposed or endorsed in the President’s Vietnam councils. But those who characterize him as a reluctant warrior, slowly being isolated by the combined aggressiveness of the Joint Chiefs, Secretary of State Rusk, and Walt Rostow’s perpetual memo-writing machine, are, for the most part, people who have not been close to the Vietnam decision-making process. Some of his wishful admirers, in striving to rebut the unfair claim that Vietnam is “McNamara’s war,” have tried to attach the equally unfair label “Rusk’s war,” but this serves neither the facts of the matter nor the decencies. The Secretary of Defense may have toned down some of the military’s proposals, but he has also either laid before the President or seconded every single step of escalation in Vietnam; for example, he advocated the bombing pause of 1965, but he also advocated the resumption of bombing. The fact is that “dove” and “hawk” in official Washington are labels that have become relative, and of only limited value.

But such gab is Washington’s substitute for a knowledge of the facts, and meanwhile, here is the Secretary of Defense. Here is a newspaper photo of him. He is posing on a ski slope at Aspen, and there is an unreal quality about it all, as if it were a cut-out joke pinned on the office bulletin board: the body, the uniform, the stance of a skier with a face of McNamara pasted on. “Life is essentially a chaotic process, and at best the attempt to organize it is only partially successful. I can organize more efficiently than anybody on earth,” the face seems to say.

Here he goes, up at 6 A.M., breakfast at six thirty with his wife (she calls him “Kip”), and sharply at six fifty (“He is punctual to the point of fetishism,” says a friend) out the door and into his limousine with a crisp “good morning” to the driver, off to the Pentagon for his morning go at squash racquets with Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. Here he is, slowing down for a rare instant the rapid tempo of his speech to speak fondly of his children’s developing lives: daughter Margaret, married to a Yale Law student, works for the anti-poverty program in New Haven; daughter Kathleen is studying archaeology in Greece; teenage son Craig is a student at St. Paul’s School. Then — *beep-beep* — there he goes, off to the White House or a conference with the JCS, too busy to sit still for a proposed portrait by Andrew Wyeth’s son, Jamie.

There he was at the White House in December,

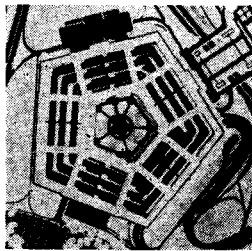
1964, when Army Captain Roger Donlon was awarded the Congressional Medal for bravery under fire in Vietnam. Johnson began the ceremony with a short speech in praise of McNamara, saying, “He represents to me in our civilian life what Captain Donlon represents in the military life — the very best in America.” McNamara then stepped to the podium and started reading the citation, and midway through the description of Donlon’s incredibly heroic acts, his voice faltered and grew husky and tears sprang to his eyes. He finished with great difficulty, and as the President stepped forward to pin the medal around the hard-rock, impassive young officer’s neck, he was constrained first to place his arm around his Defense Secretary’s shoulders and give him a hug. Question: Exactly whom was McNamara weeping for?

Never mind, look at him now, at home briefly for the first time during the Cuban missile crisis. The world was poised at the near-brink of nuclear war, but his wife says the only sign of tension he exhibited was to complain that the house was too dusty. Can’t you see him, walking around the living room, wiping dust with a finger, thinking about flights of ICBM’s? (San Francisco high school friends recall his excruciating neatness. He was the boy in class who wore jackets, ties, and white shirts while the other kids dressed in sweaters and jeans.)

And here is President Johnson, relaxing with friends in Texas and amusing them with an amazingly good imitation of McNamara setting out to tell him that big, important cuts could be made in 1964 defense spending — if the President was willing to accept the political risks involved in closing some big bases and shipyards. “Mister President, I’m prepared to effect the savings if you’re prepared to back me up,” Johnson imitated him saying. “And think of all those rented houses,” Mrs. Johnson murmured in appreciation of the echo effect of the local economic losses involved.

Here he is, some say, desperate for expiation. Here he is, others say, insensitive to such as that, the ultimate, knighted member of the managerial class still dedicated to and challenged by the task of running the biggest organization in the world. “He’s dying to become a czar in domestic affairs,” some say. “That’s not true,” others say. “When he leaves Defense he’ll go to some university, or maybe a foundation.” This is a very tough guy for people to know.

The fact is, he has no plans. Such is his discipline that he believes he could not do his present job as well if he allowed himself the luxury of thinking about the future. He knows only that after all these years at the Defense Department he will have had enough of government for a while.



HOW THE PENTAGON WORKS



by Adam Yarmolinsky

"The expanding universe" that is the United States defense establishment consumed nearly \$60 billion last year, more than half the national budget (and the President has asked for additional funds this year), commands the services of some 4 million persons, sustains a high proportion of American industry, and maintains an arsenal that could demolish the planet. Only a major revolution in management and planning techniques could produce the mixture of efficiency and control that makes the system servant rather than master of the republic. From the standpoint of a participant in that revolution, Mr. Yarmolinsky explains the techniques and tools by which the civilian controls and directs the power of the Pentagon. He was a Special Assistant to Secretary of Defense McNamara and later a deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. A graduate of Harvard College and Yale Law School, he is now a professor of law at Harvard and a member of the Kennedy Institute of Politics.

THESE days when a new appointee arrives in Washington for almost any administrative job, one of the items high on his list of things to do, just after calling on the chairmen of his congressional committees, is to find a friend in the Pentagon who can give him a few helpful hints on how to make his organization work for him instead of against him. The word has got out that the politically responsible management of the Pentagon — the non-career civilians clustered at the apex of the pyramid of power — has somehow mastered the secret of making the military and the civilian bureaucracies genuinely responsive to policy guidance.

There is some myth in this claim, but also more than enough truth in it to justify careful analysis, for what can be learned about today's Pentagon, and for what the other big bureaucracies might learn from the revolution that has swept the Department of Defense in the short space of six years.

Not so long ago, a Secretary of War who asked to see the war plans was rebuffed by the generals. That was still pretty much the way it worked through December of 1960. In any real crisis of decision, the military bureaucrats could point out that American lives and national security were at stake, and that they alone had the experience of exercising responsibility for leading men into battle.

In fact, the bureaucrats and the politicians had worked out a kind of rough division of power: the politicians decided how much money the country could afford to spend on national defense without bringing on a hair-curling depression, and the bureaucrats decided how the money would be spent, primarily on the basis of bargaining among the military chiefs of the four services. That this apportionment of funds sometimes had more to do with the relative needs and ambitions of the military services than with the requirements of United States foreign policy was an unhappy but unavoidable consequence of this way of doing business.

Toward the end of the fifties, the astute observer should have noted some changes, however, beneath the smooth surface of traditional relationships. The 1958 amendments to the National Security Act recognized, at least on paper, that U.S. military operations could not be handled separately by the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and provided for operational commanders reporting directly to the Secretary of Defense. The amendments also recognized that new weapons systems costing billions of dollars and involving years of development had to be planned for across service lines, and it established a Director of Defense Research and Engineering, with direct authority over the

service bureaucracies. And the much underrated last Eisenhower Secretary of Defense, Tom Gates, began to establish meaningful communication with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, through weekly meetings in the Chiefs' big bare conference room.

The fact that Gates chose to meet the Chiefs on their own ground, passing through a guard post where ordinary Pentagon civilian ID cards have no currency, was not lost on his hosts. His successor still follows the custom, demonstrating that the first principle of effective relations between political leaders and professionals, whether military or civil servants, is mutual respect. If bureaucrats are ignored, they will in turn ignore their masters, and go about conducting the business of government as they see fit. If they are lectured at, many will interpret the lectures according to their lights, and respond with what they believe their masters wish to hear. But if they are engaged in dialogue, they will, sooner or later, enter into the dialogue with honesty and vigor, and changes of attitude that cannot be accomplished by direction will be accomplished by persuasion. Besides, their masters may learn something too in the process.

There is an enduring paradox in the relationship: a large organization — large enough to have a bureaucracy — is controlled through the budget and the promotion list. But a vigorous, healthy bureaucracy largely controls its own promotion list, except at the very top, and it also controls the flow of information on which budgeting depends. With an ineffective bureaucracy, leadership cannot function; with an effective one, leadership is confronted with a significant countervailing power source.

A parenthesis may be in order here, only to indicate that the word "bureaucrat" is not used in any bad sense. Bureaucrats make government work, as they make any organization work. The best of them are dedicated to their organizations, and, in government, make lifetime sacrifices beside which the sacrifices of the political appointee look very small. But because their job is to keep the machinery of government operating, they have a natural resistance to any change that breaks the rhythm of their operations. And because they are dedicated to their own institutions, it is more difficult for them to sense needs beyond those institutions, or even to be aware of conflicts between limited and larger goals. In the language of the systems analyst, they have a strong tendency to suboptimize. And what is good for the horse cavalry isn't always good for the Army — or for the country.

Any real change in relationships, whether between husbands and wives or between Defense Secretaries and generals, depends on effective communication. But communication is not enough; there have to be fundamental reasons for change,

and at the beginning of this decade two fundamental reasons for change had developed:

- The refinement of the new analytical management tools of functional budgeting and systems analysis enabled the management of the largest organization in the world to relate the flow of dollars (or megabucks) to the accomplishment of overall policy objectives and to weigh more rationally alternate ways of doing things.
- The emergence of an effective Soviet nuclear deterrent, able to survive a major attack with enough power to inflict tens of millions of fatalities on an attacker, made it finally and irrevocably clear that there could be no victory in a general nuclear war, and cast the shadow of nuclear Armageddon over every international conflict involving the use of force.

The first reason for change made it possible for the dialogue between the political leadership and the bureaucracy to be based on agreed facts about what military resources were available for particular tasks, and what were the effects and costs of adding new resources. These facts were made available without regard to which military service provided the existing resource or proposed to develop the new one, and they could be presented in intelligible form, projected over a period of years.

The second reason for change made it essential for the political leadership of the country to consider the implications of any military move, no matter how minor. If war had already become too important to leave to the generals, the selection and deployment of weapons and forces to deter war were now at least equally important.

The need for more active political management could not have been met if the tools had not been available, and the tools might not have been picked up without the need to find and use them.

THE most immediate need in January, 1961, was to assure the ability of the United States strategic nuclear force to survive the heaviest attack that could be launched against it with sufficient remaining power to inflict unacceptable damage on the attacker. To this end, the proportion of B-52 bombers on fifteen-minute ground alert was increased to 50 percent; the production of Polaris missile-carrying submarines was speeded up; and in land-based missiles, production emphasis was put on the Minuteman, dispersed across the wheat fields of the northern plains in underground concrete silos. The communications links from the air bases and submarines and missile controls all the way to the Commander in Chief got special attention, so that in an emergency he would be in effective command.

At the same time, the Secretary of Defense was

pointing out the limitations of the nuclear deterrent: no nation could be expected to invoke the actual use of nuclear force and consequent mutual destruction except in defense of its most vital interests, and therefore no aggressor could be deterred from posing a lesser danger by its victim's bluffing about nuclear retaliation.

Below the threshold of nuclear deterrence, the United States faced the second immediate need, to make its non-nuclear forces better able to respond to small crises before they grew into big ones. In January, 1961, the U.S. military establishment was able to deal with only one significant situation of violence in the world. By the time of the Cuban missile crisis, in October, 1962, the United States was able to assemble in a few days the men and weapons to remove the missiles by force if necessary, and without stripping other defenses. And the United States Navy was able to conduct a naval quarantine under the most dangerous and delicate circumstances, in which every move of every ship was debated not only in the Pentagon but in the State Department and the White House.

These ready, flexible, responsive forces were built up to meet the need for quick, precise military response in circumstances largely unpredictable because the range of situations was so broad and the probabilities of action in any given situation so small. The number of combat-ready Army divisions was increased from eleven to sixteen, without significantly increasing Army manpower. Two new airplanes were developed to carry enormous payloads of men and materiel over intercontinental distances at jet speeds. Light planes and helicopters were adapted to move men into battle by air.

None of these changes could have been made without the new management tools and techniques. The military establishment offers a unique field for their application. It is not just the biggest organization in the world; it is bigger by several orders of magnitude (Pentagonese for several times ten) than any other government department. In fact, it is bigger than all the other government departments put together. Where other departments measure their resources in thousands of men and millions of dollars, the Pentagon measures in millions of men and billions of dollars. The annual recurring savings from the McNamara cost reduction program alone are greater than the combined annual spending of the Interior and Post Office Departments and the civil functions of the Corps of Engineers.

All this means that the effects of improvements in management techniques are readily visible, that the costs are easily absorbed, and conversely, that without such new techniques it would be hopeless for anyone to attempt to make rational decisions on Defense-wide issues.

One of the most important new management tools was the way of looking at the numbers in the Pentagon ledgers that is called functional budgeting. In the bad old days, the Department of Defense budget was sent to the Congress broken down by military department and then into "pay and allowances" and "operations and maintenance" for each of the various units within each service. The cost of purchasing each kind of major weapon and other items of equipment appeared separately, weapon by weapon, but not the enormous cost of developing the weapon, or the cost of the pay and allowances of the men who make it work.

The Defense budget still goes up to the Congress in this form, but it goes up in another form as well, which is a good deal more enlightening to the lawmakers and a good deal more useful to the managers in the Executive branch. In this new form — new since 1961 — it is broken down into nine major program packages: Strategic Retaliatory Forces, Continental Air Defense Forces, General Purpose Forces, Air and Sea Lift, and so forth. Each program package contains all the costs of all the forces that contribute to the particular function from each of the military departments, including the cost of developing, procuring, maintaining, operating, and improving all of the weapons and equipment involved. These costs are projected at least five years ahead, and every year the five-year projection is revised and a new year added.

The Strategic Retaliatory Forces package contains the costs of the bombers and missiles of the Air Force's Strategic Air Command, of the Navy's Polaris submarine fleet, and of the communications needed to control them. The General Purpose Forces package contains the costs of the Army and Marine Corps combat divisions, most of the Navy, and the Air Force tactical air units. And the Research and Development package contains all the costs of new weapons in the process of development, and not yet assigned to an operating package.

Within the framework of the five-year program, it is possible to calculate all the costs of alternative ways of satisfying military requirements. Does the Strategic Air Command need a weapon to knock out missile defenses against its bombers? Analysis can compare the relative costs of developing, building, operating, and maintaining a missile fired from the bomber itself, with the same costs for a variety of ground-based missiles, and it can see which will cost the least to achieve the required effectiveness. It was on the basis of this kind of analysis that the Skybolt missile program was abandoned. Missiles already in the inventory could do the same job at less cost.

Does the Navy believe that its future is in nuclear power, and that the future begins right now? Analysis can examine the costs of building and

operating a nuclear carrier, and of the supporting vessels that must be nuclear-powered too, in order to take advantage of the carrier's nuclear propulsion; it can determine how much more of the cheaper conventionally powered force it can buy with the same amount of money, and then compare the relative effectiveness of the two forces, checking, for example, how far and fast a carrier must steam to meet particular crises, and the point at which the fuel requirements of the carrier's planes are the limiting factor on its mobility. The results of this analysis will determine in large part how rapidly the nuclear Navy comes into being.

One of the possibilities that functional budgeting and the resulting analysis unearth is the combination of several new military requirements, often from different services, into a single set of specifications for a new weapons system. The combined specifications will necessarily embody some compromises. But rational compromise is the way to get the most for one's money, no matter how much money one has to spend.

It is a common fallacy that if (as President Kennedy established) we can afford to spend as much as we need to defend ourselves, we should buy every military improvement, no matter what it costs. Some requirements are critical; others are only desirable. A fighter plane needs to be able to fly fast enough and high enough to outperform its antagonist. It would help to be able to fly still faster and higher. But for the cost of the extra speed and altitude it may be possible to buy two planes for the antagonist's one. And that difference may be more critical.

The proof that combination and compromise can work is the airplane that went through bureaucratic and congressional fire as the TFX and emerged successfully as the F-111, the first major combat aircraft to be designed and built for more than one service — and that has now found purchasers among our allies as well.

THESE new techniques of analysis do not perform themselves. They have to be performed by people, and at some stage, if not in the first instance, the performance has to be reviewed by people who are somewhat removed from the operating agencies most directly affected by the outcome of the analysis. These people can be found clustered in and around the pie slice of the Pentagon on the third floor between the eighth and ninth corridors, sandwiched in by the Air Force on the floor above, the Joint Chiefs below, the Army and Navy on one side, and the Defense Intelligence Agency on the other.

McNamara has not significantly enlarged the 2000-man Office of the Secretary of Defense that he

found on his arrival six years ago. But in the process of further rationalizing the organization of the Department, he has created a number of new agencies, like the Defense Intelligence Agency, which centered the operational intelligence functions in the Joint Chiefs, taking them away from the military departments, where they no longer belonged because the departments had long lost their operating responsibilities. Similarly, the Defense Supply Agency was created as the wholesaler of common supply items for the services, and the Defense Communications Agency took over the global military communications net.

What McNamara has done is to increase quite substantially the quality of his own staff while at the same time increasing their responsibilities. To what extent abler people sought more responsibility, and to what extent greater responsibility attracted abler people, are anybody's guess. But the fact is that beginning on January 21, 1961, fundamental issues were raised and decided at a noticeably accelerated pace, difficult questions were posed, and quantitative answers, answers "with the numbers in them," were demanded. And the source of all this was in the Office of the Secretary of Defense, prompted, of course, by the Secretary himself.

He began by setting up four task forces, staffed from within his office, on four most immediate and important issues: strategic and continental air defense forces, requirements for limited war situations, a review of all major research and development projects, and an examination of military bases with a view to possible reductions. On the basis largely of their reports, the first supplement to the fiscal 1962 budget was prepared. Within a few weeks, the Secretary had put together and issued his famous "99 Trombones," a list of ninety-nine special projects to be undertaken on top of all the regular work of the Department. Each project raised a question about how things were being done in a particular area, and how they could be done better. They ranged from fundamental questions of politico-military strategy to detailed technical questions of procurement. Some of the more notable products of the 99 Trombones, as it was rapidly expanded to an orchestra of several hundred instruments, were the Defense Intelligence Agency and the other new defense agencies mentioned earlier, the Air Mobile infantry division, and the overall revision of the military pay structure. Assignments were made not only to the dozen people who headed the various elements of the Office of the Secretary of Defense but also to the Secretaries of the Military Departments and the Joint Chiefs. Almost every study involved an exchange of views between people within the Secretary's own office and people outside it, thereby encouraging the essential dialogue.

In all these activities, the key staff was probably the staff led by the Defense Department Comptroller, Assistant Secretary of Defense Charles J. Hitch, a short, quiet, dry economist whom McNamara had taken from the chairmanship of the RAND Corporation's research council, largely on the strength of his book about functional budgeting for Defense. It was Hitch's primary responsibility to put the system of functional budgeting into operation, and he did so a year ahead of the original schedule. His other major contribution was to organize a systems analysis group under Alain Enthoven, a tall, quiet, dry economist who later became Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of systems analysis. Enthoven's analysts prepare the basic memoranda that justify the changes in the five-year program and budget of the Department from year to year. They are constantly engaged in a highly technical dialogue with the bureaucracies, the military departments, and the Joint Chiefs.

Almost equally important is the staff of the Director of Defense Research and Engineering, the largest element of the Office of the Secretary of Defense. This staff developed its present strength under Harold Brown, a solid, judgmental scientist-administrator, now Secretary of the Air Force, and two remarkable Renaissance men, John Rubel and Eugene Fubini, who served successively as his deputy. The scientists on the staff, many of whom are recruited from industry and the universities for two-year tours, supervise and review the whole spectrum of technical activity that shapes the weaponry and tactics of the military establishment ten years or more down the road. The director has statutory authority over all research and development commitments within the Department. But his effective authority again depends largely on the effectiveness of the dialogue between his staff and the staffs of the military departments.

Out of that dialogue have come a number of pungent observations, like Fubini's definition — and rejection — of the American Syndrome: "If you can do it, do it!" The syndrome, he pointed out, has resulted in expenditures of hundreds of millions and even billions of dollars on projects which, if carried through, would have been triumphs of American technical ingenuity, but more in the style of Rube Goldberg than of Billy Mitchell or Hyman Rickover.

It was the teamwork of Systems Analysis and Research and Engineering that helped abort such overblown projects as the nuclear-powered airplane, and that encouraged projects like the TFX and the enormously effective super cargo and troop carrier, the C-5. But above all, it has spread the gospel that the proper question for the Defense planner to ask the scientist or the engineer is not

What can you do?, because given enough time and money he can do almost anything. ("Give me enough power," says an aeronautical engineer, "and I can make a kitchen table fly.") The proper questions are rather: What are the alternative ways in which you can solve my problem, how effective are they, and what do they cost?

Just as it is a popular fallacy that Robert McNamara controls the Department of Defense simply by giving orders, so it is a sophisticated fallacy of old Washington hands that functional budgeting and the other analytical tools in the McNamara arsenal directly control the Defense bureaucracy. In fact, these tools are a necessary but by no means a sufficient condition of control; they are only the cards you need in order to get into the game. Essentially they serve to make meaningful communication possible about extremely complex questions between the politically responsible officials and the bureaucracy. Communication does not imply agreement, and a good many Pentagon bureaucrats, both military and civilian, find themselves in violent disagreement with their political masters.

But in the Department of Defense, the system works to the extent it does because the tools are available and the communication actually takes place, so that responsible decisions can be made on adequate information — or as adequate information as there is in the system. A good deal of the communication is between bureaucrats on both sides of the discussion. There are more in-and-outers, people whose careers are not tied to a single institution, below the Assistant Secretary level in the Office of the Secretary of Defense than in the military departments or the Joint Staff. But most of the professionals in the Secretary's Office, civilian as well as military, are probably career men. And when real communication takes place between bureaucrats across institutional lines, important issues are inevitably raised for decision at the top of the institutional structure. True, the bureaucrats in the Secretary's Office must be satisfied that he is ready and willing to make decisions. And Robert McNamara personally makes literally hundreds of budget decisions every year as they come in to him on standard-format, tightly worded subject-issue sheets. It is an essential element of his management philosophy to reach out for decisions. But he could not find the factual background for decision making if the system did not dredge it up for him.

A case in point was the decision to choose General Dynamics over Boeing as the contractor for the TFX. In order to evaluate properly the cost estimates submitted by the two final bidders, both of which were unreasonably optimistic, the Secretary would have needed a compilation of experience statistics, based largely on so-called learning curves,

which was simply not available at that early stage in his administration. Instead, he had to base his decision on his own business experience. The results so far have borne him out, but it was a painful process, and one to be avoided if possible in the future.

There are at least three kinds of decisions that face the policy maker as he goes through the piles of papers on his desk. The first are the either-or, yes-or-no decisions, where the choices are mutually exclusive. Then there are the now-or-later issues. And last there are the how-much or how-far decisions, where the question is one of degree.

All these decisions, if they are important enough to reach the men who sit in the status three-window offices on the E Ring, involve a balancing of values and risks. These are values and risks not only for the country, and often for the world, but also for interest groups within the Pentagon, across the Potomac, and down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. The pressures for some accommodation of these competing forces are enormous, and, in part because of the complexity of the issues, the opportunities for compromise are not inconsiderable. Even in the first kind of decision, there is room for accommodation. A yes on one issue may be balanced by a no on a related one. On the other hand, an unbroken series of "no" answers to any bureaucracy tends to inhibit communication altogether, rather like the labor relations concept of failure to bargain in good faith. No Secretary of Defense can regularly reject proposals from his military advisers, particularly where both their professional competence and the lives of American boys are at issue; and no analytical arguments will modify the effect of a blanket rejection on the continuing workable relationship between the Secretary and the generals. Indeed, the remarkable thing is not how many compromise decisions are made in the Pentagon, in the face of all the pressures for compromise, but how few.

It is here, if anywhere, that the so-called military-industrial complex comes into play. When President Eisenhower, as he left office, warned of the growing power of the military-industrial complex, he may only have been giving vent to his frustrations at his inability to hold down the Defense budget. At the end of his term, he still thought a President ought to be able to give orders like a general, and when he found the orders were not directly obeyed, he chose to blame it on a conspiracy.

Surely the military-industrial-congressional complex is not a conspiracy. But there are coincidences of interest among the military project officer who is looking for a star, the civilian who sees an opening for a new branch chief, the defense contractor who is running out of work, the union business agents

who can see layoffs coming, and the congressman who is concerned about campaign contributions from business and labor as well as about the prosperity of his district. Each of these constellations of interests wants to expand the Defense Establishment in its own direction. In the early sixties, the Pentagon was an expanding universe, one of the few fortuitous advantages McNamara enjoyed at the beginning of his tenure. Resources that were cut out of unnecessary activities could often find employment in areas that needed to be strengthened. A similar situation prevails today. Until very recently, Army training camps simply were not available for the training of less essential reserves mandated by a congressional lobby, because the training camps were fully utilized readying active forces for Vietnam. But when the war in Vietnam is brought to an end, the pressures of the military-industrial-congressional complex will necessarily be increased.

The pressures can still be resisted, and there is every evidence that they will be. But it is unreasonable to expect any Secretary of Defense to resist them alone, or supported only by the few people within the Department who are entirely his own men. Over the past six years, the Pentagon has developed the kind of organizational and analytical instruments that permit effective communication between the bureaucracy and the responsible political leadership, and among the elements of the bureaucracy with conflicting institutional interests. That communication has been taking place about fundamental changes that have been and are necessary to make the military establishment a better servant of United States foreign policy. It takes place at every level: not only does the Secretary talk to the Joint Chiefs, but GS-15's in Systems Analysis talk to colonels on the Joint Staff. There is an effective apparatus to raise issues for decision, and when they are raised they are decided promptly, unless there are good and sufficient reasons for putting off decision.

Political administrators on the other side of the Potomac can learn from their friends in the Pentagon how to put their own houses in better order. Yet the Pentagon's administrators themselves cannot determine the role of the Military Establishment in the United States, and should not be asked to. It took a national debate over a period of years to demonstrate that the Military Establishment was inadequate to its tasks and needed major structural reform. Those reforms have now given the United States more usable military power. The uses that we choose to make of the Military Establishment, and the limits that are put on its growth and employment, are a large enough subject again to engage the attention of the nation.

A GOTHIC ABC

Alchemists

There is a great deal more to Alchemists than simply saying they are people who live in stone houses and blow glass. The practice of Alchemy presupposes a laboratory full of precisely manufactured vessels and instruments, few of which can be purchased even for ready money, supplies of exotic as well as everyday nature, privacy, and a good floor drain. Since Alchemists seldom have cash, their laboratories and adjacent dwellings are commonly located in the basements of narrow stone houses at the end of obscure streets. There rents are low, ceilings high, visitors infrequent.

Turning base metal not only into gold but into the finest gold, measured by quarters of wheat grains, is only the first step, albeit the Magnum Opus, of Alchemists. When they have achieved this, they are entitled to call themselves Adepts, take new names, and put their Apprentices in pointed hats. If their Alchemy surmounts this plateau, which it must if it is truly Alchemy, it is concerned with achieving perfect knowledge of everything. It is best sought under the baleful glare of stuffed crocodiles, surrounded by pentacles, herbs, crucibles, athanors, salamanders, copper-bound tomes, elemental elixirs, alembics, for in all aspects of earth, fire, water, and air Alchemists seek facts, if not wisdom. Adjoining their laboratories will be found a modest chapel, for use when all else fails.

Alchemists write, in a crabbed cypher, tomes and tractates but do not publish them. They speak well only of sages dead 300 years or more and have few friends, for they are secret men, men little involved in the affairs of the outside world. From their solitary habits, from the telltale gleams of light behind shuttered grilles, from the vapors and sounds issuing from the deep regions of their houses at the end of culs-de-sac, gossiping neighbors construct tales of atrocities, witchcraft, black magic, but these are little true.

Alchemists cherish secret passions for enthralled maidens who spin straw into gold, but if they marry, it is with a thrifty, patient housewife who does not interfere and is content with a silver wedding ring.



Almanac

Tales are told that this word once meant "where camels kneel," a campsite, then the climate of that place, then the weather; and finally came to describe yearbooks foretelling the weather. These publications were expanded to include information about tides, eclipses, visitations of comets, tax pay-

ments due, sittings of court, holidays, the most propitious times to plant crops, and when to expect them to freeze.

Almanacs are printed in many different and very small typefaces quite close together, making it very hard for the camel to read.

by Barbara Byfield *author and illustrator of the forthcoming Macmillan book THE GLASS HARMONICA, a glossary of terms heretofore held to be the preserve of scholars, spell-casters, and crossword puzzle buffs.*

Alms, the Dole, and Vails

Alms are anything given to the poor, especially coins or food, to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate and/or to make the giver feel better.

Alms boxes are placed in or just outside churches for parishioners to slip coins into for the poor. These boxes are frequently robbed by desperate men of essentially good heart.

Alms bowls and Alms dishes should never be confused. The Alms dish is a large dented (if pewter) or cracked (if wood) basin passed around prosperous dinner tables for gifts of food and leftovers for the poor waiting in the cold or rain outside the kitchen door. Alms bowls are small brass or tin bowls which, when held out by the beggar and accompanied by "Alms for the love of Allah" or "Alms in the Name of God," depending on whether the beggar is sitting on the steps of a mosque or of a church, are intended to receive coins from the hands of the pious. Any metal bowl of more value than brass is considered unstrategic to use.

When crops fail, mines close, and famine stalks the land, Alms become regularized in the Dole, which is not given but must be collected by the starving, who wait for it in long lines.

Vails too involve long lines, but their members are the sleek and glossy servants of large houses in which you have been a guest for more than a night. Having informed each other of the moment of your departure, these servants will be found wishing you Godspeed with open palms. The Vails they expect to have pressed upon them may take the form of money, trinkets, and small articles of reasonable value. In return, it is reasonable to expect them to burn the incriminating blotting paper you inadvertently left on the desk of your room.



Ambassadors

Ambassadors, adept in games of skill and chance, are to be found in lofty salons hung with silks and lit with lusters. Able to drink anyone under the table in any liquor, they can also eavesdrop in any language, including their own.

Ambassadors sleep lightly, wear nightcaps, chin straps, mustache nets. They are perennially in the Prime of Life, and travel in coaches designed not

only for elegance but for hasty departures and speedy journeys. These conveyances are fitted with every known aid to ease and comfort and for the secretion therein of their papers, gems, friends, and collections of rare miniatures, snuffboxes, chess sets, stamps, or seals.

Ambassadors like their private life to be public and their professional pursuits to be private.

Apostates

APOSTATE: One who forsakes his former beliefs; for instance, one who no longer believes the world is round.

HERETIC: An Apostate who not only doesn't believe the world is round but doesn't think it revolves around the sun. He acts accordingly, refusing to

serve on space expeditions or waste his time and imperil his life trying to sail around the world.

RELAPSED HERETIC: A Heretic who has been persuaded back into thinking the earth is round but nevertheless wears a parachute as well as a life jacket on all ocean voyages.

Arras

An Arras should be hung far enough out from the wall not only to keep contained behind it much of the chill from damp and cold walls but to provide a

hiding place for an eavesdropper, murderer, or escapee. It is the site of clammy work, sometimes hazardous, sometimes fruitful.



Barons

Barons are numerous, active, and frequently troublesome, for their star is the star of war.

Their baronies can be very large and thus yield to the Baron many vassals, much strength in arms, and wealth in gold, food for armies, and horses to mount his men. Barons are full of themselves, their dignity, privileges, perquisites, and powers. When seen at Court it is usually to ensure the continuance of their mode of life by keeping the King in hand or to seek some cause for grievance in order to betray their lord to their own advantage.

Thick of limb, dour of mien, great of girth, well housed and horsed, Barons are to be discouraged from assembling too often, for such meetings lead

more often than not to envy or treason. Even when pledged in service and loyalty to the King in battle, they may hold back for their own purposes a few troops which must be prized from them.

Barons are given troublesome Marks and Marches to rule, in which uprisings must be put down. Barons tend to drink heavily, use bad language, and seldom wipe their feet. Like Dragons, they may be spoken of in a whisper by the countryside.

During wars appoint them

Seneschals

Constables

Marshals

During peace, watch them closely.

Basilisks

Confusion and uncertainty surround what knowledge there is of Basilisks, not for lack of the beasts, but because, of those who have come upon them, few have lived to tell the tale. The only way to survive meeting a Basilisk is by having a mirror. His look and breath are fatal; it is thought that even the direct sight of him will kill. There are less numerous reports — and they are not reliable — that if you can sneak up on a Basilisk and look at him first without his seeing you, he will die. Taking your mirror, back up to the Basilisk. Do not forget the touch of his body splits rocks asunder; there is sure to be uncertain footing in his vicinity. Show him his own face in the glass. His glance is so malignant it will kill him immediately.



FACT

Have scaled body of serpent
Loud hiss
Feet and claws of fowl
Ponderously long tail
Hatched from cock's egg
matured on dunghill
There is never seen more than one Basilisk at a time.

RUMOR

Face of a cock
Spotted and regal crest
Wings of fowl
Cannot fly
Hatching accomplished by
Serpent instead of Toad

Berserkers

Proper Berserkers are mighty of stature, hirsute of face and body, generously thewed and sinewed; their interest is not in War but in Battle. In time of peace, therefore, they are dour and melancholy, with little occupation save sharpening their weapons and mending their scanty battle harness. They are thus inclined to drink.

In battle they will be seen to froth and foam at the mouth; their cry will be that of a wolf or bear; and as they close in on their foe, it will be noted they become lower of brow, hairier of face and limb, longer armed and shorter legged, and more

powerful withal. Experienced Berserkers are able to transform themselves entirely at this time, bears and wolves being the most favored animal forms.

Wise Berserkers will provide themselves with wooden shields covered in leather, for it is their custom to chew upon the rims as they wait for battle. Metal shields do great damage to teeth and gums, as may be imagined, and Berserkers' spittle is thought to be more corrosive than most.

If times are not propitious for battle, Berserkers tend to sink into lethargy, untidiness, and show interest in little save becoming Werewolves.

Bleeding

Where there is an excess of blood or where the veins and heart are enfeebled, Bleeding is indicated. Overly florid complexions may be rendered fashionably pale by Bleeding.

Leeches may be employed, or Cupping, or Opening a Vein.

If Leeching, up to a dozen leeches may be used at a time and the amount of blood withdrawn controlled by remembering that up to two drachms of blood will be drawn by each leech. Place the leeches over bony spots in order that pressure may be easily applied afterward to stop the bleeding.

The leech should be permitted to fall off, sated, of his own accord in order to prevent unseemly scarring, but if he refuses to do so, apply a strong salt solution to him. If leeches are reluctant to bite, prick the skin first and allow a droplet of blood to form thereon, thus whetting the appetite of the most reluctant leech. Leeches may be rented from apothecaries and applied safely by Barbers.

A Cupping vessel should be of glass strong enough to resist heat; the classic size is four ounces. Wet cupping is accomplished by scratching the skin, heating the air inside the cupping vessel with a bit of burning paper or alcohol-soaked cotton, and inverting the vessel quickly over the area. The resulting vacuum will draw out blood and the operation may be repeated, or several cups applied simultaneously, until the necessary amount has been removed from the body. Dry cupping is indicated where highly inflamed areas exist. It is carried

out in the above manner without, however, breaking the skin. Cupping may be safely practiced by women.

The swiftest manner of removing excesses of blood, and the most obviously efficient if more than small quantities must be drawn, is opening a vein. This should be done only by a skilled practitioner of medicine or a trustworthy Barber. These men may collect the blood in a brass or copper basin and take it away with them, for leftover blood is useful for bathing lepers and epileptics.

If documents are to be signed and/or written in blood, however, or if blood brotherhood is contemplated, medicinal blood is totally unacceptable. A fresh supply intended solely for such a purpose must be provided from one's own veins.

The mortal wounds of the murdered are said to open and bleed afresh in the presence of their murderer.

Body Snatchers

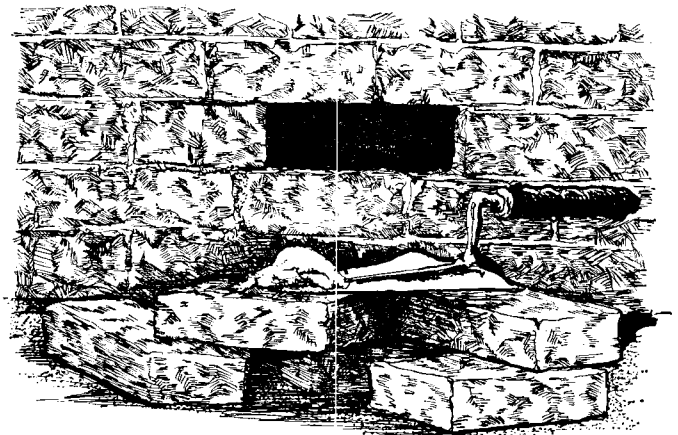
Leeches, Physicians, Chirurgeons, and Anatomists employ Body Snatchers. Sorcerers and Wizards use Ghouls. All may find one day, if they continue

to use the services of such persons, the body of their best-loved friend before them on the dissecting table one foggy morning.

Burial Alive

Burial Alive is an occupational hazard of pyramid designers, architects of royal treasuries and harems, drinkers of amontillado, monks, nuns, wives of Crusaders, and black-hearted nobility of evil ways.

Intentional Burial Alive is almost always a somewhat secret punishment of those who are otherwise unpunishable either because of their high position or the unprovability of their crimes. If they possess a castle, they may very well be enclosed in it after all apertures are bricked up. Perhaps one stone will be left out for mercy and food passed in for many years, until at last it is observed that it is no longer collected from within. Other burials for more modest folk may be within a cell, a portion of cellar, or an unused or secret staircase or room. Masonry skills are called for in most cases of intentional Burial Alive.



Inadvertent burial may be fatal or not; it is usually the result of being someplace where you are not expected to be at an unlikely time. Bank and cemetery vaults, abandoned mine shafts, being in the path of an avalanche, playing hide and seek in a clothes chest are all hazardous.

Priest holes and secret rooms are also treacherous, since they are rarely provided with handles on

the inside of the door. Skeletons found therein centuries later are seldom chained; forced by the need for secrecy to be there in the first place, those so hidden dare not call for help, beat upon the door, or otherwise make signal until they are at last too weak to do so.

Techniques of survival:

For air, lie as still as possible close to the floor where the air will be freshest.

For food, candles and leather articles (jerkins, baldrics, buskins) may be chewed. Spiders, lizards, rats, and other livestock may be present as well.

Water may be present in dangerous excess or not at all. If the latter, damp walls may be licked for moisture.

When the point of death approaches, it is well to recall that one's skeleton will in all likelihood be found in later years. Assume, therefore, a significant and pleasing attitude for your bones to be found in. It is well to control your hunger and let the last spider survive you, for its webs will add pathos to your remains when they are discovered.

Wizards and Toads seem to survive Burial Alive for as long as centuries; other people expire much sooner.

Cardinals and Prince Bishops

Cardinals belong to a College and have hats which they seldom wear. Those appointed to the Curia in Rome pass their time in intrigue and the composition of elegant Latin. Those outside the City are Prince Bishops, occasionally cadets of princely houses, and are found slightly behind and to the left of the Throne.

Prince Bishops are dangerous men, the most puissant of all Lords Spiritual, and are adept in using the advantages of their Churchly sanctions in addition to their temporal powers. It is considered naïve, if not dangerous, to remind such a prelate of his calling. They are most active during an Interregnum, Regency, or the Reigns of Idiots and Dotards. A career in the service of a Prince Bishop is recommended for those with a scholarly bent or a poor sword arm.



Caves and Caverns

If you find a Cave, keep it a secret.

Simple Caves are occupied by

OGRES — GIANTS — HERMITS — PIRATES — POWDER
KEGS — TROLLS — TREASURE CHESTS — DEAD BODIES
— ANCHORITES — ORACLES

They are one- or two-room dwellings; their approach and entrance give no indication of occupancy other than, possibly, roars, groans, howls, moans, smackings, and crunchings.

The furnishings of simple caves are the result of years of untidiness rather than of purposeful collecting. In them you will find

Stones

Rough and broken objects of utility: scraps of fur, leather, chain, earthenware, last year's molt of scales or skin, pieces of flint

Remains of cooking fires

Remnants of meals from time immemorial

All will be concealed in a unique patina of grease, fat, soot, ashes, earth, blood, and the vital juices of unnameable but apparently edible creatures.

Also found will be Bats, Spiders and their Webs, Owls, Mushrooms, Scorpions, and the evidence of Others having been there before.

Beach Caves have a sandy floor, tidemark, smuggler's marks on the walls, and a gold coin or two, carelessly indicating that the cave is used for something other than fun and games. If you are trapped in a beach cave by the tide or an enemy, there will be a vertical shaft to crawl up and out of. The enemy will not know of this shaft or will not remember it in time to block the exit. It will not be an easy climb, but you will finally exit in a peaceful spot such as the garden of a monastery or nunnery on the top of a cliff. The good people thereof will take you in and bandage your cuts and bruises.

Caverns are seldom the residences of men, but Caves often are. On entering a Cave, one simply steps inside. Entering a Cavern is not that simple; it is necessary to proceed through a series of simple

Caves which lead into each other and are connected by corridors going increasingly down into the bowels of the earth. The Cavern will be found at the end of a dangerous, dark, and doubt-ridden journey. As you proceed through the Caves they will be progressively emptier of all save cobwebs and the normal strew of sheltering beasts. It is not always clear which of the connecting corridors to take; it is prudent to make some attempt to mark your path against the return journey.

The Cavern itself when reached will be immense, soaring to heights and depths which befuddle senses accustomed to the close and dark descent. If the Cavern houses Treasure and it is guarded by a skeleton, fear it not.

If forced to escape by underground river, you will find the distance to the outside only as long as you can hold your breath underwater or your raft will stay afloat.

The nature of Treasure found in Caverns is most often gold, gems, and magic articles.

There is always another way out.

Charms, Amulets, Talismans

CHARMS: Combinations of words which when spoken, chanted, or sung summon supernatural power to open doors, ward off ills and disasters, effect transformations. Passwords change, charms do not.

AMULETS: Ornaments, gems, scrolls, relics, or remains worn to prevent evil or mischief befalling the wearer. Amulets are oftentimes inscribed with Charms.

TALISMANS: Carvings or writings of a heavenly body or sign on a stone or metal of an astrologically sympathetic substance. Talismans will evoke influences and powers the possessor desires and may be carried in the pocket and not worn. Talismans in good working order are more powerful than Amulets because they grant extra strengths rather than simply warding off illness or misfortune.

Crones and Hags

CRONE: An old woman, wrinkled, bent, with gnarled hands, few teeth, and a high-pitched cackle. She is generally found in a chimney corner and may be helpful to you in a way that you least expect.

HAG: Beware. A Hag, who if she resembles a Crone otherwise will still have kept a few more teeth, is of an unpleasant and evil intent. A Hag is sometimes fond of the company of one or two other Hags.



on the WRITING of CONTEMPORARY HISTORY

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The country has widely discussed the so-called "management of news." The controversy over William Manchester's DEATH OF A PRESIDENT, together with lesser contretemps over earlier books about President Kennedy and his Administration, suggests a companion subject: the management of history. When do contemporary affairs become history? What are the responsibilities and obligations of those who propose to write that history and of those who help to make it? One man's view is conveyed in this elaboration of an address to the American Historical Association. Mr. Schlesinger writes both as a historian (THE AGE OF JACKSON, THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT) and as a participant in many of the events recorded in his widely read A THOUSAND DAYS, a chronicle of John Kennedy's presidency.

THERE is nothing new about man's recording the events of his own time. Indeed, this is probably the way the writing of history began; and if classical authority were required for contemporary history today, it would be amply supplied by the example of Thucydides, resting his narrative "partly on what I saw myself, partly on what others saw for me." Nonetheless, the controversies over the historical literature of the Kennedy years — beginning with the publication of the first memoirs in 1965 and reaching a climax with the legal contest over William Manchester's *Death of a President* — have raised serious questions about the method and ethics of contemporary history.

For, despite Thucydides, contemporary history has held a precarious status in the annals of historiography. As men like Thucydides began to fix a present and thereby to create a "past," it was this "past" which people increasingly identified as "history." The tendency to regard what was more remote as by definition more "historical" increased over the next two thousand years, despite the occasional Guicciardinis, Davilas, de Thous, and Clarendons, who had the audacity to imitate Thucydides and write about their own times; and this tendency was finally institutionalized with the professionalization of history in the nineteenth century. German scholarship, in consolidating both its methodological triumphs and its concept of historians as a separate caste, strengthened the wall between the past,

which was considered the estate of serious historians, and the present, which was left to a disorderly straggle of memoirists and journalists.

When a school of modern history was proposed at Oxford in the eighteen fifties, traditionalists asked, "Is the subject suitable for Education? Is it an exercise of the mind?" And, if modern history was eventually accepted as an exercise of the mind, its writ was not considered to run to the present. Even as late as the days before the Second World War, an American professor who carried a course of lectures up to his own time was deemed rash and unorthodox. Most scholars still felt that a generation or so was required before current events underwent the sea change into history. Ancient historians demanded at least a millennium.

Why, then, this recent emergence of contemporary history into academic respectability? Few colleges now would hesitate to offer courses which start with the Second World War and end with yesterday's newspaper. Only the most austere scholars object to attempts to write a serious account of the very recent past. However much contemporary history may at times distress outsiders, it has won, I think, surprising acceptance within the historical profession as a legitimate field for scholarly inquiry.

The ultimate explanation for the rise of contemporary history undoubtedly lies in the acceleration of the rate of change. The world has altered more

in the last century than it had in the thousand years preceding. The transformations wrought by science and technology have acquired a cumulative momentum and an exponential effect, rushing us along by geometric, not arithmetic, progression. A simple illustration makes the point. How far can a man travel in an hour? For most of the span of human existence, he could travel only as far as he could walk; say four miles. With the domestication of the horse, he could perhaps triple that. Then with the invention of the steam-powered locomotive a bare century and a half ago, he could eventually make 70 or 80 miles in an hour. In the last half century with the airplane, he could begin to cover 1500 miles. Today with manned space vehicles he can make upward of 15,000 miles in the same hour. Nor can we suppose that this pace will slow down, as science and technology hurtle us on into the fantastic world of automation and cybernetics and nuclear energy.

The increase in the velocity of history means, among other things, that the "present" becomes the "past" more swiftly than ever before. If Rip Van Winkle had made a practice of coming back from the Catskills every twenty years, he would have found each new visit more perplexing and incredible. All this inevitably affects the psychology of the historian. Events which took place a few years ago may well seem as remote from the nineteen sixties as events which took place in 1800 seemed from the eighteen sixties. What we perceive as the "past," in other words, is chronologically much closer to us than it was when change was the function, not of days, but of decades.

Along with the acceleration of history has come the intensification of the means and volume of communication. This has meant the unceasing bombardment of the individual by signals of growing strength and significance; and, along with the side effects of stimulation and suffocation, this has vastly heightened the felt sense of the urgency of events. Nor is this urgency an illusion of the electronic age. For the scientific ingenuity which in our time has blessed humanity with the capacity to destroy itself has, in consequence, made the need to know more desperate than ever before. History, as a relevant form of knowledge, finds itself pressed into the service of crisis — hopefully less as a means of propaganda than as an effort at illumination. And the democratic need to know is accompanied by the constitutional *right* to know — the rights of the citizens of a democracy to have all possible information, favorable or not, regarding the character of public problems and the motives and effects of public policy. So the contemporary historian, when he faithfully discharges his task, serves not only his old cause of historic truth but his nation's cause of democratic responsibility.

At the same time, our age, for whatever reason — perhaps again because the rapidity of change makes it so hard for us to take ourselves or our society for granted — has an unprecedented preoccupation with itself, its dilemmas, its agonies, its ecstasies. This propensity to self-examination, nurtured by competition among the organs, linear or electronic, of mass journalism, leads on to a morbid and often sick appetite for inside stories, sensational speculation, and prurient gossip. This has enlarged the market for contemporary history; and the new freedom of curiosity and comment exhibited in newspapers and magazines has diminished the inhibitions which once restrained academic historians from pronouncing judgment until their *dramatis personae* were safely dead.

THESE have been alterations in the general intellectual atmosphere which have stimulated the writing of contemporary history. But it is important to note that they have been accompanied by developments within the historical field itself. For one thing, great manuscript collections tend to be open to scholars sooner than ever before. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in leaving his papers to the National Archives and providing for their early accessibility to students, set a salutary example followed by all subsequent Presidents. Where the Adams papers, for instance, were closed for decades, where the papers of even so recent a President as Herbert Hoover were impounded for a generation, the Roosevelt precedent will make it difficult for public men of the future to lock up their manuscripts indefinitely. Hereafter the presumption will be in favor of making papers available to scholars as speedily as prudent standards of security and discretion permit — or the alternative presumption will be that the deponent has something to hide.

Yet the very availability of contemporary manuscript collections has had another and somewhat paradoxical effect: it has demonstrated to scholars the inadequacy of documents by themselves as sources for the history of the twentieth century. The revolution in the technology of communications — especially the invention of the typewriter and the telephone — has eroded the value of the document. For most of American history, for example, the document remains a reasonably sufficient source. In the early nineteenth century, if a public figure had something important to say, paper was the only means — save face-to-face conversation — of communication. Moreover, quill pen in hand, he could write only a limited number of letters. Historians studying these good old days can relax fairly comfortably in manuscript collections, confident that the documents will be competent sources and that

they will not be too numerous to be read by a single person.

But those days, alas, are gone forever. In the last three quarters of a century, the rise of the typewriter has vastly increased the flow of paper, while the rise of the telephone has vastly reduced its importance. Far more documents have been produced, and there is far less in them. If a contemporary statesman has something of significance to communicate, if speed and secrecy are of the essence, he will confide his message, not to a letter, but to the telephone. Electronic waves, we have always supposed, leave few traces; and, until wiretapping becomes a skill of the American Historical Association as well as of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, we must assume that these vital historical moments will elude the documentary record.

Ironically enough, historians themselves, as Herman Kahn of the National Archives has forcefully pointed out, have contributed to the decline in the quality of historical documentation. The growing insistence that official papers should, as a matter of right, be immediately opened to scholars leads to a dilution and distortion of the written record. Public officials, fearing next decade's graduate students, become reluctant to put in writing the real reasons behind some of their actions. Theodore Roosevelt was not the first politician to take the precaution of writing letters to friends or memoranda for the files in order to present his own version of public events or decisions; and the practice has greatly increased in the years since.

THIS combination of factors has created the *technical* need to supplement documents if we seek to recover the full historical transaction. So the contemporary historian acquires an indispensable function, if only to improve the record for the historian of the future. How can he best discharge this task? The interview is one obvious device, a method facilitated in our time by the invention of the electronic tape. We all know, of course, that an interview can be no better than a person's memory, and that nothing is more treacherous than that. (For a rigorous and fascinating analysis of an oral history memoir, see Francis W. Schruben, "An Even Stranger Death of President Harding," *Southern California Quarterly*, March, 1966.) Yet historians rarely hesitate to cite written reminiscences, which are quite as self-serving and often as unverifiable and as fallible. For all its unevenness, the materials accumulated by the Oral History Office at Columbia, by the oral history project of the John F. Kennedy Library, and by similar undertakings will surely be of inestimable benefit for historians of the twenty-first century. Think if we had equivalent material

from the days of Lincoln or Emerson or Washington!

A person's oral history interview becomes part of his papers, and the question inevitably arises about the conditions of access to such interviews as well as to more conventional manuscripts. This question has become much agitated in recent months as a result of the unfortunate and saddening contention between William Manchester, a gifted and conscientious writer, and the Kennedy family, which more than most presidential families has scrupulously tried to meet its obligations to the historians of the future.

Part of the trouble, no doubt, sprang from the original contract between Mr. Manchester and Robert F. Kennedy. The error in that contract did not lie in the provision for family review of the use of materials made available by the family. There is nothing novel or exceptional about this. Those who permit historians access to the papers of a contemporary public figure commonly, and understandably, retain the right to clear quotations from those papers or statements based uniquely on them. Many of the notable biographies and histories of this century have been written under this stipulation. From the viewpoint of the historian, access under these conditions is a good deal better than no access at all.

The error of the contract lay rather in the provision for family approval of the entire text. For what a historical writer may establish by his own inquiry, what he may conclude on his own judgment, is his own responsibility. As the case developed, this distinction rose to the surface. Mr. Manchester has an unquestionable right to the conclusions of his independent research and interpretation. In the end, the Kennedys insisted only on what is equally unquestionably their right, the control of material uniquely derived from their own papers and especially from Mrs. Kennedy's oral history interviews.

After the tragedy of Dallas, President Kennedy's family and associates initiated a massive oral history undertaking in a determination to rescue and preserve for historians of the future the recollections of leading participants in the Kennedy years. One must hope that future Presidents or their families will follow this admirable example. But the basic premise of the oral history idea is that the person interviewed retains absolute and total control over the interview; it is self-evident that without such protection serious oral history would be impossible.

It fell to me to conduct the oral history interviews with Mrs. Kennedy concerning events up to the Texas trip. It would obviously have been cruel to subject her to the ordeal of two separate sets of interrogations regarding these last terrible days; and since Mr. Manchester was working on the book

about the assassination and would have to talk to Mrs. Kennedy anyway, it seemed best to all concerned that he complete her oral history by interviewing her about the Texas trip. I remember saying to Mrs. Kennedy that this was the only time she would have to go through this experience, that she should hold nothing back, and that in talking with Mr. Manchester, as in talking with me, she was making a deposition for the historian of the twenty-first century. To what extent Mr. Manchester understood that he was engaged in completing Mrs. Kennedy's oral history record, I do not know; but in any case, it is hard to believe that any interviewer in such circumstances would seriously suppose that he had gained all rights over the future disposition of the interview.

The central issue between Mrs. Kennedy, on the one hand, and Mr. Manchester, Harper & Row, and *Look*, on the other, became precisely the use of the material uniquely derived from this oral history interview; and the integrity of the entire oral history effort was therefore one of the matters at stake. The supposition that an oral history interview becomes the private property of the interviewer — that the interviewer, or the picture magazine or publishing house printing his work, should, rather than the person interviewed, decide how and when the interview should be used — runs contrary to the whole spirit of the oral history enterprise (as well as, in addition, to the letter of the contract which Mr. Manchester, wisely or not, signed with Robert F. Kennedy).

If the proposition were established that a person confiding his oral history recollections to the electronic tape loses to the interviewer all future rights over the interview, the oral history program, which promises so much to the historian of the future, would be dead. I may say that it never occurred to me that the tapes and transcripts resulting from my interviews with Mrs. Kennedy were mine, to be used at my discretion; and, while Mr. Manchester's case differed in that he had every reason to suppose that he could draw on his interview for the purposes of an early book, this still hardly entitled him to use any material that Mrs. Kennedy did not wish him to use.

THE character of the material involved raises still another question for the contemporary historian — that is, the extent to which in writing public history he should enter into the private lives of the figures with whom he deals. Here the memoirist — the participant who records his own experience — has a different problem, since he is providing the raw material for the historian of the future. But for the contemporary historian the basic distinction is

surely between writing about a public official in his public capacity, on the one hand, and writing about a private person in his (or her) personal life on the other. In occasional cases, the distinction may be hard to draw; but most of the time it is plain and self-evident.

A democracy must on principle deny the proposition that public officials, whether in office or out, be accorded immunity from historical truth. Only the most imperative and conclusive considerations of national security can be permitted to limit the free play of historical information and judgment on public figures acting in their public responsibilities. Nor can the allegation that adverse comment may hurt a public official's reputation or his capacity to perform his duties be held to equal a breach of security. Reputable history has never been a conspiracy to protect the reputations of public officials; and in practice, it would be difficult to demonstrate that historical publication has ever prevented public officials from carrying out their assignments.

Comment on the public lives of public officials is thus one thing. But — and this is surely just as self-evident — the invasion of private life and sensibility is a wholly different question, at least for the professional historian, if not for the journalist or memoirist. However legal such comment may be, it is ordinarily not necessary to public history and becomes acceptable, as a matter both of aesthetics and of ethics, only with time. It would not have been either appropriate or honorable to write about Mrs. Lincoln three years after her husband's assassination the things, say, Carl Sandburg could rightly feel free to write three quarters of a century later. I made this mistake myself in describing a scene between President and Mrs. Kennedy after the Bay of Pigs in the serialized version of *A Thousand Days*, and belatedly realizing my breach of the historian's principle, dropped it from the book.

The relationship of a Secretary of State to a President and to the conduct of foreign affairs is a legitimate concern of contemporary history. The relationship of a wife to her husband, even if he is a President, and to their children is a private matter, of concern to the ultimate historian (as Mrs. Kennedy recognized by recording her memories of those tragic days), but not essential to the historian writing in her lifetime.

Historians, I believe, would regard these propositions as self-evident. Yet most of the American press, that increasingly mysterious institution, apparently sees the matter exactly in reverse terms. Thus fifteen months ago the press almost unitedly rose to denounce and chastise a writer (me) for comment about public officials acting in their public capacities. The historical truth of the comment was not at issue; but historical truth was then brusquely dismissed in the interest, apparently, of

loftier considerations of public policy. Recently the press with almost equal unanimity has suddenly unfurled the standard of the full historical truth as an absolute, to be pursued at any cost, in order to rebuke the widow of a murdered President for guarding her own privacy against a writer who — surely with the best intentions — had used her confidences without her permission.

In other words, the majority of American editorial writers evidently deem it vital in the sacred cause of the freedom of information to invade Mrs. Kennedy's grief, but shocking to write frankly about a Secretary of State. So the *Washington Post*, which in 1965 had not rushed to defend historical truth as a criterion in writing about government officials, asserted in 1966, "The lives of public men — the records of their careers, the thoughts of others about them — are not the property of their families, but the property of posterity." The *Post* rule is a little obscure, since it does not say when posterity is to come into its estate; but, judging by its own application to the Manchester case, the period is three years. A better rule, one would think, would be to say "the *public* lives of public men. . . are . . . the property of the *people*." This would safeguard the democratic interest in full disclosure of matters of public concern while protecting the privacy of a President's widow.

The test is whether the comment bears on the conduct of public affairs. This standard does not, of course, exclude private attitudes on public issues. "The public history of all countries, and all ages," said John Quincy Adams, "is but a sort of mask, richly colored"; and the obligation of the historian, in Melville's phrase, is to strike through the mask. As Charles Francis Adams wrote in 1840 in his introduction to his grandparents' letters:

Our history is for the most part wrapped up in the forms of office. The great men of the Revolution, in the eyes of posterity, are many of them like the heroes of a mythological age. They are seen, for the most part, when conscious that they are acting upon a theatre, where individual sentiment be sometimes disguised, and often sacrificed, for the public good. Statesmen and generals rarely say all they think or feel. The consequence is, that, in the papers which come from them, they are made to assume a uniform of grave hue, which, though it doubtless exalts the opinion entertained of their perfections, somewhat diminishes the interest with which later generations study their character. . . .

The solitary meditation, the confidential whisper to a friend, never meant to reach the ear of the multitude, the secret wishes, not to be blazoned forth to catch applause, the fluctuations between fear and hope, that most betray the springs of action — these are the guides to character, which most frequently vanish with the moment that called them forth, and leave nothing to posterity but those coarser elements for judgment that may be found in elaborated results.

Insofar as the contemporary historian or memoirist can rescue those guides to character which "most betray the springs of action" and "which most frequently vanish with the moment that called them forth," he plainly places future historians in his debt.

And in achieving this result, the very act of publication becomes essential. Indeed, of all the objections advanced by laymen against contemporary history, the most shallow is the one that it is unseemly to write about public figures while they are still alive. "Over the dead," Yeats once wrote, "I have an historian's rights." But what could be more unfair than to postpone the exercise of those rights — to suppress unfavorable information or judgment — until the subject has died and thereby lost the capacity to reply? In a subsequent sentence (I quote from the preface to *The Trembling of the Veil*), Yeats expressed the true historian's creed: "I have said all the good I know and all the evil: I have kept nothing back necessary to understanding." Certainly this is the proper practice, since this alone permits the public figure to make a rejoinder before the case is closed; and it is such debate which, more than anything else, enriches, clarifies, and completes the historical record.

CONTEMPORARY history in the late twentieth century is thus no longer, I submit, a personal whim or passing fashion. It is now a necessity — a psychic necessity to counter the pressures of life in a high-velocity age and a technical necessity to rescue and preserve evidence for future historians. These are some of the reasons, I believe, why contemporary history has acquired a new role in our academic life. The question remains about the impact of this adventure on historical art and method.

That impact, I believe, has been wholly salutary. It has, for example, compelled all historians to ponder the limits of their craft. The comfortable old view was stated long ago by Aulus Gellius: "*Alius quidam veterum poetarum . . . Veritatem Temporis filiam esse dixit*" — "Another one of the old poets . . . called Truth the daughter of Time." Time, in other words, was counted upon to winnow out emotion and prejudice and leave the scholar, all passion spent, in calm command of the historical reality. The modern way of putting the point is to say that only the passage of time can give the historian the perspective he needs for objective analysis.

But our century has become increasingly dubious about the purifying effect of the passage of time. This is because it is not obvious in practice that time has been, in fact, the father of truth, if by truth we mean the agreement of historians. The

passage of time, for example, does not liberate the historian from his deepest values and prepossessions. Wherever vital issues or strong emotions are involved, whether events are as remote from us as the fall of the Roman Empire, the life of Christ, or the rise of Pericles, distance does not create consensus or guarantee certitude. One comes to feel increasingly that historians agree only when the issues as well as the people are dead — and that the assurance with which historians are accustomed to pin down the past sometimes results from the happy fact that there are no survivors to challenge their reconstruction. Of course, time increases the amount of documentation available to the historian writing about the past, and this gives him a significant, and ultimately decisive, advantage over the historian writing about the present.

Yet, if the historian of the past has wider documentation and a longer view, the contemporary historian, especially if he has shared, in Holmes's phrase, "the passion and action of his time," offers a perspective that cannot be lightly rejected. It is wholly possible, for example, that contemporary writers, trapped as they may be in the emotions of their own age, may still, or in consequence, understand better what is going on than later historians trapped in the emotions of a subsequent age. So Tocqueville, reflecting on the French Revolution, observed that what contemporary writers

know better than does posterity are the movements of opinion, the popular inclinations of their times, the vibrations of which they can still sense in their minds and hearts. The true traits of the principal persons and of their relationships, of the movements of the masses are often better described by witnesses than recorded by posterity. These are the necessary details. Those close to them are better placed to trace the general history, the general causes, the grand movements of events, the spiritual currents which men who are further removed may no longer find since these things cannot be perceived from the memoirs.

Or Santayana:

It is not true that contemporaries misjudge a man. Competent contemporaries judge him . . . much better than posterity, which is composed of critics no less egotistical, and obliged to rely exclusively on documents easily misinterpreted.

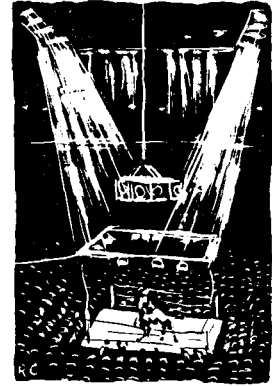
Perspective, in short, is not a state of reality; it is a state of mind. What Hamilton in the seventieth *Federalist* well called "the dim light of historical research" is not a laser beam but a flickering candle. "Man is fed with fables through life," wrote Jefferson, "and leaves it in the belief that he knows something of what has been passing, when in truth he has known nothing but what has passed under his own eye." "Every true history," said Croce, summing up the epistemological issue, "is contemporary history." So in one age political conflicts are

interpreted in religious terms, and in another religious conflicts are interpreted in political terms, and so on until one must conclude that if truth is the daughter of time, it takes a wise father to know his own children. In the words of Dewey,

We are committed to the conclusion that all history is necessarily written from the standpoint of the present, and is, in an inescapable sense, the history not only of the present but of that which is contemporaneously judged to be important in the present.

One must ask forgiveness for summoning high authority to labor so elementary a point, except that the point is all too rarely applied to the argument about the validity of contemporary history. Indeed, if one were in an aggressive mood, it would be possible, I think, to contend that contemporary history can be more exacting in its standards — of evidence, of precision, of judgment, of responsibility — than the history of the past; for contemporary history involves the writing of history in face of the only people who can contradict it, that is, the actual participants. Every historian of the past knows at the bottom of his heart how much artifice goes into his reconstructions; how much of his evidence is partial, ambiguous, or hypothetical; and yet how protected he is in speculation because, barring recourse to séances on wet afternoons, no one can say him nay, except other historians with vulnerable theories of their own. The farther back the historian goes, the more speculative his history becomes, until he gets to ancient history, which is a kind of brilliant ingenuity lavished on aimless and fragmentary remains, an exercise less in reconstruction than in creation.

No doubt I exaggerate, nor, in any case, is there any need to foment a gratuitous feud between contemporary and classical history. And contemporary history serves scholars perhaps in another way, by reminding them of the character of human motives. It is not necessary to agree with Hume about the uniformity of human nature to find in the comedy of the present an instructive check on the fancied grandeur of the past. "I have no expectation," wrote Emerson, "that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing today." The besetting sin of the historian is to tidy up the past — to impute pattern to accident and purpose to fortuity. Any conscientious student of the present will, when he turns to the past, know better and give adequate scope to the play of contingency, chance, ignorance, and sheer stupidity. The sufficient defense of contemporary history is that it will serve historians of the future — as the first and greatest of contemporary historians, Thucydides, so nobly serves historians today.



Against a Backdrop

A Story by WALLACE WHITE

From Ogden, Utah, Mr. White went to California, graduated from Stanford, worked as a cabbie, service station attendant, and newspaper reporter. He is now a writer on the staff of the NEW YORKER.

THE fighter in black trunks looks barely sixteen, but he is probably older. The program says he has had ten bouts and won seven, two by knockouts. His opponent is a blond kid I have seen fight here before; he is from the Bronx, and I know he is cocky. When he came down the aisle on his way to the ring he passed my seat, and I could hear Al Schenk, the matchmaker, telling him to look alive — the customers came to see a fight. I know what Schenk means. The blond kid is afraid to get his face hurt, and he is a backward-dancer. He uses flash to protect his jaw. My money is on the other kid, the one who looks sixteen. He has a Spanish name and was born in Cuba, and he fights not for the crowd but for himself, or for something that was once himself; he accepts the rest of it — the purse and the acclaim — but that is not why he fights.

I have been coming to the Garden for the last few nights. I have been coming here because I have time on my hands. My reasons are simple and not unusual; you hear about this kind of thing as often as you hear about civil rights or Vietnam or the quality of American television. Two weeks ago, after eight years of marriage, my wife and I

separated. Her name is Hilda (playfully I used to call her Hiddy), and she is living with our daughter in a house we bought at Oyster Bay three years ago. I moved out on a Sunday evening — it took one long, painful weekend to realize that we both had reached a point of no return — and I have been staying in a room at the Chatham since. Hilda is a lovely woman; she is still young enough to be desired and old enough to know what she wants. I hope that she is taking good care of my daughter, for I miss my daughter; and to be honest, I miss Hilda too — my strange Hiddy, as I think of her now, driving through fields and fields of roses. I suppose that as time goes by, I will miss her less.

Imagine now Boise, Idaho, in 1924. We are watching — like those rare tourists who can stand for a moment in a theater in Athens and glimpse a lost scene — the ballroom of the Paradise Gardens, on a hill to the northeast of town. These are boom times. The fruit exchange has announced record harvests, and a new bank is going up near the capitol. Jobs are plentiful, and even the Indians in their wide hats seem content. (Occasionally someone commits a crime, or a house burns down,

but such things can happen anywhere.) In the ballroom, couples are dancing to "China Boy," played by Tiny Watson's orchestra, which is trying to sound as much as possible like Paul Whiteman's. It is an autumn night, and outside the Paradise Gardens there is a real garden of sorts, with gravel walks and a few cedars and a row of chrysanthemums along the edge of a brick veranda. Over the veranda is a lattice roof, and around its edges hang small colored lights, red and blue and yellow. A couple comes out and stands for a moment looking at the trees and the sky. The man is tall, with wavy blond hair. His girl is small, with fair skin, bobbed brown hair, and dark, sensitive eyes. Fumbling with the coins in his pocket, the young man says, "I don't know why you feel that way; I just don't get it."

She touches his sleeve. "Because I care what happens to you."

"You've got the wrong idea, then. Nothing's going to happen to me."

"It could."

"But it won't. I know all about a plane, Marge. I can take it —"

"Look what happened to Jack Evelyn."

"Well . . . that was too bad."

"Don't you see? I can't — doesn't it matter to you if I'd be worrying —"

"Of course it matters to me." He frowns.

At the other end of the veranda another man and a woman are arguing. They have come out of the building silently and are standing in the shadows, and now their voices are growing louder. The man, who is heavy and has a flat nose, shouts at the woman. "Then you know where you can take your goddamn whatchacallit."

"Let go, Ralph."

"Who do you think you are, you can go around letting other people give you things?"

"It's only a vanity case."

"You never had a brain in your life."

There is a sound of someone being slapped, and then the man calls the woman a whore.

The blond young man, who will one day be my father, sends his girl back inside and walks down to the other end of the veranda. "Let go of her," he says.

"Who the hell are you?"

"It doesn't matter. Let her go."

The couple, surprised, stand close together, and the man holds the woman's arm tightly; but now she seems to cling closer to him for protection. There is a strangeness in her behavior; it is as if she doesn't know whether to stay or go, and she turns to the very one who is hurting her.

"Get lost," says the large man.

"Then let the lady go."

The man turns to the woman, releasing his hold

on her. "All right, Beth." She turns and runs a few steps down the veranda, then stands under the colored lights, watching.

"Who do you think you are, busting into other people's conversations?"

"I don't like to hear a lady called names."

"Oh, you don't."

"No."

"What business is it of yours?"

My father stands there for a moment not knowing what to answer, perhaps wishing he had not got into this; but he has responded to something that asked no questions. "I'm Ed Norman," he says, feeling a sudden need for identification, but at this point the other man hits him on the chin, and my father reels backward toward one of the vine-covered lattice strips that hold up the roof of the veranda. In a moment he has bounced back, his own fists up. The woman, meanwhile, is standing at the other end of the veranda transfixed, her silver-mesh evening bag clutched in one hand. She does not call for help. She watches eagerly. My father has sparred with his brothers ever since he was a boy, and he is quick, but the other man is much heavier. My father lands a right to the man's jaw, knocking his head back, but the man returns two blows that force him toward the edge of the bricks. The man is ready to go in again as my father stands perfectly still for a few seconds, his back against the latticework. As the man approaches, my father leans left, and the blow goes wild. The man swings around to find my father shifting to the right, bobbing and feinting, and in a moment my father catches him off-guard with a wide-swinging left hook. It is over. The man slumps to his knees, dazed. The woman comes running from the other end of the veranda. "Jesus-Mary-and-Joseph!" she says, trembling. "You killed him."

"No, I didn't," says my father.

"Did you — did you —" She stands between the two men under the colored lights, a redhead with a long neck, thin freckled shoulders, and lots of rouge on her cheeks. "Oh, Ralph," she says. Then she begins to cry.

My father goes toward the door to find that his girl has come outside again and has been watching.

"Ed! Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ed, what made you do that?"

"I don't know."

"Come inside. Let me look at you."

They go back into the ballroom, and she brushes off his coat and tells him to go in and wash. When he comes back to her, Tiny Watson's band is playing "When Buddha Smiles." They dance to that, and

when the band plays "Till We Meet Again," they dance the last waltz and go home.

They married in 1925, and my father went ahead with his flying, in spite of my mother's fears. He became a pilot for Dowling Airlines, flying biplanes from Boise to Salt Lake City and eventually out to San Francisco. Later he shifted to Empire Lines and flew some of the new Ford trimotors. He was just setting up his own company to link New Orleans and Texas with the Northwest when the stock-market crash wiped him and his partners out. After a couple of years of taking any job he could get, he went on the road as a traveling salesman. I believe my mother was glad, for she had always been frightened at having him in a plane, and though having him out on the road in an automobile was also dangerous, it seemed less so, and it was something closer to her own experience.

THE man named Ralph — the man my father nearly knocked out — turned out to have been a professional boxer before the First World War. I think of this as I stand in a bathtub in a hospital in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1955. Starting just below my elbow, a plaster cast covers my right forearm and most of my right hand. Running out from the lower end of the cast are strips of metal, like prongs, one for each finger, that make the whole device look like a great claw. Another man is standing in the bathtub with me. His name is Kraus, and he is about nineteen. A cast covers his body from his neck to his waist, imprisoning his right arm and leaving only his left arm free. We are both patients in the orthopedics ward of the United States Army hospital here, and since we have trouble bathing because of our casts, we have decided to help each other wash. Kraus is a boxer. He had been pointing for the division championship before he was injured in an automobile accident, and now he is rather bitter, as a nineteen-year-old can be bitter. I wash his free arm for him, and he says, "You try to do something right, and you get fouled up every time."

"Hell, you'll get out of this cast."

"But I won't be able to fight."

"How do you know?"

"They told me."

"Who? The doctors?"

"Yeah. I'll never have the full use of this shoulder."

"Well —" I don't know what to say. I would like to reassure him. My own injury is bad enough, but it will not interfere with important activities. I was hurt just about a month ago, while our unit was out on maneuvers near Grafenwöhr. I had been driving a jeep when a two-and-a-half-ton

truck went off the muddy road just ahead. I got out and tried to help. As I bent down to inspect the undercarriage, my hand was crushed in the linkage between the truck and its trailer. Though this has caused me great pain and discomfort (I must undergo three more operations), I cannot look upon it as a disaster. I will have lost some motion in my hand, but this will not interfere with my work. As soon as I get out of the Army I will take the New York bar examination; and a maimed hand cannot prevent me from practicing law.

Kraus says, "Just when you think you're getting good at something, this is what happens."

"I know. But maybe —"

"Maybe, hell."

"All right."

Kraus's father manufactures coffins. I find this an unusual occupation, but when I mention it, he laughs and says it has never bothered him. I ask him whether the other kids ribbed him about it in school, but he says they did not. I suppose a child can accept almost any situation as normal, and certainly there are many people who grow up in a curious atmosphere — in a mortician's family, say — without suffering ill effects.

I hand him the washcloth. "Here, you can finish." And I step out of the tub and pick up my towel.

"Vic," he says. "Have you seen that new chick down in the Red Cross?"

"Which one?"

"The tall one with black hair. She looks sort of Oriental."

"Yes."

"Do you know her name?"

"No," I say. "I've only seen her a couple of times."

"I'd like to get to meet her."

"That's easy enough."

He is looking at himself in the mirror. "But you know, Vic, I'm kind of shy with women."

I am tempted to say "Come off it," but I do not. Kraus is a few years younger than I am, and for that reason, and perhaps because I have been to college and he hasn't, he seems to look up to me as he would to an older brother. I do not want to betray his trust. "Why don't you go down there tonight?" I say. "She'll probably be around."

"Are you going down?" he says.

I think for a moment. "Yes."

We walk along the third-floor corridor toward the elevator. It is evening, and we are wearing blue hospital uniforms and real shoes, instead of the floppy canvas slippers we usually wear. We wait for the elevator and take it down to ground level; from there we take a covered walk to the

Red Cross recreation building. Since it is early, not many men are there. A refreshment table is laid out below the stage, with an empty punch bowl and several stacks of paper cups. At the other end of the large room, two men are playing ping-pong. One has a cast on his arm, and the other I recognize as a patient from the psychiatric ward. One of the Red Cross girls, Jill, is standing over by the piano, where a Negro is playing "Tenderly" while his crutches rest against the wall. I do not see the girl Kraus was talking about.

"She isn't here," he says.

"Maybe she'll turn up."

"The other two are on duty."

"Well, how about a game of ping-pong? Left-handed."

"All right."

We are playing awkwardly when the girl comes into the room. Kraus cannot see her; his back is turned. She is carrying a paper bag under one arm and supporting it with the other hand, and she walks toward the table near the stage. The skirt of her blue Red Cross uniform has an inverted pleat in back, and when she moves, the pleat opens and shuts as each leg pulls against the material. Her calves are smooth, and her waist is small. She has black hair, which she wears almost to her shoulders, and her skin is a natural tan.

"You spastic."

"Huh?" The ball has hit my stomach.

"That was an easy one."

"There's your girl," I say.

He turns and sees her. His lean face looks startled. She is at the table, where she has set down the paper bag. She takes a can out of it, then another.

"Shall we go over?"

"Let's finish the game first," he says.

In a few minutes, we stroll over to the refreshment table, where the girl has started to make punch. Though we have seen her here before, she has seemed rather quiet and not as eager to mix with the patients as some of the other girls. Perhaps it is because she is new. In my own life, I have had many awkward encounters and known shyness, but I do not have any trouble meeting people. I think it has something to do with my home life, and with the mixture of myth and experience that seemed to loom behind our family while my younger brother and sister and I were growing up, like a kind of backdrop. Far-off and brooding, it stretched on through 1929 and the Depression and the war and my sister's early marriage, and it pictured, among other things, bits of family history, lessons, names, beliefs, and in the distance, words of honor, faith in God, and a consideration for others. Against this evidence of time, we children ate our Shredded Wheat and

said our prayers and came to know scenes such as the one in the dance hall in Boise, Idaho.

"Need any help?" I say.

"We can always use help." She smiles and hands me a bottle opener. "I haven't seen you fellows here before."

"Oh, we've been around."

"How did you hurt yourselves?"

"I was stupid enough to get my hand caught between a truck and a trailer," I say, "and he was in an automobile accident."

"Oh, what a shame. What an enormous cast! Does it go all the way around?"

"Yeah," says Kraus, with a nonchalance that reminds me of my high school days. He stands with his good hand behind him, the wrist against the small of his back and the fingers loose, as if he doesn't know what to do with it.

"You're new, aren't you?" I say.

"I got over here two weeks ago, almost." She smiles up, slicing a lemon, and a lock of her black hair falls against her cheek. Her eyes are brown and the lids have a distinctly Oriental slant. Her nose is straight and her teeth are white. I introduce myself and Kraus, and she tells us that her name is Sharon. Later there is bingo, and after that the Negro at the piano plays something with odd harmonies. At nine thirty, Kraus and I start back to our ward.

"That's some woman," he says to me.

"Yes."

"Do you think she liked me, Vic? I mean, I never can tell."

"She's friendly. I don't know."

"There was this girl in Skokie," he says. "I used to go over to a place where she was babysitting. We used to neck a lot. Once, the people were gone all night —"

My cast shines in the soft glow from the bathroom. The metal prongs arch out like the talons of some antique bird. The plaster looks faintly luminescent. I lie on my back with my arm resting on my stomach and see brown hairs creeping up against my cast. Sharon is standing in the doorway to the bathroom, leaning against the door frame. There in the half-light she looks like someone intended only for this role. Her body is firm. Her hair is as black and gleaming as water at night. Her face is oval, with high cheekbones and a slight lift to the eye. Her legs are as smooth as reeds in a Japanese print. She has resulted from the union of a Nisei man and a white woman. She is their only child, and she has something of a unique being about her, like a strange and evanescent flower that might have bloomed one night by the sea.

"What's the matter?" I say.

She walks over to a chair near the wall opposite the bed, picks up a cigarette from the bureau, lights it, and sits down. "We're strays — people like you and me," she says.

I do not feel like a stray, and I say, "What do you mean?"

"It's something I've learned. There are people who belong somewhere, who have a place that — it's hard to say — I don't know —"

"Don't you belong somewhere?"

"Me? No."

I want to protest, but I can't think how. "Why do you feel that way?"

"I can't explain it, Vic. I never — I never feel, anywhere, that this is it. I never have a — maybe it's a feeling of recognition. That's what I don't have. I never say, Ah, here it is. This is home. This is my life. This is me."

I watch her exhale. Smoke rises in pale lines that twist upward in the light from the bathroom. I say, "I don't think I feel that way."

"Where do you belong, then?"

"I wonder. I'm not going home. I doubt that I'll ever live in Idaho again. Certainly I don't belong here in Germany."

"You see?" she says. "You can't say where you really belong." Her voice drops.

I say, "We belong where we — I guess we belong where we happen to be. Come on now, Sharon."

"Wait'll I finish my cigarette. Maybe it's different with you. I don't know. You've been to college. You've got a place set out, even if it's not on the map. Maybe it doesn't have to be."

I prop myself up on my elbow. "Would you belong if you had someone?"

"How do you mean? I've —"

"If you belonged, not *somewhere*, but to *someone*."

"I've belonged to people," she says.

"But —"

"In the long run, everybody only belongs to themselves."

"That's not necessarily true."

"You've led a more sheltered life than you think," she says.

But I think back over my life and do not find it sheltered. No. It spreads out to people and places too numerous to remember — Uncle John, who sold carburetors; Jack Evelyn (dead before I was born), who crashed taking off in his own plane while his wife looked on; Mrs. Gorkin, who brought beef soup when my mother was ill; Bill Amory, who limped but was good enough to play center on my high school football team. All these people have been part of my life. But the thought troubles me, and I say, "Sharon, did you know that Kraus's father builds coffins?"

"What? No."

"I always thought it must be hard on Kraus."

"Well, if you get used to something like that, I suppose you accept it."

"He's a nervous kid. Did you know — I shouldn't tell you this. But he wants you pretty badly."

"Does he?"

"I feel like a heel. He's a sensitive kid, and I promised him I'd put in a good word for him. I said I'd help him get to know you. He still thinks I'm on his side."

"Oh, Vic, you can't worry about the rest of the world. You've got to let the rest of the world get on the best it can." She stands up and comes over to me. It is the fourth time that I have left the hospital on a weekend pass and that we have come to the Hotel Römer Hof in the heart of Stuttgart. I take her in my arms and watch her merge into the background.

THE laughter is raucous and alcoholic. Nate Robson has put a camellia behind his ear, and is pretending to be a bullfighter, with a kitchen towel for a cape. He is trying to get Angie Moore to be the bull, but she refuses. Out on the lawn, men in dark suits and women in bare-shouldered dresses can be seen moving about and talking. A blonde I do not know walks in from the dining room and pushes the reject button on the hi-fi set. The music stops suddenly, and we hear the hum of the amplifier and the nervous clicking of the automatic mechanism. Another record starts. It is "Too Close for Comfort." She rejects that too, and again we hear the hum and the clicking. The next record is a bossa nova. She pushes the button furiously — twice, three times — and stands there looking down at the machine. Nate Robson is advancing toward her with his towel held out. "Aaaahhh!" he growls. "Betsy! *Toro! Toro! Aaaahhh! Olé!*"

She looks at him, her hand still on the reject button, and speaks slowly. "Christ, Nathan."

He clicks his heels and holds out the towel. The camellia falls from his ear, and he bends down to retrieve it. The blonde gives the machine one last furious jab and walks through open doors onto a terrace.

"With earnings like that," the man next to me is saying, "they can't help but up the dividend next quarter. I'm telling you, Chuck. From two and a quarter million last year, they've —"

"You're Vic Norman, aren't you," says a woman's voice, foggily assertive. I see that the woman is dark-eyed and rather fat. She is holding one of Nate's rock-crystal tumblers. "My husband told

me I should meet you. I'm Diane Farquhar. You know Bruce. He says you're the *best* lawyer in New York. Well, I have a problem, and it's *terribly* involved, Vic — may I call you Vic? I'm sure you hear things like this every day. But you don't know my mother. She came to live with us — or to *stay* with us, I should say. Well, Mother came to *stay* with us, and incredible as it may seem, she was in the house when —"

"I'm not in very good form tonight," I say.

"Well, God, don't you even want to hear my problem?" The voice floats on and on, expanding into smoky balloons of words that drift to the walls and ceiling and leave no trace. It is the summer of 1964, and we are at the Robsons' house in East Hampton. It is a large old house, with elms bordering a semicircular drive, and through French doors I glimpse the extensive grounds, with a swimming pool, white-brick bathhouses, and a well-tended rose garden. Nate Robson is an old classmate of mine, and my wife and I have come to be quite close to him and his wife. But I am worried about my wife, Hilda. I have not seen her for over an hour, and when we came to this party, she agreed that we should leave early. Uneasy thoughts of other, recent parties move through my mind, and I wonder whether someone will again notify me that my wife is in one of the bedrooms, "not feeling well." It is no secret that our marriage is foundering, but I do not like gossip, and I do not know what to do. All her life Hilda has had what she wanted, and I do not seem able to provide the things she needs — the voices and the careless moods that filled her childhood and that must have begun to fade with the last cotillion. Exasperated by her behavior, I drink too much myself; and I have heard that our arrival at parties is getting to be known as the Norman Invasion. I will admit that I have given her cause for spite, but there are things I cannot take. I cannot see her playing midnight croquet with a self-styled artist named Tommy Frale, and suspect worse, without being jealous. If I hurt her in return, then I must answer to my own conscience.

Diane Farquhar walks away, swaying. I stand with a martini in my scarred right hand. I begin to wander about the house looking for some sign of Hilda, but I only come across a girl named Nan Rodgers in the kitchen with a man I do not know. I wander back to the rear of the house and see that people have left the living room and joined the crowd on the back lawn. I go out to see what is happening. I hear laughter and shouting, a hubbub.

"But did she *really*? How could she? She must be out of her mind!"

"Isn't she in analysis?"

"Yes, with some *Austrian*, or something. It's just —"

A twentyish girl — a protégée of Nate's older brother, I think — is standing beside me. "Oh, Mr. Norman, I think your wife is so neat. I really never heard of anybody doing such a thing. I think it's just *so* great."

The girl is drunk, but I ask, "What? What has she done?"

"Oh, don't you know? Oh, what a scream! Peggy, come here!"

I walk down the sloping lawn toward the swimming pool and see Hilda being led toward one of the bathhouses by our hostess. A group of chattering people follows them, and I push my way through to my wife. "What happened?" Hilda looks dazed; her hair is in disarray, her lips are parted. She looks away from me and speaks indistinctly. "I merely drove — the car —" Carol Robson frowns at me. She is leading Hilda by the hand. I put my arm around Hilda's waist, and Carol and I lead her into the bathhouse. The others try to come in too, but Carol shuts them out. Hilda sits down and closes her eyes. Carol lights a cigarette for her and says, "I wish they'd all go home, damned fools." I stand near the door. Hilda's face moves into a grimace; she looks up at me like a child who has fallen from her horse and is blaming the stable hand. I say again, "What happened?" Carol says to me, "Didn't you see? Bud Masters' car — she got into it and drove through the rose garden. She merely demolished half of Nate's roses, that's all." I look from Carol to Hilda. "What? Was it an accident? Hiddy? Hiddy?" But Hilda's face has taken on a set expression, and she turns to me and says, "Oh, go to hell."

Carol frowns at me and glances toward the door, and I go outside and stand near the swath of crushed and broken rosebushes and hear people talking: "Yes, *really*! She got into Bud Masters' car and drove it straight back across the lawn and right through the *rose* garden! Yes, deliberately! Oh, she's mad, *la dame est complètement folle!*" I listen, and the words bounce off my protective need to disbelieve. I do not understand, and I stand there pushing an interior reject button: "... a spoiled child —" "... don't see how Vic puts up with it —" "Oh, they're both crackers, he's a good attorney, but —" "It was a dare! Tommy Frale bet her she didn't dare —" "The *artist*, darling. She and Tommy —" "Well, what about Vic?" Carol Robson comes out of the bathhouse and beckons to me, and she and I walk back to the house and wait for the smoke to clear.

The evening is cool. I sit in my bathrobe at the library desk with the lamp on, trying to write a



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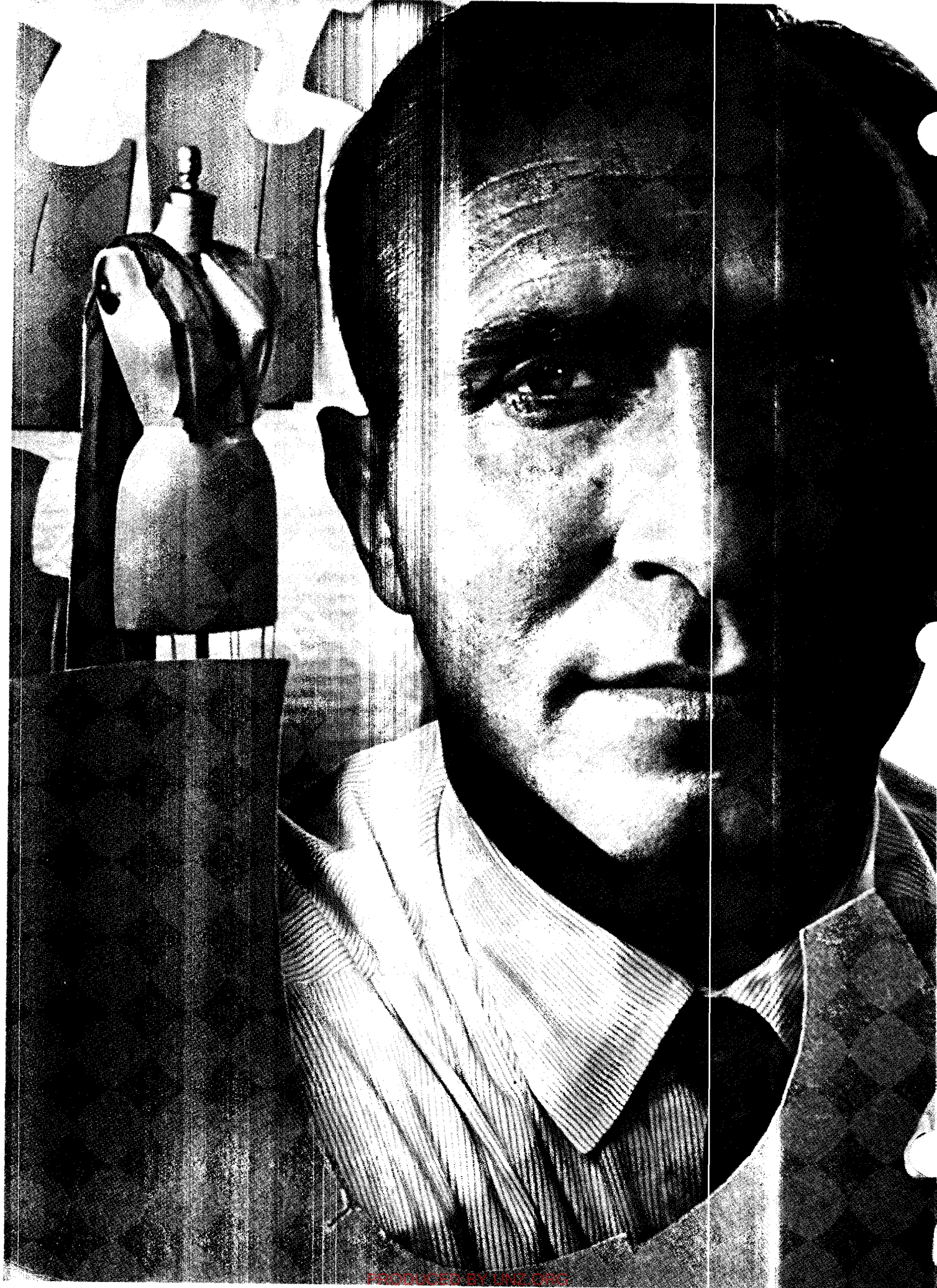
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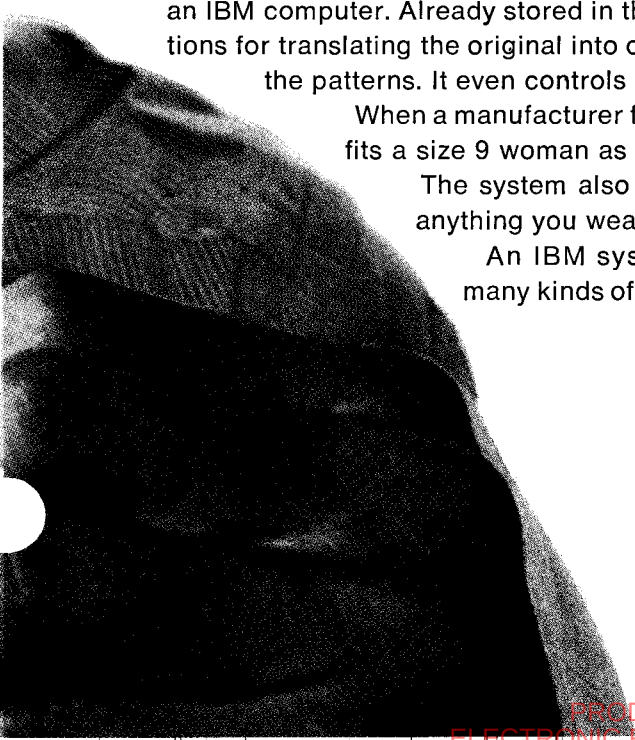
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You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...**

but you haven't been to JAMAICA...

Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I.



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until you've tasted



Tia Maria
JAMAICA'S HAUNTING LIQUEUR

(EVEN IF YOU NEVER GET THERE, BUY TIA MARIA... AND DREAM)

note. I hear Hilda's footsteps behind me. She says, "Do you want some soup? Or anything?"

"I don't think so."

I turn and see her standing behind me, just within the doorway. Her face is drawn, and lines are deep on her forehead and around her eyes, though she is barely thirty. But her gaze is direct; her eyes are steady.

"Why don't you turn in?" I say.

"Are you coming up?"

"Pretty soon."

We look at each other for a moment, and things are very clear and simple. We see each other in the old, uncomplicated way, and then the surface cracks. The moment passes. Hilda leaves, and I hear her going up the stairs. I turn back to the note I was writing. These things infuriate me. They do so little good. They are another price society exacts. "It was good of you to write. Both Hilda and I appreciate your kindness . . ." My mother died last week. She had been ill for several years. I flew out to Boise for the funeral, and so did my brother and sister. Hilda stayed here; she did not want to leave Susan alone, and there would have been no sense in taking a child to a thing like that. The funeral was simple, as my mother would have wanted. The coffin was hermetically sealed, and I thought of Kraus. I don't know what my father is going to do now, or even where he will live. He left the road some years ago and now shares an insurance office with another broker. His three children live in different parts of the country. People say he should come live with one of us. I doubt that he will. I sign the letter and wonder why people do these things. Why do they make death elaborate, when it is simple? Why do they try to enlarge upon a finality? I sit with the ball-point between my thumb and twisted second and third fingers and wonder who all the people are — all the people who write letters and come round with cake when you are in need, the people who jockey for your job, who babble when your wife drives a car through someone's rose garden, who pass you on the street. And the question is, how do they make their way into your life, there to stay forever? Think now: Remember the woman in Boston who sold us hyacinths; the ferry captain who thought we were actors and asked for our autographs; Lolly, who used to come and clean until her husband took sick; Kraus, who grieved over an injured arm; Sharon, who did not know where she belonged; our teachers, our coaches; our children. Who are they all, really?

"Daddy —"

I turn and see my little girl at the library door "What are you doing up?"

"I'm hungry."

"Well, come on then," I say.

The kid in the black trunks is giving his opponent rough treatment. The blond fighter is standing flat-footed near the ropes. He outweighs the Cuban by two and a half pounds, but this makes little difference; his arms are shorter, and he has less speed. I sit and watch the Cuban jab and jab. He moves back and forth, his muscles still working gracefully in the tenth round. Now he lands a right to the chest, but his opponent counters with some left-rights. He fends them off with his gloves, then takes a right to the ear that sends him reeling. I lean forward. "Come on, Ortiz!" Ortiz dances back toward the other fighter. They are wary of each other. Some in the crowd are yelling for more action. But it is a good fight. The Cuban lands a left hook, and then another, and for a moment the two men are in a clinch. The referee breaks it, and as they circle each other once more the round ends. The judges vote, and in a moment the ring announcer tells us that the fight has gone to Ortiz, six to four, six to four, and seven to three.

I walk through the autumn evening back toward my hotel. I have come to feel at home in New York City, and I enjoy walking down Eighth Avenue, past the bars and the all-night lunch counters and the palmistry dens. I stop at a tobacco shop and buy myself three twenty-five-cent cigars, then turn left at Forty-fourth Street and walk past lighted marquees and the black, concealing windows of cocktail lounges. As I reach Broadway, I am reminded of the many evenings Hilda and I have left the theater and stood here hailing a cab. Tomorrow I am going to talk to a friend about seeking custody of Susan. Perhaps I am wrong. It might be well not to complicate her life with legalities. But she must live with someone, and in any case she will soon go away to school. I hope they do not fill her with too many false hopes, or with ideas that cannot be maintained. I hope they do not draw lines about her life that leave no room for questioning, or time for silence.

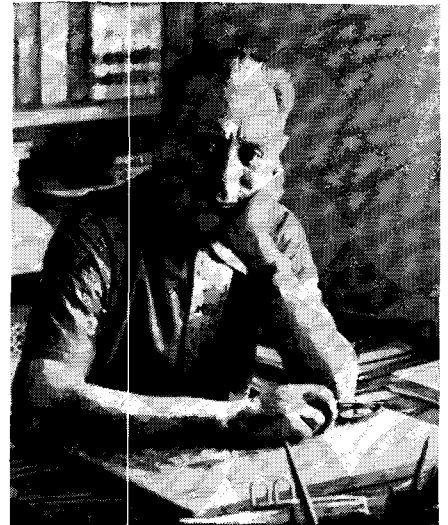
And now I know what it is I want to learn: I want to understand the lure of Madison Square Garden. I want to know what makes a crowd of people come to watch two other people bruise and mar each other. I want to know what makes a man step into the light, walk up to a perfect stranger, and hit him in the face.

BOOKS and MEN *For too long, says Iris Origo in this intimate study of a writer and his work, Ignazio Silone was “undervalued both as a thinker and a writer” in his Italian homeland. Today at sixty-six, the author of such powerful and lasting books as BREAD AND WINE and SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS is enjoying prestige long due him, and as co-editor of the magazine TEMPO PRESENTE, scans the political and social scene. The author of this portrait is a close friend of Silone’s. Her several biographical works include LEOPARDI and THE LAST ATTACHMENT.*

IGNAZIO SILONE

A Study in Integrity

by IRIS ORIGO



A FEW years ago, Ignazio Silone and his wife were staying with us in Tuscany for Christmas, and we had driven them to see a primitive little Romanesque church near Pienza. Beside it there is a small green field, and there, on that bleak winter’s afternoon, some boys from the local seminary—their chilblained hands and thin faces blue with cold—were kicking a football about. After a brief glance at the church, Silone stood at the edge of the field, his back turned to us, his hands in his pockets. The sun went down, the air grew colder, and at last his wife called to him, and he joined us. “Were you watching the sunset?” I asked. “No, I was watching my own youth.”

It was, indeed, in just such a country seminary that Silone was educated, in his little native city in the Abruzzi, Pescina dei Marsi—“about a hundred shapeless one-storied houses,” he himself has written, “on either side of a long, steep street, battered by wind and rain,” standing on a stony bleak hillside above the drained lake of Fucino. The plain below is surrounded by an amphitheater of mountains: “a barrier with no way out.” “A village, in short, like many others, but for those who are born and die there, the world.” Here Silone spent his early youth. “For twenty years,” he wrote in the preface to his first novel, *Fontamara*, “the same earth, the same rain, wind, snow, the

same feast-days, the same food, the same want, the same poverty—a poverty inherited from our fathers, who had received it from their grandfathers, and against which honest work was of no avail. The life of men and beasts, and of the land itself, revolved in a closed circle. . . . There has never been a way out. At that time, a man could perhaps save twenty or thirty *soldi* a month, and in summer perhaps even a hundred. . . . They disappeared at once—in interest on some loan, or to the doctor, the chemist or the priest. And so one began again, the next day. Twenty *soldi*, a hundred *soldi* . . .”

In the same novel, he has given an ironic picture of the social hierarchy of the region, of which the greater part was then owned by Prince Torlonia.

“At the head of everything there’s God, the master of Heaven. That everyone knows.

Then comes Prince Torlonia, the master of the land.

Then come the Prince’s guards.

Then come the dogs of the Prince’s guards.

Then, nothing.

Then, still nothing.

Then come the *cafoni* [the peasants].

And that’s about all.”

An official from the city, who inquired where the local officials were placed, received the reply: “Between the guards and the dogs.”

Photo of Ignazio Silone by Jerry Bauer.

Silone's recollections open with a description of the day on which, as a boy, he saw a handcuffed man limping down the road between two guards.

"How funny he looks!" the boy cried. But his father took him by the ear and dragged him indoors, to be shut up in his own room.

"What have I done wrong?" he asked, and received the reply:

"One must never laugh at a convict."

"Why not?"

"Because he can't defend himself. And then because perhaps he's innocent. And in any case, he's an unhappy man."

SILONE's father owned a small farm; his mother was a weaver. He speaks of her and of his grandmother as "two grave, remarkable women, *serie e straordinarie*," the predominant influences of his childhood. The simplicity and austerity of his daily life are indicated by the fact that when I asked him for a photograph of himself as a boy, he said that he had none. "At that time, one only had one's picture taken to get a passport for America." Once his mother thought of having one taken, but his grandmother disapproved: it was, she said, a frivolous thing to do. In his novel *Bread and Wine*, Silone has described how he would help his mother at her loom while she told him long parables. It was thus that Christianity first reached him, "firmly rooted in the Franciscan tradition of poverty and humility." For centuries the whole region of the Fucino has had, as Silone wrote, "no buildings worth looking at but churches and convents, no illustrious sons but saints or hewers of stone. The human condition there," he added, "has always been peculiarly hard . . . and for those whose spirit has been roused, the most acceptable forms of rebellion against their destiny have always been either the Franciscan or the Anarchist. Even in those who have suffered most, the ashes of scepticism have never entirely quenched the ancient hope of the coming of the Kingdom, the old expectation held by Joachim of Fiore, by the Franciscan Spirituals, and by the followers of Pope Celestine, of the advent of an era of charity, instead of that of the law."

He was very young when he first began to become conscious of what he has called "the strident, incomprehensible contrast between private life, which was generally decent and honest, and social relationships — very often rough, odious and false." One day he saw an arrogant local grandee egging on his dog to attack a poor little dressmaker as she was coming out of church. The dog knocked her down, bit her, tore her clothes to pieces. Several people saw it happen. But when the case came to court —

for she sued the young man — no single witness came forward on her behalf, nor was it possible to find a lawyer to plead her cause. The only articulate voice was that of the defending advocate, claiming that the woman had provoked the dog, whereupon the judge had little choice but to decide against her.

"I did it very unwillingly," he said later on to his friends. "I was really sorry. But a good judge must learn to silence his own personal feelings."

"Yes, to be sure," Silone's mother commented, "but what a dreadful profession! Better to mind one's own business, at home." And to her son she added: "When you are grown-up, be whatever you like, but not a judge." But Silone has never been good at minding only his own business.

One of the first disappointments of his boyhood came when, at the age of eleven, he entered the local seminary. In a recent interview, he has given a vivid account of the narrow and sectarian atmosphere in such provincial clerical schools at that time, in a district in which party organizations had not yet been formed and political opinion could find expression only in the church, the school, or the public square. When the first Peasants' Leagues were founded in the Abruzzi, in 1911 and 1912, their members could meet only in the village squares; but the parish priests would order the church bells to be rung so loud as to drown the speakers' voices. In Silone's own school, the bishop himself would address the boys on the theme of private property as a divine institution, and on the sacrilegious attempt of the Peasants' Leagues to break up some of the neglected and untitled large properties. History was taught with a similar bias, and besides, with a double standard, rendered necessary by the fact that the teachers were all priests, but the pupils had to pass the state exams. "It was inevitable," Silone comments, "that most pupils came to regard their diplomas and their future jobs as the true realities of life. All my prayers as a schoolboy ended with the words: 'Help me, God, to live without turning into a traitor.'"

It is, of course, the accusation that his enemies have most often leveled against him, from both sides. One should add, however, that Silone firmly refuses to make use of the errors of his education to defend his own subsequent actions. The use of the word "if," he declared, is almost always misleading. "I cannot guarantee," he said, "that I would have behaved any less foolishly if my teachers had been more enlightened. These are plays of fancy that get one nowhere." Moreover, he says, one good thing has remained to him from those years: the habit of meditation. From time to time he still goes into the dusk of a half-empty church and sits there, thinking. "The results are

not always very clear — but it's a habit one cannot lose."

When he was fourteen and was still in the seminary, a severe earthquake destroyed the greater part of his native town. Like many of his companions, he was saved by rushing to the school windows on the main outer wall, which stood firm. Looking out, all he could see of the town was a cloud of dust, and when at last he could get home, he found nothing but rubble. A week later, his brother was discovered, still alive, in a sort of cave beneath the stones; his mother's corpse was dug up several days later, and most of his other relatives had also perished. Yet perhaps he received an even greater shock from an action he witnessed one night when he was believed to be asleep: a gross and cowardly theft committed by one of his own relations. It was then that he first realized that the aftermath of great disasters, whether earthquakes or wars, is often worse than the event itself. "If the human race is finally destroyed," he said, "it will be at such a time."

IT WAS shortly after the earthquake that he saw a curious scene: a little shabby, unshaven priest wandering about among the ruins with a group of homeless children, looking, since the railway was no longer running, for some vehicle to take them to Rome. Just then a procession of five or six cars drove up, and the King, who had come to inspect the scene of the disaster, got out with his suite. Without asking anyone for permission, the priest began to lift his children into the cars, and when the police protested, told the King firmly why he needed the transportation and drove away. "Who's that extraordinary man?" Silone asked. "He's a certain Don Orione, a rather strange priest."

Two years later, under very different circumstances, Silone met him again. The boy had run away from a grim school to which he had been sent in Rome; after his subsequent expulsion, he had been told that Don Orione had agreed to take him into one of his own schools, and would meet him at the railway station. The encounter started badly. The sulky schoolboy, too self-absorbed even to recognize the little priest he had seen after the earthquake, was asked whether he would like a paper and replied, "Yes, the *Avanti*" — the anti-clerical Socialist paper — and when Don Orione meekly bought it for him, the boy gave him his suitcase to carry. Don Orione smiled and said he enjoyed carrying burdens for fresh little schoolboys — "like a small donkey," he added. Silone began to thaw and confided that donkeys were his favorite animals, too. "Not the absurd donkeys in public gardens, but the real ones, those the peasants have.

They seem apathetic, because they're very old, but they know everything — like the peasants."

It was then that a friendship began. Don Orione started by talking to the boy on equal terms, discussing matters of general interest with him, and even reading aloud to him the draft of a letter which he had sent to the Pope; he told him about his own poor and unhappy childhood, and when Silone confided why he had run away from school and asked the priest whether he could understand what had made him do it, Don Orione replied, "Yes, of course I understand."

They talked all through the night, while the train rumbled up the coast toward Genoa. "I heard in the darkness," wrote Silone, "the sound of the sea, which was new to me, and the unfamiliar names of the stations. I felt as if I were discovering the world." What he remembered best, many years later, about Don Orione was "the great tenderness of his expression. His eyes had the kindness and clear-sightedness which one sometimes sees in some old peasant-women, who have endured all sorts of things in their lives and therefore can guess one's most secret troubles."

During the whole night, Don Orione only once referred to religion. "Remember," he suddenly said, "God isn't only to be found in church. In the future you will certainly come up against periods of despair; but even if you think you are alone and abandoned, you will not be. Don't forget it."

One is tempted to speculate whether Silone's life would have taken a different course if he had remained longer under Don Orione's influence. Instead, having completed his studies, he went back to the poverty and injustice of Pescina, and came to believe that only one choice was open to him: "to become either an accomplice or a rebel."

He himself has described the origins of his decision: not a formulated ideology, but simply what he has called "the choice of one's comrades." "It happened to many of us," he wrote, "to give up going to Mass one morning, not because its doctrines seemed untrue, but because we were weary of the other people who went there, and attracted by those who stayed away. . . . Outside our village church, stood the workmen. It wasn't their psychology that attracted us, but their condition. . . . In other words, we first decided to be conservatives or rebels according to motives we bore within us, sometimes very confusedly. Before choosing, we were chosen, unawares."

The young man who made that choice knew nothing about the theories of Marx, or about Lenin and Sorel. He merely knew of the existence of the recently formed local Peasants' Leagues, and that he wanted to be on their side. It was then that he moved to Rome, joined the Junior Branch of the Socialist Federation (he was not yet twenty-one), of

which he soon became a leader, and was one of the spokesmen at a stormy congress of the party in Livorno in 1921, which ended with the secession of the left wing of the movement to the newly formed Communist Party. Silone went with them. It was a far more decisive step, he knew, than just joining a political party. "For me, as for many others," he wrote, "it was a complete dedication. . . . That was still a time when to declare oneself a Socialist or a Communist implied burning all one's boats, breaking with one's relations and friends, finding oneself without a job." And the spiritual experience was even more disruptive. "It was at the moment of the break that I felt I was bound to Christ in the deepest fibres of my being. Yet I would not allow myself any mental restrictions. The little lamp which had been kept alight before the shrine of the intuitions which were dearest to me, was blown out by an icy draught. Life, death, love, good, evil, truth, all changed their meaning. . . . And how can one describe the inner dismay of an ill-nourished provincial boy, in a squalid little city room, at having definitely renounced his faith in his immortal soul? It was far too serious a matter to talk about with anyone. My comrades in the Party would perhaps have laughed at me, and I had no other friends left."

DURING his first years as a Communist, Silone's life was entirely identified with that of the Party. It became, as he wrote, "his family, school, church and barracks." After beginning his political activities in Trieste for a Communist paper, he was sent in 1921 to the Moscow of Lenin, and in 1923 to Spain — then under the rule of Primo de Rivera — to strengthen the Communist organization there. He soon found himself in prison, first in Madrid and then in Barcelona — a part of his experiences which he has not as yet described in writing, but which he once said to me was one of the happiest times of his life. "Why?" I asked. "Because of my companions."

His companions, as might be expected, consisted largely of dedicated Anarchists or Communists like himself. It was a world in which he at once felt at home. In looks, Silone might well be a Spaniard; his natural reserve and dignity, his quiet, measured speech, his dark, sunken eyes, his expression — which one of his friends has described as "both cordial and impenetrable" — are all very Spanish, and indeed, for some years this was the nationality he adopted. It was in Spain, too, that instead of his real name, Secondino Tranquilli, he first made use of the pen name, Silone, with which he later on signed *Fontamara*, and which was suggested to him by Quintus Pompeidius Silo, a man of his own

region whose victorious battles against Rome in 90 B.C. had helped to lead to the Lex Julia, granting freedom and civil rights to all the allies of Rome.

Owing to the influence of a Spanish professor whom he scarcely knew, Silone was set to work in the prison office. At night, he slept in the infirmary, where, since all the other inmates were seriously ill, his presence surprised the beautiful young nun in charge of the ward. Gradually, a Platonic friendship sprang up between them; she lent him her devotional books, but also began to listen, no doubt in some dismay, to his arguments. When the time came for him to be moved to Barcelona, to be embarked on a ship sailing to Fascist Italy, she somehow heard of the danger beforehand and managed to delay his departure long enough for him and his guards to miss the train, thus giving his friends time to prevent his sailing in that ship. His recollections of her have the special flavor of tenderness and nostalgia with which one remembers emotions never entirely fulfilled. But what became of her later on during the Spanish Civil War, he was never able to discover. He must surely have caused a deep upheaval in her monastic life.

After a further period of imprisonment in Barcelona — again "in excellent company" — he was finally extradited, but this time via Marseilles to Ventimiglia, and so was easily able to make his way instead to Paris — and only went back to Italy later on, under another name, to organize the clandestine Communist Press. By then — November, 1926 — the Fascist Grand Council had already approved what came to be known as "the special laws," by which any member of a political party other than the Fascist was considered outside the law. One of the main Communist leaders, his friend Antonio Gramsci, had been arrested and died twelve years later in prison, while Togliatti and many others went abroad, to strengthen their link with Russia. Silone remained in Italy, a foreigner in his own country, with occasional visits to Moscow.

Many years later (when I was thinking of writing something about Mussolini) I asked him his personal opinion of Mussolini's character and policy. "The key," he replied "is inconsistency, both of temperament and ideas, combined with an extraordinary intuitive capacity for improvisation. In every crisis of his career, he swung over completely from his previous attitude, and always successfully. The only *constant* was his desire for power. . . . You should always bear in mind," he added, "the suddenness of Mussolini's emergence as a leader: the result of one successful political speech at a congress of the Socialist Party. He sprang into a sudden prominence, for which he was completely unprepared."

I asked him whether he considered the theory

of fascism to be a serious political doctrine, or one which had been patched up later on. "The latter, undoubtedly. Mussolini had very few and very confused ideas. Even in his early Socialist days, he did not adhere to orthodox Socialist doctrines. . . . You must resist the temptation," he went on, "of creating a consistent figure. It would always be a falsification. Say, 'He was like this — and he was also like that.'"

With regard to Nazism, Silone said: "The great difference between Nazism and fascism was this, that whereas Nazism absorbed *every* aspect of German life and thought, in Italy two other institutions went on existing side by side with the Fascist Party: the Church and the family. This was true to such an extent that the Germans used to say that fascism in Italy was not a totalitarian regime at all. This was a matter of national temperament — which Mussolini himself understood."

THE processes of Silone's disillusionment with Communism are described at length in the title essay of his autobiography, which first appeared in English in an anthology of similar experiences entitled "*The God that Failed*." At first, like many others, he was inspired by the sight of the unswerving faith of his comrades. Then, step by step, he watched what has now become a familiar story: the exploitation of the workers, the suppression of the freedom of the press, the first public trials, confessions, deportations, and executions. In 1927 came the "political liquidation" of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Trotsky — "an old lion," Silone wrote, "enticed into a trap, and about to be killed or captured," on the basis of a document which many of the men who sentenced him were not even allowed to see. "Is this," Silone then asked himself, "the true face of Communism? Is this the ideal for which working men have risked their lives or died in prison? Is it for this that we are leading our wandering, dangerous, solitary lives?"

Yet he remained an active member of the Party for another two years, when he at last obtained an indefinite leave of absence on the score of ill health, and it was only in 1931, after he had been required to agree to the expulsion from the International of three of its Italian members of whom he had a high opinion — Leonetti, Ravazzoli, and Tresso — that he told Togliatti that though he would remain in the Party, he could take no further part in its political activities. At the time, Togliatti agreed. But there is no room in the Communist Party, nor in any dictatorial state, for passive supporters. An imprudent letter to Tresso which fell into the wrong hands provided a pretext, and Silone was ignominiously expelled from the

Party, under the accusation of having played a double game. "I could have defended myself," he wrote, "I could have proved my good faith . . . I did not wish to do so. In a flash, I clearly perceived the uselessness of any tactics, of any delay or compromise. After a month, or after two years, it would all have begun again. It was better to be done with it, once for all."

There was also a personal reason which had delayed his final break with Communism, and which added to it an especial bitterness. More than two years before, in 1928, his younger brother, Romolo, who had had the misfortune to find himself near Milan, on his way to visit Silone in Switzerland, on the very day on which an attempt was made on the King's life, had been arrested, without a trace of proof, as a Communist, tortured, and sent to prison on the island of Procida, where he died four years later of internal lesions received during his interrogation. The bitter irony of this tragedy lay in the fact that Romolo was not only not a Communist, but had no interest in politics; a good, unquestioning Catholic boy, what he cared for most was sport. When, however, he was questioned, a sense of loyalty toward his brother caused him to say that he was a Communist. "I tried to behave," he wrote to Silone from prison, "as I imagined you would have behaved in my place." It is easy to see how peculiarly painful it was for Silone, after this, to deny the convictions which had cost his brother his life.

Before Silone made his final break with the Party, a member of the Communist commission before which he appeared pointed out to him what his future position would be. "Under the Fascist regime," he said, "you can't go home to Italy. Without any papers, you can't stay abroad. You have no means of support and very poor health. Your brother is in prison on account of the Party. . . . If you still have any common sense at all, if you can reflect and behave like a normal man —"

At this point, Silone interrupted him.

"Listen," he said, "I don't know if you can understand me, but in the sense you mean, I have never been and perhaps never will be a politically normal man."

The remark enabled his former comrades to state, in the decree of his expulsion, that he himself had admitted that he was politically abnormal, a pathological case.

Silone was then living, partly on account of his serious ill health, in Switzerland, which was a refuge for many others in a similar position: men without a passport — "yet who," as he said, "could not call themselves No-one, like Ulysses" — whose break with Communism had often been a confused, reluctant process, and in whose good faith practically no one believed. Silone kept apart

from most of the groups they formed, but like them, he was marked for life. Former Communists, as he himself has said, "constitute a category of their own, like former priests and former army officers — and their number is legion." "The final struggle," he once remarked to Togliatti, "will be between Communists and former Communists" — meaning that it would be the Communist experience itself that would in the end destroy its doctrine. "The future Russian revolution," he has said, "may one day have as one of its slogans, 'Marxism is the opium of the people.'"

In summing up his own experience, he affirmed that "the original mistake was certainly mine, in demanding from political action something that it cannot give." But, he added, "The day I left the Communist Party was a very sad day for me, a day of deep mourning, of mourning for my youth. And I come from a region in which mourning is worn longer than elsewhere."

At this point, he had to decide what to do with what was left of his life. To his mind, the first duty for men like him was to bear witness to what they had learned. "It is not pleasant," he wrote, "to talk about one's mistakes and follies, about one's own hysteria; it is not amusing to live those years of oppression over again, even if only in recollection; but it is our duty to testify." It was, above all, their duty toward the young, who perhaps had joined the Party on their account, or who were still looking for a banner. "What should we tell them? Simply the truth."

When in 1942 he was approached in Switzerland by Allen Dulles with a request to obtain information for the Allies through his connections with members of the Resistance in Italy, he said that he would do so, but only to transmit political, not military, information. "Our interest," he said, "is not in victory, but in freedom." He was then the Political Secretary in Zurich of the Foreign Center of the Italian Socialists, which was in touch with the Resistance movements in Germany, Austria, France, and the Balkans. Repeatedly he affirmed his conviction that only one kind of struggle against fascism had any value — "that which takes place *within* each country," without foreign propaganda or aid. In December, 1942, he did broadcast an appeal for civil resistance in Italy, with the result that he spent a short time in a Swiss prison. But that was the extent of his active participation in the Second World War. He considered himself and his friends to be waging "a private war against Fascism, which started long before the one between the states, and will go on much longer, since the struggle against the dangers of totalitarianism will certainly not come to an end with the War."

After Silone's return to Italy, he became a member of the Assembly which in 1946 drew up the

new Italian Constitution, and again had a short period of political activity as a leader of the Italian Socialist Party, but this was soon broken up by inner dissension and Communist pressure, and brought about his final detachment from party politics. "We had the illusion," he said frankly in 1949, "that we would be able to renew the traditional parties from within, that we would succeed in preventing the division of Italian politics into two camps, one under the protection of the United States, and one under that of Russia. Our hopes have failed."

SILONE was possibly never meant, by temperament, to be a party man. He himself has written: "I have never derived any satisfaction from an assessment of my writings in purely sociological or party terms." Nevertheless, it is not possible to separate his positions as a political rebel and as a writer: both spring from the same patient, persistent preoccupation with the condition and destiny of mankind. He is a moralist who began to write novels because, in exile, that was his only way of bearing witness to what he had seen. When he first wrote *Fontamara*, in 1930, even his command of his own language, according to himself, was very rough. He had always spoken dialect at home and had only learned Italian, like Latin or French, at school; "like the peasants of my region," he wrote, "who have learned in the city to wear shoes, a collar and a tie." The political and controversial echoes that his work has awakened have sometimes obscured, at least until recently, a full realization of his gifts as a writer, yet they cannot and should not be separated. He has himself compared his style to the weaver's craft he practiced as a boy, "the old art of placing one thread after another, one color after another, tidily, persistently, clearly." He is weaving a pattern, and the pattern, whether in his novels, his political essays, or his recent recollections, is in a sense always the same: it has always been concerned with men's suffering, and with their need for brotherhood and freedom.

His first and most striking novel, *Fontamara*, the chronicle of a village not unlike his own, is not only the story of the bitter injustice suffered by the peasants of the Marsica at the hands of the landowners, but that of every rebel who has come to see the inevitable limitations of revolutionary movements and the recurring cycle by which, sooner or later, all revolutions turn into tyrannies. It is the story of the reactions of free men, rebelling against hypocrisy and violence, and against what has been decided for them "elsewhere." It is told with an incisiveness and vigor, an irony and immediacy, which are to be found again in a later novel which Silone has once more set within the

framework of a village chronicle, with the *cafoni* as his Greek chorus: perhaps the most accomplished of Silone's works of fiction, *Luca's Secret*. Indeed, in a sense it is true that all his works have the same setting. "Everything I have written," he says, "and probably everything I may still write, is only concerned with the small piece of land that can be seen at a glance from the house where I was born." But he also claims that his picture of this little world — that of the peasants of the Marsica — has a universal validity. All the world over, men such as these — fellahin, coolies, muzhiks, *peones*, *cafoni*, "men who cause the earth to bear fruit and go hungry themselves" — are alike. "They are a nation, a race, a church of their own." It is these men whom, in all his books, Silone describes and defends.

One of the dominant themes of his writings is that of the need for brotherhood, the destruction of human loneliness. "Revolution," says his young student, Murica, "is the need to cease to be alone. It is an attempt to remain together, and not to be afraid any more." And a similar need is described, with great simplicity and restraint, in Silone's second novel, *Bread and Wine*, in the friendship that the protagonist, Pietro Spina, feels for a deaf and dumb workman, Infante, whose food and stable he shares, and who becomes for him, as he painfully teaches him to speak, a symbol of human companionship.

"Companionship, *compagnia*," says Pietro Spina, "was the first word that Infante learned from me. He could already say bread, *pane*, which he pronounced *paan*, and I explained to him with gestures that two men who ate the same bread became *compagni*, companions." The next day Infante showed Spina "some mice burrowing in the straw for crumbs, muttering, '*Compagni*,' — and from that time he began to offer a piece of bread every day to our donkey, so that he, too, should belong to our company."

Pietro Spina is a young man of Silone's own region, the Marsica, who, after some years in exile in Belgium during the Fascist regime, returns to his own village under a false name, is disguised by his friends as a priest, and is hidden in a mountain village nearby, where he comes into touch, in secret, with a number of very different people: his own former teacher, an old priest called Don Benedetto, a group of Roman Communists, two village girls, the local Fascist officials, and a young student, Murica. The story ends in tragedy; Uliva, one of the Roman Communists, commits suicide, Murica is betrayed and murdered, old Don Benedetto is killed, and Spina himself has to escape into the mountains, while the girl Cristina, on her way to help him, is attacked by wolves. Indeed (and it was Silone himself who pointed this out to me), all his novels end with some form of self-sacrifice.

"A Christian theme?" I suggested. Silone gently smiled, but did not answer.

In both the earlier novels *Bread and Wine* and *The Seed Under the Snow*, in which we are very conscious of an autobiographical vein, the protagonist, Pietro Spina, is not so much seeking God as pursued by Him, pursued by the "Hound of Heaven." We even, in *Uscita di Sicurezza*, find Silone quoting Francis Thompson's poem:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days,
I fled Him, down the arches of the years,
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind. . . .

The theme has many centuries of Christian tradition behind it, but it is unexpected to find it on the lips of this former Communist.

THE position which Silone has only very recently achieved in Italy is an unexpected one. For many years he was undervalued, both as a thinker and a writer, by the clique of left-wing intellectuals whose influence after the Second World War became predominant in Italian literature; and on the other hand he was also regarded with some mistrust by the Catholic world. But now he has won the respect of almost every faction. In this change there is also, of course, an element of political opportunism: to admire Silone has now become not only the fashion, but almost a certificate of integrity. But there is also a very genuine admiration for a man who has covered such controversial ground and yet has laid the blame upon no one but himself. "Here," a recent reviewer justly remarked, "there is only one man on trial: Silone. And only one judge: his own conscience."

I don't think he attaches any undue value to his sudden popularity. His yardstick is a different one, and he is still, as he started out, a solitary and questioning man, who has suffered a double ideological bankruptcy. Yet strangely enough, the strongest impression when one talks to him is not one of pessimism, but rather, though it may be tinged by sadness, of a quiet but vital confidence. Beneath the mistrust which life has taught him of political frameworks and clichés, of human hypocrisy, cruelty, and opportunism, there is still a stubborn, unquenchable spring of hope. He no longer believes in the possibility of a perfect political order or of any perfect institutional authority, and when asked, "Do you believe in a Christian society," he dryly replied that there seems to be a certain incompatibility between these two terms. Yet to the more general question whether he still had faith in mankind, he answered: "I feel a certain trust. I feel confidence in the men who accept the inevitable suffering of existence and find some certainties within it. And in the same

way I believe that out of the forced labor camps and the prisons of the totalitarian countries, some men may yet come forth, who will cause the blind to see."

Much of Silone's recent writing has been concerned with the problems of co-existence with Russia. If it is not necessary, he says, to offer the Russians our own pattern of society as a model, "especially as it does not awaken unmitigated enthusiasm even in all of us"; it is desirable that we should remain constantly aware of the changing elements in that country — just as a countryman standing on the edge of a landslide would watch each crack in the shifting soil — and, in the "difficult dialogue" with the Communist world which many intellectuals and left-wing Catholics are now attempting, "not to consider 'the other' as a remote symbol or potential instrument, but rather 'as a neighbor,' with whom a mutual sympathetic relationship (in spite of all difficulties) can be established." However unforeseen, he adds, the future developments in Russia may still be, it is now plain that they are not going to take the paranoid form foreseen by George Orwell in *1984*. "The face of Russia," he writes, "is no longer that of Medusa: it is a human face."

As for Silone's own present attitude, he has defined it most clearly in an essay entitled "The Choice of Comrades." In this, he totally rejects the solution of nihilism, which he defines as "the general tendency to identify history with the victorious, the ignoble cowardice which impels so many intellectuals either toward Communism or toward the extreme Right. Are the weak and the dead then always in wrong? Was Mazzini wrong? And Trotsky only mistaken because he was defeated?" He is fond of quoting, in this connection, Simone Weil's definition of justice, "that fugitive from the victor's camp."

What road should the young then follow? And what is left for such men as himself and the whole "Legion of refugees of the International"? For himself, he has written, the certainties still left are, in spite of everything, "the Christian certainties." "They seem to me," he says, "so deeply rooted in human reality as to have become identified with it. To deny them is to disintegrate man himself." "This," he admits, "is too little to constitute a profession of faith, but enough for one of trust . . . based on the inner assurance that we are free and responsible beings, that each man has an absolute need to open his heart to another man's realities, and that it is possible for souls to communicate with each other. Isn't that an irrefutable proof of man's brotherhood?"

Yet Silone has not returned to Catholicism, though he would agree that the Church of the Second Vatican Council is a very different one

from that of his school days. Perhaps his reluctance has its roots chiefly in his unconquerable distaste for all forms of institutionalism and for any privileges confined to a chosen elite: a sentiment not dissimilar to that which prevented Simone Weil from embracing the Catholic faith. One is reminded of Peguy's phrase: "What would He say, if one of us came to Him, without all the rest?" What Silone has written about one of his own characters, Rocco de Donati, is perhaps valid for himself, too. "Rocco was born with an instinctive vocation for the same absolute standards as those he would have found in a monastery. But he remained in the world outside. That is why he found himself in a tragic and absurd situation."

It was only after leaving the Communist Party, he has said elsewhere, that he was able to form a true relationship with other men again. "The true human solitude is the one produced by falsehood, envy, selfishness. . . . To save ourselves from the wolves, some of us have been obliged to overcome our bourgeois, nineteenth-century limitations, and to rediscover our Early Christian affinities." But he would, I think, be the first to admit that his present attitude is one which offers no universal panacea, no permanent resting-place. It is, in his own words, "like a refugees' camp in no-man's-land, roofless, set up as best they could. What can refugees do from morning to night? They spend their time in telling each other the stories of their lives. They are certainly not amusing stories, but the chief reason why they tell them, is to try to understand their meaning." His books — like those tales told under the stars — were written "in order to try to understand." "I am not at all sure," he has said, "that I have reached the end of my reflections."

EARLY THAW

BY HELEN S. CHASIN

This season sets in like a condition:
I am succulent as agar
to its green spread,
eagerly suck up its moist progress like mud;
everywhere liquids run sweet enough
to make the teeth ache, or kill sprouts
obedient in their pots.
How the tepid wind spills into the air
like nourishment, like messages —
and how it will remit, the warm
wet rampage over, and how
the cells will diminish
into safety.

Birthday in the House of the Poor

by Jeannette Nichols

This is the house
of the poor.

Today
I am come to 90 years
like a doorstep.

There is
no hope on the hall table.

The State
is my father, my mother
is the cook here
and never gives me enough.

When are you
coming, I mean I couldn't bear
to see you even then

but when?
This is my room in this house
of the poor, and this
is my window.

I own all outside it
as far as the peach tree which
no longer bears. We are
sisters.

When you don't come
I will write again, when you don't write
I will say the \$2 you didn't send
got lost.

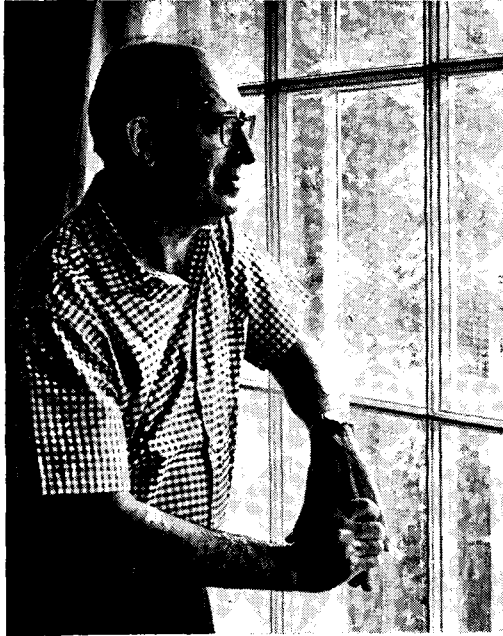
How is your rich house
and how are your young hopes?

Please write,
send money, and come

though I don't
want you to see me here, though
this poor house could never be home
even if I had money

or even if you'd come.

BOOKS and MEN “Malamud’s work celebrates not a people, but the individual . . . who endures,” says the author of this examination of *THE FIXER* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and other novels that establish Bernard Malamud in the forefront of living American writers. Mr. Featherstone is a graduate student at Harvard.



BERNARD MALAMUD

by JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE

BERNARD MALAMUD belongs to the generation of metropolitan Jewish writers that has done so much good American writing in the last twenty years. With the exception of his first novel, *The Natural*, and a spate of thinnish short stories set in Italy, souvenirs of a fellowship year abroad, he has worked a distinctive and at first sight narrowly Jewish vein. Collections of stories like *The Magic Barrel* and *Idiots First* have the warmth and charm of Chagall paintings, with some of the painter’s occasional weakness for the cutely Jewish. The stories display a great lyrical talent for dealing with the little disturbances of daily life, particularly city life before the Second World War. The prose is spare and sweet; he has fabricated a remarkable English version of Yiddish talk, a quick, pungent comic idiom which, like Irish speech, always seems aimed at an audience, even when the speaker is alone.

Like the great Yiddish writer Isaac Bashevis Singer, Malamud is fascinated by the intersection of the commonplace and the comic grotesque, the grotesque being a metaphor for a particular sense of dislocation that pervades his work. In “Angel Levine,” the guardian angel of a New York Jew turns out to be a Negro who wears a purple suit and hangs out in Harlem bars; and in one of his

saddest stories, the improbable talking jewbird, on its bedraggled wings, represents a whole people and the world’s cruel response to humility.

This sense of dislocation suggests a truth about Malamud: he, like his characters, is in a troubled relationship to his Jewishness. Folk artists like Mark Twain and Sholem Aleichem stand easily in front of us, taking pleasure in a national type; they speak of the crotchets and difficulties of their people with a kind of affectionate family pride. But in his Jewish stories, Malamud strikes you as a teller of folktales without a folk.

His audience is not a people, and his characters are not a community. He was born in 1914 and raised in Brooklyn, and his second and third generation Jews are mostly poor and lonely, on the edge of urban disintegration. They no longer share in the feast of a common experience, though some treasure old memories and all are nagged by a conviction that they still, in some way, remain Jews. They are involved in a movement of history that gives a characteristic melancholy to their lives, part of the sadness and loss in the American immigrant’s discovery that the new home will continue to be an exile. Malamud sometimes does American variations of a figure familiar to Yiddish literature,

Photograph of Bernard Malamud by Clemens Kalischer.

the little common man, looking in from the outside, the ironic sufferer who clings to an ecstatic hope of collective redemption as he sinks lower.

These sufferers with a touch of the divine fool claim his sympathy to the extent that they sorrow, though there is a certain slyness in his presentation of their plight, and the irony is often at their expense. Significantly, Malamud's heroes do not hope for the redemption of a whole people. What caps their isolation is something very American: they are romantic individualists, like their creator, and their tattered hope of redemption — the source of their wry comic energy — rests on a profound, though shaken, belief in the invincibility of the self. Ultimately their loneliness and suffering characterize them, not their Jewishness, which is perhaps what Malamud means when he says, sentimentally, that all men are Jews.

Malamud's work celebrates not a people, but the individual, less than he could be, more than he seems, who endures his encounters with life. Anybody who endures is a Jew. The rabbi at grocer Morris Bober's funeral in Malamud's finest novel so far, *The Assistant* (1957), says: "He suffered, he endu-red, but with hope. Who told me this? I know. He asked for himself little — nothing, but he wanted for his child a better existence than he had. For such reasons he was a Jew. What more does our sweet God ask of his poor people?" The message is pointed, because the hero of the novel is an Italian, Frank Alpine, who holds up Bober's grocery and then returns, repentant, to work out his forgiveness as the man's assistant. Sharing the lot of the grocer's family and falling in love with his daughter, he becomes a Jew, an awkward and inconclusive rebirth, which is the best that Malamud's heroes can hope for. Thus the gentile turns into the ironic Yiddish sufferer with a good heart, a broken self, seeking wholeness: "With me one wrong thing leads to another and it ends in a trap. I want the moon so all I get is cheese." The characters in *The Assistant* are full and deep; in the end you know their dreams, the sound of their voices, and the enigmatic quality of their fate.

The fate of a sufferer also figures in *A New Life* (1961), which seems far removed from Malamud's distinctive fictional world, even though it is partly autobiographical, based on a stint of teaching at Oregon State. The hero, Levin, is a Jew, but this fact is of no particular importance in the novel. He goes West in the fifties to teach and piece together a sorry existence. The result is a little man's odyssey, an Easterner's venture at Westering. Malamud plays with light humor on the American legends of the frontier and the pastoral; Levin discovers, with a New Yorker's lyrical delight, the cycle of seasons in the state of Cascadia, and falls in love with a faculty wife, certainly the most com-

pletely imagined woman in Malamud's repertoire. It is a satisfying and often beautiful book, executed with unerring modesty.

Both these novels and the short stories mix pure illusion and refracted reality in a characteristic way. The people all bear some relation to actual history: one of the minor triumphs of *The Assistant* is the way it refracts onto a small area the drab colors of a decade of failure, when many dreams, except the dream of fulfillment, seemed to end. The setting is a kind of frozen, perpetual Depression in which the neighborhood grocery eternally loses its fight for survival. *A New Life* also displays Malamud's sensitivity to history. As Levin toils to alter the downward curve of his private life, he tangles with the squalid public intrigues of the universities in the fifties. Thus history is always present; the grainy textures are always those of ordinary life at a specific time. But at its heart, Malamud's enterprise is fabulous. He writes parables of possible regenerations of the self, and in various illusory contexts he explores the possibilities of the common life. The goodness of his heroes — not innocence, but goodness — is timeless; their patient virtues, their sufferings, their attempts to touch could shine in any limbo, any dim suspended state of existence on the far side of heaven toward hell.

The possibilities of the common life: it is plain that Malamud has always aimed at a fiction with universal significance. All along he has tried in his novels to transcend the Jewish world of his best short stories. He says all men are Jews because he would like to write about all men, an uneasy, grandiose, and perhaps ultimately frustrating ambition. This excess of aim, this search for the literary Everyman, is most clear in his first novel, *The Natural* (1952), which isn't about Jews at all. It's a beautiful, terribly self-conscious mythologizing of American baseball: the story of the natural, Roy Hobbs, is an effort to work through the fantasies of popular culture toward myth. For true myths don't escape reality, they project it, and *The Natural* is an anguished exploration of heroism: the hero is an outsider with dangerous dreams, whom people both need and need to destroy. There is a straining after significance, as there is in so many modern attempts at myth, but even this is revealing, because in the end you see the contrast between the basic human drama Malamud seeks to impose on the present and the actual shapelessness of contemporary life. The book mixes epic with Ring Lardner slang, fantasy, humor, and horror; it is Malamud's richest, though not his most accomplished, work. And for all its ragged ends, *The Natural* does leave you hungry for a fiction in which you feel something beyond individual characters and events, some sense of the human mass out of which life comes: a common celebration.

Malamud's new novel, *The Fixer*, is a startling return to Jewish preoccupations, at the same time that it takes up the myth-making efforts of *The Natural*; for its central figure, who is Jew, Everyman, and even Christ, is a carpenter and handyman in prerevolutionary Russia accused of the ritual murder of a Christian boy. Although it is a work of the imagination and by no means one of Truman Capote's journalistic novels, *The Fixer* closely follows the outlines of the notorious Beiliss case, which Maurice Samuel has written about in a fascinating, informative study, *Blood Accusation*.

The blood accusation was the belief that the Jewish religion calls for ritual consumption of Christian blood. It flickers in and out of European history; and in an atmosphere darkened by the pogroms of 1903-1906, the activities of fanatic rightist groups like the Black Hundreds, the spread of hate literature such as the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and the anti-Semitic policies of the Czarist government, it reappeared in Russia in 1911. In March of that year the mutilated body of a Russian boy was found in some caves not far from Kiev. Mendel Beiliss, a Jew working in a nearby brick-works, was accused of ritual murder, and the government spared no pains to make the charge stick, to the wonder and astonishment of a world opinion that hadn't yet emerged from the fool's paradise of the nineteenth century.

Although all the evidence pointed to the guilt of a gang of Kiev criminals, Beiliss was brought to trial after twenty-six months of imprisonment. The proceedings laid bare the web of lies, superstition, and corruption holding together reactionary Russia; the foreign press was treated to the spectacle of state's experts gravely discussing Black Magic, Moloch, and whether the Jews drink Christian blood for medicinal or religious reasons. Unlike twentieth-century regimes, however, the old order was incompetent as well as vicious, and it failed to manufacture a convincing case. The jury decided that Beiliss was not guilty, but with prompting agreed that ritual murder had been committed. Beiliss was innocent; the Jews, as ever, were guilty. According to Samuel, Beiliss finally settled in America, where he wrote an account of his ordeal in Yiddish (which Malamud has probably read) and died, obscure, in the twenties.

This is the bizarre factual basis, then, for Malamud's novel, which in other respects mirrors familiar aspects of his art. As so often with him, the surface is realistic, while the actual stuff of the book is fable. Russia itself is not evoked with any specificity; Malamud is really concerned with the geography of the soul. (Kiev is barely etched in, a stage set.) Like *The Natural*, *The Fixer* strains toward myth, a statement of every Jew's — every man's — vulnerability to history. As in the short

stories, the oral idiom is supple and expressive, which is fortunate, for *The Fixer* is very talky. Yakov Bok, the fixer, recalls his courtship:

"Why don't you say love," she said. "Who talks about love in the shtetl?" I asked her. "What are we, millionaires?" I didn't say so, but it's a word that makes me nervous. . . . But by then the father had his nose in my ear. "She's a doll, a marvelous girl, you can't go wrong. She'll work hard and both together you'll make a living." So I said love and she said yes.

Once again, this novel mixes the grotesque and the commonplace together, although in the roach-infested Czarist prisons, the grotesque takes on a special quality of terror: in solitary, Bok has fantasies of the ritual crime he is accused of, an expressionist chamber of mental horrors worthy of Gogol. At another point he reads the New Testament out loud to a guard who listens through the Judas-hole; the guard weeps at Christ's passion, then refuses the prisoner's request for paper.

Malamud has altered few of the externals of the Beiliss case, mostly compressing many real characters into a few fictional ones, in order to keep the stage uncluttered. The prunings are necessary because the whole focus is on the private drama in the mind of Yakov Bok. The nightmare of twenty-six months of prison fills the book, and it is significant that it ends with the prisoner on his way to trial. The supreme ordeal isn't public at all: it takes place in the silences of Bok's despair.

At its best *The Fixer* is a portrait of a man alone, stripped of the last shred, unsupported by the comfort of false hopes, left to beat his head against the wall. In Bok you recognize the archetypal Malamud hero, the ironic victim who grows in compassion as he suffers. He is a memorable figure, with the painful powers of concentration of the self-educated; his creator understands him, and sees him with pity, impatience, and growing admiration. He is sharply drawn, but Malamud has piled too big a load of significance onto his aching back. As with some of Saul Bellow's heroes, you sense a pumping, wheezing attempt to inflate the stature of a character. Most of the time Bok is simply puzzled; even on his way to trial he wonders if the lesson to be learned from all his pain is like the grim discovery of a drowning man that the sea is salty. But Malamud is not content to rest with this, and his busy hands are constantly shaping intrusive morals; he insists on portentous meanings. Thus in a tendentious finale, Bok affirms his solidarity with history and revolution, the lesson of all this being, it seems, that no man is unpolitical.

This is the seam along which the novel splits and falls apart. Bok is simply not up to the demands for public significance that Malamud makes on him. For all his links to the Beiliss case, Bok is truly a fictional character of our times, for in our day

it has been much easier to portray the private consciousness in fiction than to render public events. In the thirties some writers dealing with a victim like Bok would have concentrated on the system oppressing him or the hail of naturalistic facts beating him down. Our fiction tends to focus on the man's consciousness of his experience. There is a gain in comprehending the individual; there is a loss in understanding how his fate is shaped by his society. Malamud never does establish the connections with history and revolution which he claims to have established; connections (it is perhaps unfair to point out) that many intellectual Jews of Bok's generation would have made very easily. Maybe it is symptomatic of our times that *The Fixer* struggles toward a statement of everybody's complicity in politics. If so, the fact that the novel takes place in an imaginary Russia and the fact that its real triumph is a portrait of an individual suggest that Malamud still shares the traditional inability of American writers to imagine society intelligently.

In his Jewish stories, Malamud has shown himself to be a gifted, expressive writer, working small. And his best novels have been in something of a minor key, too. *The Assistant*, his masterpiece so far, is surely one of the finest novels of the decade, yet it achieves its greatness through indirection. In *The Assistant* and *A New Life* he has raided on the borders of the sentimental to produce a fiction dense with human meanings; his compassionate vision of life as it is lived from day to day compares well with the thinner efforts of colder literary craftsmen who focus on the random moment, the shifting weather of states of consciousness, or the private testimony of the senses. But it is also plain that he chafes at the limits within which he succeeds so well. *The Natural* and the weaker new novel, *The Fixer*, reveal an excess of intent, a desire to do things on a grand scale that has not been altogether fruitful. Still, as one of the country's most accomplished writers, he has earned the right to gamble on his ambitions.

IN THE WINTER OF MY THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR

BY W. S. MERWIN

It sounds unconvincing to say *When I was young*
Though I have long wondered what it would be like
To be me now
No older at all it seems from here
As far from myself as ever

Waking in fog and rain and seeing nothing
I imagine all the clocks have died in the night
Now no one is looking I could choose my age
It would be younger I suppose so I am older
It is there at hand I could take it
Except for the things I think I would do differently
They keep coming between they are what I am
They have taught me little I did not know when I was young

There is nothing wrong with my age now probably
It is how I have come to it
Like a thing I kept putting off as I did my youth

There is nothing the matter with speech
Just because it lent itself
To my uses

Of course there is nothing the matter with the stars
It is my emptiness among them
While they drift farther away in the invisible morning

Points North

by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

ACCORDING to the books, Lapps are at best a little over five feet tall, wear gaudy clothes, and spend their time following herds of reindeer. The Rovaniemi airport, which is reindeer pasture seldom and only by mistake, was therefore no place for a Lapp, yet the gentleman slumped in the lee of the lunch counter could hardly be anything else.

A blue cap with four points (for the four winds) hung over his left ear. His blue anorak was encrusted with red and yellow braid at collar, yoke, cuffs, hipbone, and tail, and his legs were encased in leather trousers, fur gaiters, and a pair of fur shoes with upturned toes. The Lapp shoe, stuffed with hay or leaves against the cold, has little relation to the size of the wearer's foot. These shoes were colossal. The fellow had to be the real thing in spite of the long legs, which, angled across the floor, indicated a most un-Lappish height.

A tangle of hair and a flushed, sharp-nosed face emerged from all the finery. The face looked disgusted, and the eyes focused glumly on nothing. This Lapp was plainly unhappy. I began to wonder if he represented an oppressed minority and got aboard the airport bus concocting sly questions designed to unearth the true status of Lapps in Finland. Slyness was unnecessary. My first question turned up the explanation. Early March is roundup time, and despite the annual efforts of the authorities, bootleg liquor flows in rivers at these affairs. The airport Lapp, in retrospect, was merely a man with a terrible hangover.

He had brought his troubles to the traditional spot. The town of Rovaniemi lies on the Arctic Circle at the junction of the river Ounas and the river Kemi. The name means island between the rivers, and the place has had a wild past as the trading center for all west Lapland, for, according to the present inhabitants, the great fairs that used to bring everybody in from the bush would have made Council Bluffs look tame. The Lapps came by boat — three hundred kilometers down the Kemi, if necessary — with furs, salmon, handi-



The Lapps, when questioned about the possibility of attracting tourists to their country, shrug and sigh. "It's a problem." Yet Phoebe-Lou Adams found many enticements during her visit there, among them a ride behind a reluctant reindeer.

*Woodcut by John Andreas Savio from LAPP LIFE AND CUSTOMS.
Courtesy of Oslo University Press.*

crafts, and a notable thirst, while the lumberjacks' slogan was "Money come, money go, but don't roost under my nose." The twice-a-year fairs now held in Rovaniemi are reported to be regrettably reasonable and businesslike, although a few stubborn lumbermen still contrive to drink three months pay in two days.

Rovaniemi is, like virtually everything in Lapland, entirely new since the war, for the Germans burnt the place on the way home from their unsuccessful attempt to help Finland against the Russians. As one citizen put it, "We had friends, but they were not good friends."

Rebuilt Rovaniemi is a blunt, open town where every street leads the eye into empty whiteness. It is largely treeless and was, when I saw it, well muffled in the astoundingly clean feathery snow of the North. It is also a town without landmarks. Since the whole rebuilding program was directed by Alvar Aalto, hotels, apartment buildings, churches, city hall, houses, and shops are all in the same forthright style. Everything is cubes or rectangles in gray, white, cream, or brick red, and there are no crumbling antiquities, no nineteenth-century fake castles, no private whimsies in nightclub Moorish or Christmas card Gothic. Rovaniemi has a pleasant air of uniformity, but the stranger quickly discovers that all streets look alike.

IN DEFAULT of historical landmarks, Rovaniemi maintains what is referred to as a hut on the Arctic Circle. It is a few miles out of town, reached by one of several bridges that cross the frozen white trench of the river junction. The snow on the rivers was broken by ski tracks and footpaths, and on every bank of any steepness, children on skis crabbed up and shot down constantly.

During the summer, campers proliferate along the river, where a sort of park is set aside for their convenience. I flatly did not believe the numbers given me, but the man from the tourist office insisted that the figure was correct. "They're absolutely wedged in," he said sadly. "It's awful." He added that it would be much better if these campers, who are mostly southern Finns, other Scandinavians, and Germans, went upcountry and scattered themselves in proper solitude. "But we can't make them. They don't want to leave the shops. They come back and complain that there's no frozen orange juice up there. And then there are the mosquitoes." He sighed. "It's a problem."

The Arctic Circle hut proved to be a large, elaborate log building with a corner fireplace bulging like a great concrete teardrop. The fire crackled, and the wooden-walled room smelt of fresh coffee and was full of mercurial light reflected

from the snow outside. Every window gave on blue sky, green spruces, and snowdrifts.

The purpose of this establishment is to amuse skiers in winter and travelers at any time. A counter along the windowless inner side of the room offered food, drink, and souvenirs which ranged from unaccountable absurdities to knitwear and woven ribbons that can safely be described as Lappish. The hats and mittens explained themselves, but the woolen ribbons, patterned in white, red, and yellow, puzzled me. They were about two feet long, with each end folded to a point from which extended a foot or so of multicolored cord ending in a fat tassel. Belts?

The man from the tourist office allowed they could be used as belts, but were really designed for keeping snow out of boot tops. He propped one foot on a chair and pulled down an imaginary pants leg. Then he pulled up the top of an invisible fur shoe. Then he wound a nonexistent ribbon over the joint, tightened the cords to hold this puttee-job in place, and tied a bow over his outside anklebone.

It was a fine piece of pantomime and left me with only one question. What are all those antlers doing in the corner? It was really quite a pile of ocher-brown horns stacked below the windows, untidily because there is no other way to stack antlers. Each pair retained a sad little tuft of fur at the base, like a scalp lock, and was attached to a small wooden plaque. Price tags indicated that the things were for sale, but why? "Germans," I was told, "buy up the lot every summer." There was a pause. "We don't know why." Another pause. "We think they hang them on the walls."

At ten to twenty dollars a set, Lapland can afford to be philosophical about the murky Teutonic destiny of these antlers. They derive, of course, from animals butchered in the normal commercial course of events, for reindeer stew is delicious, smoked reindeer meat is a treasure, and one of the Rovaniemi hotels serves a reindeer-base onion soup that is a thing to dream of forever after. Reindeer's Tears, on the menu of a rival house, are more spiritual; the name conceals a cocktail resembling a martini, but with two small red berries in place of the olive.

There were various snow-covered humps among the trees outside the hut, some practical outbuildings, and some replicas of old Lapp structures. A log and turf house, rounded like an igloo, had its door frozen half open and overhung with a ripple of snow which frothed out, at the edge, into huge frost crystals resembling ferns, trees, lacework, and garlands of flowers. They glittered like sugar against the black interior behind them. There were also several things like miniature log cabins, each three or four feet square and raised a yard off the



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ground by a single large post under the center. Lapp iceboxes, it seemed, designed to discourage thieving animals.

When I asked what thieving animals, I learned about wolverines, although my companion's otherwise admirable English vocabulary proved inadequate to express his ideas on this topic. It was not that he didn't know the words. He was hampered by an aversion to swearing in the presence of females.

We went back inside to observe the stuffed wolverine by the fireplace. It was a brute about the size of a Gordon Setter, but longer and thinner in the body, thicker in the leg, and finished off with a nondescript tail. Somewhat weasel-shaped, in fact, with a flat, viperish head, a mouthful of mean teeth, and a coat of dark, coarse, scruffy fur.

A nasty beast, the Finn assured me, capable of killing astounding numbers of reindeer because it eats only the heart from each victim. It also tears up cabins and camps and robs storehouses, obviously for plain malice. It is sly, wily, very strong, and passionately hated as a wasteful killer. Is there a bounty on them? I asked, and had to explain, because bounty is a word unknown in Scandinavian English. The Finn rather took to it.

"There certainly is a bounty," he said, and explained that both the government and the association of reindeer breeders pay bounties on wolverines, the reward amounting to five hundred marks, or about \$125. Later, at Pallastunturi, I heard that the government pays five hundred marks, and the reindeer men (who are believed by all other Finns to be scandalously rich because how can the tax assessor count a herd of reindeer if the owner chooses to mislay it?) two hundred and fifty. I thought an expert hunter could live rather well on wolverines, but was informed that the creatures are very hard to catch. And the official book of facts on Finland sets the total bounty at a figure below five hundred marks. Although the exact payment for a wolverine remains a question, it is a fact that the bounty is handed out for a totally worthless carcass. Neither the flesh nor the fur serves any sensible purpose, which explains the prevalence of stuffed wolverines in Lapland hotels.

I asked if wolverines ever attack anything but deer. What I had in mind was sheep or cattle, but since both are scarce in Lapland, the Finn misunderstood me, and said, "No, he is too little for people." Wolverines, I gradually discovered, are always referred to as He.

ROVANIEMI is the capital of Lapland and the way station to everything further north, where I was bound for a ski hotel at Pallastunturi, some-

where up the river at the end of a five-hour bus trip. The bus sat in front of the terminal while other buses disgorged passengers and freight. The driver did paper work, and his assistant, a pretty, golden-haired girl of about seventeen, heaved skis and suitcases into the lower deck baggage compartment. She stacked packages alongside the dashboard, gradually accumulating a considerable manifest. The sun was brilliant and the air very dry, but it was nevertheless decidedly cold. The girl leaped in and out of the bus without jacket, scarf, or gloves, and continued to do so throughout the trip. A real little snow bear.

Outside the flat town, the countryside rolled in great white billows broken now and then by low ridges covered with trees. The scattered houses were low, too, and looked almost swamped by snow piled a yard high on the roofs. Somewhere about each building was a ladder, braced against the eaves without visible relation to any other feature of the structure. When we eventually passed a house with its roof half cleared, I decided that the ladders were there to facilitate snow removal, which is evidently accomplished by running a stick or shovel into the snow and starting an avalanche to one side of the ladder.

The road was packed snow almost as white as the fields alongside, for the Finns do not deface their highways with sand. One learns to drive on snow or dies young. Eventually we reached forest country, and the Lapland evergreen forests are a marvel — brushless as a parade ground, with neat, slender trees spaced well apart and frosted all over with snow. "You can tell you're in the Arctic," said one Finn, "when the snow goes all the way around — no difference between the north side of a tree and the south side."

All the way around, the snow, which had been falling almost nightly for four months, filled the branches with loops, puffs, drifts, and swags. As dusk came on, the bus headlights picked up a procession of masqueraders — climbing bears, dragons, huge owls, a bride and groom posed for a photographer, a scrawny waiter offering a champagne bottle, a Turk in a vast turban. They also picked up seven honest reindeer waiting at a crossroads. A rattletrap car had pulled up by the roadside, and four youths were scrambling out with determined expressions. The reindeer, pearl-gray creatures whose large feet suggested a ballet dancer gone wrong, faced the herdsman with melancholy, aimlessly dignified faces.

This bus was evidently the major local transport system. Passengers hopped on and off, frequently in what appeared to be an uninhabited wilderness of trees and snow, and packages were unloaded at each little town. One small boy left us in an empty wasteland, but a tall old man in boots and a leather

coat was met by a party of respectful juveniles. On his way out of the bus, this gentleman paused to bow, smile, and present me with a folder of matches covered with printing. I eventually got it translated. It was an appeal to vote for the Agrarian Party in the coming election. (The Agrarians got clobbered, as everyone I met in Helsinki had prophesied they would.)

The first coffee shop presented a difficulty, for I had no way of asking how long we would be there and the driver had no way of telling me. The baggage girl and I finally settled things by holding up fingers. Three hands. Fifteen minutes.

The coffee shops were clean, bare, sunlit places with three or four kinds of simple sandwiches and a terrifying variety of flaky, sugary pastries. There was always a jukebox, and our gypsy passenger (she wore hoop earrings, blue satin blouse, pink velvet ankle-length skirt, and yards of demented lace ruffles — a perfectly orthodox outfit, in fact, except for the ski boots) always pounced on it and activated rock 'n' roll. There were no other customers in these shops until after dark, when we stopped at a grimly overlit café full of old farmers in high boots, youths with unwashed hair, and girls in high heels and beehive coiffures of inappropriate elegance.

Somewhere beyond this café, the baggage girl put on her gloves and dropped off into the darkness, and the driver, left to his own devices, overshot a target. The bus suddenly stopped. The driver grabbed up the last of the manifest and read the address by the dash light while backing the bus rapidly down the icy road. It was a startling performance, but successful. We trundled along until the driver, locating some invisible landmark, opened the window and hurled the package into limbo. The bus once more advanced, and we were on the last lap to Pallastunturi, which we reached at nine in the evening, precisely on schedule.

THE hotel at Pallastunturi was so full that putting me up for two nights had been a problem, and I was grateful for reindeer stew, good wine, and a soft bed. The skiing crowd danced until the band collapsed, and was out again at an unnerving hour in bright sun and a wind that turned everybody red and tearful on the lobby steps.

A nearby reindeer village had produced two sleds and two deer, which were parked in the field across the hotel drive. The Lapp proprietors of this carnival ride lounged around the front desk waiting for customers and eyeing the pretty waitresses. Since most of the hotel staff were southerners up only for the season, the girls may have had exotic charm as well as beauty, but the whole crowd

looked like Finns to me, including the Lapps.

Solomon in all his glory was nothing to those two Lapp boys. Their four-cornered caps sprouted felt ribbons, their blue anoraks were heavily braided and bedizened at the throat with large silver brooches, from which depended fluttering silver disks. They wore trousers tight as Levis and large white fur boots bound with red and yellow ribbon around the ankle. When they walked, the hat ribbons, the silver disks, the pleated tails of their anoraks, and the tassels at their ankles all wagged and jingled.

The costume was pure show business. Genuine antique Lapp dress, as displayed in the museum in Helsinki, was much gaudier and made of elegant furs as well.

After lunch, trade began in reindeer rides. It had been encouraged by a few demonstration runs past the dining room windows, one of the boys riding the small, old-fashioned low sled called a pulka, drawn by a deer who threw out his feet like a camel and ran like a tornado. Every child in the place wanted to try it, and so did I.

I had heard that when one wishes to travel by reindeer sled from point A to point B, the method is to have a deer fetched from point B to point A, hitch it up, and wait for the animal to walk home. I did not learn whether this account is accurate. Sled rides at Pallastunturi ran in a large loop over the field and back to a pile of fodder to which the deer were devoted.

What I did learn was how to assemble the rig for a modern sled with shafts. (The pulka has none.) It is assumed that you have your deer.

1. collect sled
2. put fur into sled to sit on
3. harness deer with embroidered, yokelike collar carrying two lines
4. back deer into shafts
5. attach collar to shafts with a loop-through-loop hitch
6. throw lines into sled
7. embark passenger
8. grunt to start deer

Grunted at, the deer set off, head down and large, fog-colored rump heaving up on one side and down on the other, over the prearranged track. His short tail wagged industriously, but halfway around, the animal lost momentum. He paused. He thought. He stopped. He brooded. He turned his head and gave me a mournful, wondering stare. Since he had only one antler, and that of exceptional size, he suggested a dignified, bewildered drunk in a top hat. I prepared to walk back, but it was unnecessary. The deer, with what was clearly a stern intellectual effort, recalled his duty. We were off again, bouncing and sliding over the drifts, and returned to the starting point. The deer

instantly resumed his lunch, which appeared to be moss.

The hotel at Pallastunturi is a pleasant establishment which, like all the Lapland resorts, caters principally to Finns. There is very little foreign trade in skiers, and this, as usual, is a problem. Lapland offers any amount of empty, rolling, powdery snow for cross-country skiers, and the ground, being less flat than it looks from the hotel windows, shifts angle and perspective with interesting rapidity. But fast downhill runs are rare, and where they occur, there is usually no lift because the Finns don't have enough foreign skiers to raise the money to pay for the lifts that foreign skiers demand. The same circular difficulty applies to hotels, of which there are not enough for the locals, much less any number of people from outside the country. Easter weekend at Pallastunturi had been booked solid the previous September. The management, far from being pleased with this condition, called it a problem.

The hotel had a display of minerals, plants, and stuffed creatures in its back corridor. There is some desultory gold panning in Lapland, and a map with red pins showed exactly where this can be done. A trickle of semiprecious stones finds its way down to Helsinki, where the rocks (garnets, smoky quartz, crystal, spectrolite) are snapped up by houses like Koumis Koru and made into light, angular, distinctive jewelry — very modern, and unlike much modern jewelry, very wearable. The proprietress of Koumis Koru, who rather resembled a Gainsborough duchess, was adamant on the folly of serious rock hunting in Lapland. There are simply not enough good rocks, she said, and snorted about topaz and opal. "People come in claiming they have found these things, but they haven't. It's smoky quartz and some kind of pegmatite rock, maybe. There are no opals in Finland."

BY THE time I got back to Rovaniemi, I had become so distressed by the tourist shortage in Lapland that I inquired into what seemed to me several possibilities for enticing the kind of visitors who do not clutter up hotels. Trout fishing, for instance. It seemed that the best streams belong to the government, which is rigorously preserving the trout, although for what, nobody quite knows. As to hunting, I gathered that Laplanders in general do not enjoy seeing people carry off their grouse, while nothing makes a reindeer breeder more nervous than the appearance of a stranger with firearms. Canoeing down the Kemi would be quite possible and even, with a bit of portaging, safe and easy, but a campaign in this direction was tried some time ago and dropped after a party of Germans

elected to shoot the rapids, causing great inconvenience to some backwoods coroner. And the mosquitoes — well, that's a problem.

Rovaniemi itself, however, has made a considerable effort to provide amusements for visitors. The new hotels are gay and attractive, with multilingual staffs and excellent food. By sheer good luck, the neighborhood includes the studio of Elsa Montell Saanio, who designs modern rugs derived from old materials that the Lapps used for hangings, bedding, and the outside of tents. The Lapp name for such rugs is raanu, and Mrs. Saanio has four girls weaving them from wool spun and dyed on the premises.

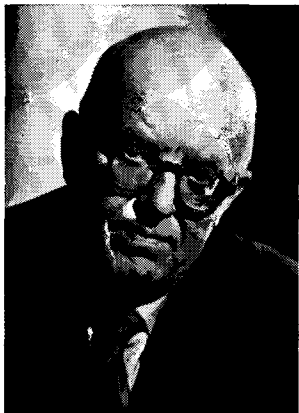
The rugs are made, for the most part, in brilliant colors used with a fine daring. There is much blood-red, orange, lilac, and hot blue, and these colors are combined in unexpected but delightful ways, for the Finnish sense of color is quite different from that evident in the rest of Scandinavia. The designs consist of blocks and stripes that begin at one end of the rug and work through subtle variations until they arrive at the other. There are no central points; each rug flows like a river rather than sitting like a pool.

Mrs. Saanio's rugs have names, as is proper for works of art. Sininen Hetki means blue moment — that instant after a winter sunset when snow, trees, sky, and buildings exude, or seem to exude, a dark electric-blue glow. Joiku is what Lapps do instead of singing, and the rug is lovely, although the noise it represents is something no non-Lapp has ever thought well of. Coitsu is a shaman, the old drum-beating magician put down, with difficulty, by the Christian church as recently as the eighteenth century. Altogether, there are about twenty rug designs available, and they are shown, along with locally knitted goods and fur rugs, in a two-hundred-year-old farmhouse that somehow survived the war. The furniture in this house includes an ancient wooden chair, extremely narrow but cleverly shaped to the sitter's rump and spine. It is the obvious ancestor of Saarinen chairs, and its only fault is that one must be sober to stay on it.

A little outside of Rovaniemi is a plateau with steep sides that have been converted into five ski jumps and several slalom courses. There are lifts and lights for night skiing, and the top of the plateau is a tall, open wood where less enterprising skiers can just mush around. In summer, this plateau is given over to viewing the midnight sun, a sport which requires merely privacy, a companion of the opposite sex, and a little mild hypocrisy. No transport? I asked. "No," said the Finnish girl who was finally giving me the facts on the midnight-sun kick. "Young Finns can only afford Volkswagens or those new Russian midgets, and you cannot view the midnight sun from a bucket seat."

G. H. HARDY

The Pure Mathematician



by C. P. SNOW

Said one mathematician to another: "The number of my taxicab was 1729 . . . rather a dull number." Said the second: "No, Hardy! No . . . It is the smallest number expressible as the sum of two cubes in two different ways." This and many other anecdotes and insights bring to life the great Cambridge mathematician G. H. Hardy as remembered by his friend and pupil C. P. Snow. This is the second of two ATLANTIC excerpts from Lord Snow's forthcoming book, VARIETY OF MEN.

IT WAS a perfectly ordinary night at Christ's high table, except that Hardy was dining as a guest. He had just returned to Cambridge as Sadleirian professor, and I had heard something of him from young Cambridge mathematicians. They were delighted to have him back: he was a *real* mathematician, they said, the purest of the pure. He was also unorthodox, eccentric, radical, ready to talk about anything. This was 1931, and the phrase was not yet in English use, but in later days they would have said that in some indefinable way he had star quality. So from lower down the table I kept studying him. He was then in his early fifties; his hair was gray, above skin so deeply sunburned that it stayed a kind of Red Indian bronze. His face was beautiful — high cheekbones, thin nose, spiritual and austere but capable of dissolving into convulsions of internal gaminlike amusement. He had opaque brown eyes, bright as a bird's, a kind of eye not uncommon among those with a gift for conceptual thought. Cambridge at that time was full of unusual and distinguished faces, but even then, I thought that night, Hardy's stood out.

As we sat around the combination-room table, drinking wine after dinner, someone said that Hardy wanted to talk to me about cricket. I had been elected only a year before, but Christ's was then a small college, and the pastimes of even the

junior fellows were soon identified. I was taken to sit by him. I was not introduced. He was, as I later discovered, shy and self-conscious in all formal actions, and had a dread of introductions. He just put his head down, as it were, in a butt of acknowledgment, and without any preamble whatever, began: "You're supposed to know something about cricket, aren't you?"

Yes, I said, I knew a bit.

Immediately he began to put me through a moderately stiff viva. Did I play? What sort of performer was I? I half guessed that he had a horror of persons, then prevalent in academic society, who devotedly studied the literature but had never played the game. I trotted out my credentials, such as they were. In the end he smiled with immense charm, with childlike openness, and said that Fenner's (the university cricket ground) next season might be bearable after all, with the prospect of some reasonable conversation.

Thus I owed my friendship with Hardy to having wasted a disproportionate amount of my youth on cricket. It was a major piece of luck for me; this was intellectually the most valuable friendship of my life. Hardy's mind was brilliant and concentrated; so much so that by his side anyone else's seemed a little muddy, a little pedestrian and confused. He wasn't a great genius, as Einstein and

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Rutherford were. He said, with his usual clarity, that if the word meant anything, he was not a genius at all. At his best, he said, he was for a short time the fifth best pure mathematician in the world. Since his character was as beautiful and candid as his mind, he always made the point that his friend and collaborator Littlewood was an appreciably more powerful mathematician than he was, and that his protégé Ramanujan really had natural genius in the sense (though not to the extent, and nothing like so effectively) that the greatest mathematicians had it.

There was something else, though, at which he was clearly superior to Einstein or Rutherford or any other great genius; and that was at turning any work of the intellect, major or minor or sheer play, into a work of art. It was that gift above all, I think, which made him, almost without realizing it, purvey such intellectual delight. When *A Mathematician's Apology* was first published, Graham Greene in a review wrote that along with Henry James's notebooks, this was the best account of what it was like to be a *creative artist*.

Hardy was born in 1877 into a modest professional family. His father was Bursar and Art Master at Cranleigh, then a minor public (English for private) school. His mother had been senior mistress at the Lincoln Training College for teachers. Both were gifted and mathematically inclined. In his case, as in that of most mathematicians, the gene pool doesn't need searching for. Much of his childhood, unlike Einstein's, was typical of a future mathematician's. He was demonstrating a formidably high IQ even before he learned to talk. At the age of two he was writing down numbers up to millions (a common sign of mathematical ability). When he was taken to church he amused himself by factorizing the numbers of the hymns; he played with numbers from that time on.

It was an enlightened, cultivated, highly literate Victorian childhood. His parents were probably a little obsessive, but also very kind. Childhood in such a Victorian family was as gentle a time as anything we could provide, though probably intellectually somewhat more exacting. His was unusual in just two respects. In the first place, he suffered from an acute self-consciousness at an unusually early age, long before he was twelve. His parents knew he was prodigiously clever, and so did he. He came top of his class in all subjects. But as the result of coming top of his class, he had to go in front of the school to receive prizes, and that he could not bear. Dining with me one night, he said that he deliberately used to try to get his answers wrong so as to be spared this intolerable ordeal. His capacity for dissimulation, though, was always minimal: he got the prizes all the same.

Some of this self-consciousness wore off. He be-

came competitive. As he says in his autobiography, *A Mathematician's Apology*: "I do not remember having felt, as a boy, any *passion* for mathematics, and such notions as I may have had of the career of a mathematician were far from noble. I thought of mathematics in terms of examinations and scholarships: I wanted to beat other boys, and this seemed to be the way in which I could do so most decisively." Nevertheless, he had to live with an overdelicate nature.

He was the classical anti-narcissist. He could not endure having his photograph taken: so far as I know, there are three photographs in existence. He would not have any looking glass in his rooms, not even a shaving mirror. When he went to a hotel, his first action was to cover all the looking glasses with towels.

The other unusual feature of his childhood was more mundane. His family had no money, only a schoolmaster's income, but they were in touch with the best educational advice of late-nineteenth-century England. That particular kind of information has always been more significant in England than any amount of wealth. The scholarships have been there all right, if one knew how to win them. There was never the slightest chance of the young Hardy being lost, as there was of the young Einstein. From the age of twelve Hardy had only to survive, and his talents would be looked after.

At twelve, in fact, he was given a scholarship at Winchester, then and for long afterward the best mathematical school in England, simply on the strength of some mathematical work he had done at Cranleigh. There he was taught mathematics in a class of one; in classics he was as good as the other top collegers. Later, he admitted that he had been well educated, but he admitted it reluctantly. He disliked the school, except for its classes. Like all Victorian public schools, Winchester was a pretty rough place, and he never went near it after he had left it. But he left it, with the inevitability of one who had got on to the right tramlines, with an open scholarship to Trinity.

HARDY duly obtained a Trinity Fellowship, after getting the highest place in the Mathematical Tripos Part II, at the age of twenty-two. On the way, there were two minor vicissitudes. The first was theological, in the high Victorian manner. He had decided — I think before he left Winchester — that he did not believe in God. With him, this was a black-and-white decision, as sharp and clear as all other concepts in his mind. Chapel at Trinity was compulsory. Hardy told the dean, no doubt with his own kind of shy certainty, that he could not conscientiously attend. The dean, who must

have been a jack-in-office, insisted that Hardy should write to his parents and tell them so. They were orthodox religious people, and the dean knew — and Hardy knew much more — that the news would give them pain.

Hardy struggled with his conscience. He wasn't worldly enough to slip the issue. He wasn't even worldly enough — he told me one afternoon at Fenner's, for the wound still rankled — to take the advice of more sophisticated friends, such as George Trevelyan and Desmond MacCarthy, who would have known how to handle the matter. In the end he wrote the letter. Partly because of that incident, his religious disbelief remained active ever after. He refused to go into any college chapel even for formal business, like electing a master. He had clerical friends, but God was his personal enemy.

The second minor upset of his undergraduate years was professional. Almost since the time of Newton and all through the nineteenth century Cambridge had been dominated by the examination for the old Mathematical Tripos. This was an examination in which the questions were usually of considerable mechanical difficulty, but unfortunately it did not give any opportunity for the candidate to show mathematical imagination or insight or any quality that a creative mathematician needs.

In his first term at Trinity, Hardy found himself caught in this system. He was to be trained as a racehorse, over a course of mathematical exercises which at nineteen he knew to be meaningless. He was sent to a famous coach, to whom most potential Senior Wranglers went. This coach knew all the obstacles, all the tricks of the examiners, and was sublimely uninterested in mathematics itself. After considering changing his subject to history, Hardy had the sense to find a real mathematician to teach him who advised him to read Jordan's famous *Cours d'Analyse*.

"I shall never forget the astonishment with which I read that remarkable work, the first inspiration for so many mathematicians of my generation," Hardy wrote in his *Apology*, "and learned for the first time as I read it what mathematics really meant. From that time onwards I was in my way a real mathematician, with sound mathematical ambitions and a genuine passion for mathematics."

He was Fourth Wrangler in 1898. This faintly irritated him, he used to confess. He was enough of a natural competitor to feel that though the race was ridiculous, he ought to have won it. In 1900 he took Part II of the Tripos, a more respectable examination, and got his right place and his fellowship.

From that time on Hardy's life was in essence settled. He knew his purpose, which was to bring rigor into English mathematical analysis. He did

not deviate from the researches, which he called "the one great permanent happiness of my life." There were no anxieties about what he should do. Neither he nor anyone else doubted his great talent.

In many senses, then, he was unusually lucky. He did not have to think about his career. From the time he was twenty-three he had all the leisure that a man could want, and as much money as he needed. A bachelor don in Trinity in the 1900s was comfortably off. Hardy was sensible about money, spent it when he felt impelled (sometimes for singular purposes, such as fifty-mile taxi rides), and otherwise was not at all unworldly about investments. He played his games and indulged his eccentricities. He was living in some of the best intellectual company in the world — G. E. Moore, Whitehead, Bertrand Russell, Trevelyan, the high Trinity society which was shortly to find its artistic complement in Bloomsbury. (Hardy himself had links with Bloomsbury, both of personal friendship and of sympathy.) In a brilliant circle, he was one of the most brilliant young men — and in a quiet way, one of the most irrepressible. He was elected to the Royal Society at thirty-three.

Much of his life Hardy was happier than most of us. He had a great many friends, of surprisingly different kinds. These friends had to pass some of his private tests: they needed to possess a quality which he called "spin" (this is a cricket term, and untranslatable: it implies a certain obliquity or irony of approach; of recent public figures, Macmillan and Kennedy would get high marks for spin, Churchill and Eisenhower not). But he was tolerant, loyal, extremely high-spirited, and in an undemonstrative way, fond of his friends. I once was compelled to go and see him in the morning, which was always his set time for mathematical work. He was sitting at his desk, writing in his beautiful calligraphy. I murmured some commonplace politeness about hoping that I wasn't disturbing him.

He suddenly dissolved into his mischievous grin. "As you ought to be able to notice, the answer to that is that you are. Still, I'm usually glad to see you." In the sixteen years we knew each other, he didn't say anything more demonstrative than that except on his deathbed, when he told me that he looked forward to my visits.

I think my experience was shared by most of his close friends. But he had, scattered through his life, two or three other relationships, different in kind. These were intense affections, absorbing, nonphysical, and exalted. The one I knew about was for a young man whose nature was as spiritually delicate as his own. To many people of my generation, such relationships would seem either unsatisfactory or impossible. They were neither the one nor the other; and unless one takes them for granted,

one doesn't begin to understand the temperament of men like Hardy or the Cambridge society of his time. He didn't get the satisfactions that most of us can't help finding; but he knew himself unusually well, and that didn't make him unhappy. His inner life was his own and very rich. The sadness came at the end. Apart from his devoted sister, he was left with no one close to him.

With sardonic stoicism he says in the *Apology* — which for all its high spirits is a book of desperate sadness — that when a creative man has lost the power or desire to create, “it is a pity but in that case he does not matter a great deal anyway, and it would be silly to bother about him.” That is how he treated his personal life outside mathematics. Mathematics was his justification. It was easy to forget this in the sparkle of his company; just as it was easy in the presence of Einstein's moral passion to forget that to himself his justification was his search for the physical laws. Neither of those two ever forgot it.

IN 1911 Hardy began a collaboration with Littlewood which lasted thirty-five years. In 1913 he discovered Ramanujan and began another collaboration. All his major work was done in these two partnerships, most of it in the one with Littlewood, the most famous collaboration in the history of mathematics. The Hardy-Littlewood researches dominated English pure mathematics, and much of world pure mathematics, for a generation. It is too early to say, so mathematicians tell me, to what extent they altered the course of mathematical analysis or how influential their work will appear in a hundred years. Of its enduring value there is no question.

At first glance, neither of these men would have seemed the easiest of partners. It is hard to imagine either of them suggesting the collaboration, yet one of them must have done so. No one has any evidence how they set about it. Much of the time they were not even at the same university. Hardy talked to me over a period of many years on almost every conceivable subject except the collaboration, although he did say that it had been the major fortune of his creative career.

About his discovery of Ramanujan, he showed no secrecy at all. It was, he wrote, the one romantic incident in his life. One morning early in 1913, there was among the letters on his breakfast table a large untidy envelope decorated with Indian stamps. When he opened it, he found sheets of paper by no means fresh, on which, in a non-English holograph, was line after line of symbols. Hardy glanced at them without enthusiasm. The letter, written in halting English, signed by an unknown

Indian, asked him to give an opinion of these mathematical discoveries. The script appeared to consist of theorems, most of them wild- or fantastic-looking, one or two already well known, laid out as though they were original. There were no proofs of any kind. Hardy was not only bored but irritated. It seemed like a curious kind of fraud. He put the manuscript aside and went on with his day's work.

But the Indian manuscript nagged away at the back of his mind. Wild theorems. Theorems such as he had never seen before, nor imagined. A fraud of genius? Or an unknown mathematician of genius? Back in his rooms in Trinity, he had another look at the script. He sent word to Littlewood that they must have a discussion after hall. By nine o'clock or so they were in Hardy's rooms, with the manuscript stretched out in front of them.

That is an occasion at which one would have liked to be present. Hardy, with his combination of remorseless clarity and intellectual panache (he was very English, but in argument he showed the characteristics that Latin minds have often assumed to be their own); Littlewood, imaginative, powerful, humorous. Apparently it did not take them long. Before midnight they knew and knew for certain. The writer of these manuscripts was a man of genius. That was as much as they could judge that night. It was only later that Hardy decided that Ramanujan was, in terms of *natural* mathematical genius, in the class of Gauss and Euler, but that he could not expect, because of the defects of his education, and because he had come on the scene too late in the line of mathematical history, to make a contribution on the same scale.

It all sounds easy, the kind of judgment great mathematicians should have been able to make. But Hardy was not the first eminent mathematician to be sent the Ramanujan manuscripts. There had been two before him, both English, both of the highest professional standard, and both had returned the manuscripts without comment. They have both been dead for many years, and I don't think history relates what they said, if anything, when Ramanujan became famous. Anyone who has been sent unsolicited material will have a sneaking sympathy with them.

Anyway, the following day Hardy went into action. Ramanujan must be brought to England, Hardy decided. Money was not a major problem. Trinity has usually been good at supporting unorthodox talent (the college did the same for Kapitsa a few years later). Once Hardy was determined, no human agency could have stopped Ramanujan, but they needed a certain amount of help from a superhuman one.

Ramanujan turned out to be a poor clerk in Madras, living with his wife on twenty pounds a year. But he was also a Brahman, unusually strict

about his religious observances, with a mother who was even stricter. It seemed impossible that he could break the prescriptions and cross the water. Fortunately his mother had the highest respect for the goddess of Namakkal. One morning she made a startling announcement. She had had a dream on the previous night in which she saw her son seated in a big hall among a group of Europeans, and the goddess had commanded her not to stand in the way of her son's fulfilling his life's purpose.

In 1914 Ramanujan arrived in England. So far as Hardy could detect (though in this respect I should not trust his insight far) Ramanujan, despite the difficulties of breaking the caste proscriptions, did not believe much in theological doctrine, except for a vague pantheistic benevolence, any more than Hardy did himself. But he did certainly believe in ritual. When Trinity put him up in college, Hardy used to find him ritually changed into his pajamas, cooking vegetables rather miserably in a frying pan in his own room.

Their association was a strangely touching one. Hardy did not forget that he was in the presence of genius, but genius that was, even in mathematics, almost untrained. Ramanujan had not been able to enter Madras University because he could not matriculate in English. According to Hardy's report, he was always amiable and good-natured, but no doubt he sometimes found Hardy's conversation outside mathematics more than a little baffling. He seems to have listened with a patient smile on his good, friendly, homely face. Even inside mathematics they had to come to terms with the difference in their education. Ramanujan was self-taught; he knew nothing of the modern rigor; in a sense, he didn't know what a proof was. In fact, Hardy was obliged to teach him some formal mathematics as though Ramanujan had been a scholarship candidate at Winchester.

Hardy said that this was the most singular experience of his life. What did modern mathematics look like to someone who had the deepest insight but who had, literally, never heard of most of it? Together they produced five papers of the highest class, in which Hardy showed supreme originality of his own. Generosity and imagination were for once rewarded in full.

This is a story of human virtue. Once people had started behaving well, they went on behaving better. It is good to remember that England gave Ramanujan such honors as were possible. The Royal Society elected him a Fellow at the age of thirty (which, even for a mathematician, is very young). Trinity also elected him a Fellow in the same year. He was the first Indian to be given either of these distinctions. He was amiably grateful. But he soon became ill. It was difficult in wartime to move him to a kinder climate.

Hardy used to visit him, as he lay dying in hospital at Putney. It was on one of those visits that there happened the incident of the taxicab number. Hardy had gone out to Putney by taxi, as usual his chosen method of conveyance. He went into the room where Ramanujan was lying. Hardy, always inept about introducing a conversation, said, probably without a greeting and certainly as his first remark: "The number of my taxicab was 1729. It seemed to me rather a dull number." Ramanujan immediately replied: "No, Hardy! No, Hardy! It is a very interesting number. It is the smallest number expressible as the sum of two cubes in two different ways."

That is the exchange as Hardy recorded it. It must be substantially accurate. He was the most honest of men; and further, no one could possibly have invented it. Ramanujan died of tuberculosis, back in Madras, two years after the war. As Hardy wrote in the *Apology*, in his roll call of mathematicians: "Galois died at twenty-one, Abel at twenty-seven, Ramanujan at thirty-three, Riemann at forty. . . . I do not know an instance of a major mathematical advance initiated by a man past fifty."

IF IT had not been for the Ramanujan collaboration, the 1914-1918 war would have been darker for Hardy than it was. But it was dark enough. Like many of his Edwardian intellectual friends, he had a strong feeling for Germany. Germany had, after all, been the great educating force of the nineteenth century. To Eastern Europe, to Russia, to the United States, it was the German universities which had taught the meaning of research. Hardy hadn't much use for German philosophy or German literature: his tastes were too classical for that. But in most respects the German culture, including its social welfare, appeared to him higher than his own.

So Hardy, like Russell and many of the other Cambridge intelligentsia, did not believe that the war should have been fought. Further, with his ingrained distrust of English politicians, he thought the balance of wrong was on the English side. He could not find a satisfactory basis for conscientious objection; his intellectual rigor was too strong for that. In fact, he volunteered for service under the Derby scheme, and was rejected on medical grounds. But he felt increasingly isolated in Trinity, much of which was vociferously bellicose.

Russell was dismissed from his lectureship, in circumstances of overheated complexity (Hardy was to write the only detailed account of the case a quarter of a century later, in order to comfort himself in another war). Hardy's close friends were away at the war. Littlewood was doing ballistics

How to get your husband to fasten his Rover 2000 safety harness:



Tell him it's a Sam Browne belt
and he looks like a World War I aviator

as a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. Their collaboration was interfered with, though not entirely stopped. It was the work of Ramanujan which was Hardy's solace during the bitter college quarrels.

I thought he was, for once, less than fair to his colleagues. Some were pretty crazed, as men are in wartime. But some were long-suffering and tried to keep social manners going. After all, it was a triumph of academic uprightness that they should have elected his protégé Ramanujan, at a time when Hardy was barely on speaking terms with some of the electors, and not at all with the others.

Still, he was harshly unhappy. As soon as he could, he left Cambridge. He was offered a chair at Oxford in 1919 and immediately walked into the happiest time of his life. He had already done great work with Ramanujan and Littlewood, but now the collaboration with Littlewood rose to its full power. Hardy was, in Newton's phrase, "in the prime of his life for invention," and this came in his early forties, unusually late for a mathematician.

Coming so late, this creative surge gave him the feeling, more important to him than to most men, of timeless youth. He was living the young man's life, which was first nature to him. He played more tennis, and got steadily better at it. He made a good many visits to American universities and loved the country. He was one of the few Englishmen of his time who was fond, to an extent approximately equal, of the United States and the Soviet Union. He was certainly the only Englishman of his or any other time to write a serious suggestion to the Baseball Commissioners, proposing a technical emendation to one of the rules. The twenties, for him and for most liberals of his generation, was a false dawn. He thought the misery of the war was swept away into the past.

He was at home in New College as he had never been in Cambridge. The warm domestic conversational Oxford climate was good for him. It was there, in a college at that time small and intimate, that he perfected his own style of conversation. There was company eager to listen to him after hall. They could take his eccentricities. He was not only a great and good man, they realized, but an entertaining one. If he wanted to play conversational games, or real games on the cricket field, they were ready to act as foils. In a casual and human fashion, they made a fuss over him.

No one seemed to care — it was a gossip college joke — that he had a large photograph of Lenin in his rooms. Hardy's radicalism was somewhat unorganized, but it was real. He had been born, as I have explained, into a professional family: almost all his life was spent among the haute bourgeoisie; but in fact, he behaved much more like an aristocrat, or more exactly, like one of the more romantic

projections of an aristocrat. Some of this attitude, perhaps, he had picked up from his friend Bertrand Russell. But most of it was innate. Underneath his shyness, he just didn't give a damn.

He got on easily, without any patronage, with the poor, the unlucky and diffident, those who were handicapped by race. He preferred them to the people whom he called *the large-bottomed*; the description was more psychological than physiological, though there was a famous nineteenth-century Trinity aphorism by Adam Sedgwick: "No one ever made a success in this world without a large bottom." To Hardy the large-bottomed were the confident, boom-imperialist bourgeois English. The designation included most bishops, headmasters, judges, and all politicians, with the single exception of Lloyd George.

Just to show his allegiances, he accepted one public office. For two years (1924–1926) he was president of the Association of Scientific Workers. He said sarcastically that he was an odd choice, being "the most unpractical member of the most unpractical profession in the world." But in important things he was not so unpractical. He was deliberately standing up to be counted. When, much later, I came to work with Frank Cousins, it gave me a certain quiet pleasure to reflect that I had exactly two friends who had held office in the Trade Union movement, Cousins and G. H. Hardy.

THAT late, not quite Indian, summer in Oxford in the twenties was so happy for Hardy that people wondered that he ever returned to Cambridge, which he did in 1931. I think there were two reasons. First and most decisive, he was a great professional. Cambridge was still the center of English mathematics, and the senior mathematical chair there was the correct place for a professional. Second, and rather oddly, he was thinking about his old age. Oxford colleges, in many ways so human and warm, are ruthless with the old; if he remained at New College, he would be turned out of his rooms as soon as he retired, at the age of sixty-five, from his professorship; whereas if he returned to Trinity, he could stay in college until he died. That is in effect what he managed to do.

When he came back to Cambridge — which was the time that I began to know him — he was in the afterglow of his great period. He was still happy. He was still creative, not so much as in the twenties, but enough to make him feel that the power was still there. He was as spirited as he had been at New College. So we had the luck to see him very nearly at his best.

In the winter, after we had become friendly, we gave each other dinner in our respective colleges

once a fortnight. In the summer, it was taken for granted that we should meet at the cricket ground. Except on special occasions, he still did mathematics in the morning, and did not arrive at Fenner's until after lunch. To complete his pleasure in a long afternoon watching cricket, he liked the sun to be shining and a companion to join in the fun. Technique, tactics, formal beauty — those were the deepest attractions of the game for him. I won't try to explain them; they are incommunicable unless one knows the language, just as some of Hardy's classical aphorisms are inexplicable unless one knows the language either of cricket or of the theory of numbers, and preferably both. Fortunately for a good many of our friends, he also had a relish for the human comedy.

He would have been the first to disclaim that he had any special psychological insight. But he was the most intelligent of men, he had lived with his eyes open and read a lot, and he had obtained a good generalized sense of human nature — robust, indulgent, satirical, and utterly free from moral vanity. He was spiritually candid as few men are (I doubt if anyone could be more candid), and he had a mocking horror of pretentiousness, self-righteous indignation, and the whole stately pantechicon of the hypocritical virtues.

After one of the short Cambridge seasons, there was a University match. Arranging to meet him in London was not always simple, for he had a morbid suspicion of mechanical gadgets (he never used a watch), in particular of the telephone. In his rooms in Trinity or his flat in St. George's Square, he used to say, in a disapproving and slightly sinister tone, "If you *fancy yourself* at the telephone, there is one in the next room." Once in an emergency he had to ring me up; angrily his voice came at me: "I shan't hear a word you say, so when I'm finished I shall immediately put the receiver down. It's important you should come round between nine and ten tonight." Clonk.

Yet, punctually, he arrived at the University match. There he was at his most sparkling, year after year. Surrounded by friends, men and women, he was quite released from shyness. He was the center of all our attention, which he didn't dislike. Sometimes one could hear the party's laughter from a quarter of the way around the ground.

In those last of his happy years, everything he did was light with grace, order, a sense of style. Cricket is a game of grace and order, which is why he found beauty in it. His mathematics, so I am told, had these same aesthetic qualities, right up to his last creative work. I have given the impression, I fancy, that in private he was a conversational performer. To an extent, that was true, but he was also, on what he would have called nontrivial

occasions (meaning occasions important to either participant), a serious and concentrated listener. Hardy didn't suck impressions and knowledge out of other's words as Lloyd George did, but his mind was at one's disposal. When, years before I wrote it, he heard of the concept of *The Masters*, he cross-examined me, so that I did most of the talking. He produced some good ideas. I wish he had been able to read the book, which I think he might have liked. Anyway, in that hope I dedicated it to his memory.

THROUGH the thirties he lived his own version of a young man's life. Then suddenly it broke. In 1939 he had a coronary thrombosis. He recovered, but real tennis, squash, the physical activities he loved were over for good. The war darkened him still further, just as the First War had. To him they were connected pieces of lunacy, we were all at fault; he couldn't identify himself with the Second World War — once it was clear the country would survive — any more than he had done in 1914. One of his closest friends died tragically. And — I think there is no doubt these griefs were interconnected — his creative powers as a mathematician at last in his sixties left him.

That is why *A Mathematician's Apology* is, if read with the textual attention it deserves, a book of such haunting sadness. Yes, it is witty and sharp, with intellectual high spirits: yes, the crystalline clarity and candor are still there; yes, it is the testament of a creative artist. But it is also, in an understated stoical fashion, a passionate lament for creative powers that used to be and that will never come again. I know nothing like it in the language, partly because most people with the literary gift to express such a lament don't come to feel it: it is very rare for a writer to realize, with the finality of truth, that he is absolutely finished.

Seeing him in those years, I couldn't help thinking of the price he was paying for his young man's life. It was like seeing a great athlete, for years in the pride of his youth and skill, so much younger and more joyful than the rest of us, suddenly have to accept that the gift has gone. Hardy recovered enough physically to have ten minutes batting at the nets, or to play his pleasing elaboration (with a complicated set of bisques) of Trinity bowls. But he was often just plain bored.

I wasn't much help to him in those last years. I was deeply involved in wartime Whitehall; I was preoccupied and often tired; it was an effort to get to Cambridge. But I ought to have made the effort more often than I did. I have to admit, with remorse, that there was not exactly a chill, but a gap in sympathy, between us. He lent me his flat in Pimlico — a dark and seedy flat with the St.

George's Square gardens outside and what he called an "old brandy" attractiveness — for the whole of the war. But he didn't like my being so totally committed. People he approved of oughtn't to give themselves wholeheartedly to military functions. He never asked me about my work. He didn't want to talk about the war. While I, for my part, was impatient and didn't show anything like enough consideration. After all, I thought, I wasn't doing this job for fun; as I had to do it, I might as well extract the maximum interest. But that is no excuse.

At the end of the war I did not return to Cambridge. I visited him several times in 1946. His depression had not lifted; he was physically failing, short of breath after a few yards' walk. He was glad that I had gone back to writing books: the creative life was the only one for a serious man. As for himself, he wished that he could live the creative life again; his own life was over.

In the early summer of 1947 I was sitting at breakfast when the telephone rang. It was Hardy's sister: he was seriously ill, would I come up to Cambridge at once, would I call at Trinity first? At the time, I didn't grasp the meaning of the second request. But I obeyed it, and in the porter's lodge at Trinity that morning found a note from her: I was to go to Donald Robertson's rooms; he would be waiting for me.

Donald Robertson was Professor of Greek and an intimate friend of Hardy's; he was another member of the same high, liberal, graceful Edwardian Cambridge. Incidentally, he was one of the few people who called Hardy by his Christian name. He greeted me quietly. Outside the windows of his room it was a calm and sunny morning. He said, "You ought to know that Harold has tried to kill himself."

Yes, he was out of danger; he was for the time being all right, if that was the phrase to use. But Donald was, in a less pointed fashion, as direct as Hardy himself. It was a pity the attempt had failed. Hardy's health had got worse: he could not in any case live long; even walking from his rooms to hall had become a strain. He had made a completely deliberate choice. Life on those terms would not endure; there was nothing in it. He had collected enough barbiturates; he had tried to do a thorough job, and had taken too many.

In the Evelyn nursing home, Hardy was lying in bed. As a touch of farce, he had a black eye. Vomiting from the drugs, he had hit his head on the lavatory basin. He was self-mocking. He had made a mess of it. Had anyone ever made a bigger mess? I had to enter into the sarcastic game. I had never felt less like sarcasm, but I had to play.

I talked about other distinguished failures at bringing off suicide. What about German generals in the last war? Beck, Stülpnagel, they had been remarkably incompetent at it. It was bizarre to hear myself saying these things. Curiously enough, it seemed to cheer him up.

After that, I went to Cambridge at least once a week. I dreaded each visit, but early on he said that he looked forward to seeing me. He talked a little, nearly every time I saw him, about death. He wanted it; he didn't fear it; what was there to fear in nothingness? His hard intellectual stoicism had come back. He would not try to kill himself again. He was prepared to wait.

Mostly, though — about fifty-five minutes in each hour I was with him — I had to talk cricket. It was his only solace. I had to pretend a devotion to the game which I no longer felt, which in fact had been lukewarm in the thirties except for the pleasure of his company. Now I had to study the cricket scores as intently as when I was a schoolboy. He couldn't read for himself, but he would have known if I had been bluffing. Sometimes, for a few minutes, his old vivacity would light up. But if I couldn't think of another question or piece of news, he would lie there, in the kind of dark loneliness that comes to some people before they die.

It was hard enough for me to have to talk cricket. It was harder for his sister, a charming intelligent woman who had never married and who had spent much of her life looking after him. With a humorous skill not unlike his own old form, she collected every scrap of cricket news she could find, though she had never learned anything about the game.

Once or twice the sarcastic love of the human comedy came bursting out. Two or three weeks before his death, he heard from the Royal Society that he was to be given their highest honor, the Copley Medal. He gave his Mephistophelian grin, the first time I had seen it in full splendor in all those months. "Now I know that I must be pretty near the end. When people hurry up to give you honorific things there is exactly one conclusion to be drawn."

After I heard that, I think I visited him twice. The last time was four or five days before he died. There was an Indian test team playing in Australia, and we talked about them.

It was in that same week that he told his sister, "If I knew that I was going to die today, I think I would still want to hear the cricket scores." He managed something very similar. Each evening that week before she left him, she read a chapter from a history of Cambridge University cricket. One such chapter contained the last words he heard, for he died suddenly, in the early morning.

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

Two executives in charge of eagerness

In the age of salesmanship, you see here a company spending its advertising dollars to tell of its reluctance to sell you one of its important lines of products. The line consists of some 5,000 organic chemicals for laboratory use. If and only if you can convince us of your professional preparation to use them respectfully, our reluctance changes at once to eagerness.



In the U.S.A. our man in charge of this eagerness is a chap named Jim Fuess, and in Britain at Kodak Limited it's a lady named Mary Knibbs. Mr. Fuess and Miss Knibbs spend year after year on the telephone



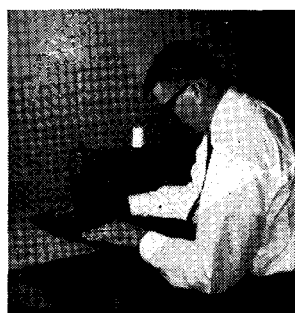
talking to scientists and disproving the silly notion that a great corporation is faceless. There's more to it than being paid well — which both would find awkward to admit. What keeps them going is the excitement of playing a central role in determining what organic compounds are in sufficient demand by the many worlds of science to justify being made available.

Almost infinite is the number of organic compounds that can be prepared by competent chemists from a relatively few starting materials. It's just that the fewer the starting materials, the more laborious the work. The more compounds that can be purchased from us, the more time our learned customers can put on research instead of preparing for research. Five thousand EASTMAN Organic Chemicals are not too many, but 50,000 probably would be. The whole 48-year-old project might come crashing down from the weight of unsold inventory.

Mr. Fuess and Miss Knibbs have to listen pretty carefully to guide their recommendations on what additions to the 5,000 ought to be announced as available. Availability governs feasibility for many a research idea in its early fetal stages. It is an awesome responsibility for mere mortals, but that's all corporations are made of.

An interest in sewing machines

We hire mechanical engineers who have worked effectively in the aerospace industry as well as young mechanical engineers out of college who are willing to start out on sewing machines. We have no present intentions of manufacturing sewing machines. What interests us about sewing machines is their use. Equally strong is our interest in knitting machinery, spinning equipment, dyeing equipment, and looms. All kinds of devices that participate in making clothes for the person and fabrics for the home interest us. We want these devices to work as perfectly as human ingenuity can make them work. Our reason for this may strike you as devious.



Let us spill some beans.

You are aware that many garments and home furnishings

carry a tag which says that they contain KODEL, our polyester fiber. It is very much to our financial interest that when you purchase such an item you be pleased with it. The properties of our KODEL Fiber have much to do with your pleasure, but there are other factors.

Some of these other factors have their origin in the work-rooms of the long chains of business enterprises through which our fiber reaches you. They can't all afford bright young engineers the way we can. They can't wait for them to learn enough details to be useful. In Kingsport, Tenn., we have practical facilities to give them all the experience they need without doing any harm. Then they fan out into the mills and shops, working for other companies but drawing their paychecks from us.

And what do we accomplish with this altruism? A beautiful growth curve for KODEL Fiber—that's what.

Photography to serve inner needs

Splashes of abstract art will do a fine job of decorating an apartment or private office or a fine new home. The only trouble with this suggestion is that now, by 1967, its freshness has worn off quite a bit. One can tell the century without a calendar by noting that chromos of the Grand Canal no longer prevail; such a place can be checked off as up to date. One can't tell much about the people who inhabit it. (Aside from the softness of the chairs, are the inhabitants comfortable with themselves?)

How about tastefully counterpointing the abstract beauty with a few up-to-date portrait photographs of the inhabitants and those dear to them?

And thus we try to turn thoughts toward making constructive use of the talents of the modern professional photographer. It is easy to forget that photography was invented by artists as a tool, artists without compunctions against serving other than their own inner needs. (Scientists got into it later.)

It was a fairly messy operation for a generation. Then a young man named George Eastman and various competitors introduced photographic plates that didn't have to be exposed while still wet. Eastman did well enough to quit his regular job at a bank, but he wanted far more than just a little business of his own. In going on to fulfill his ambition, he convinced much of the civilized world that you don't need a professional photographic artist to derive happiness from photographs. Yet today there are many more people making far better livings as professional photographers than before George Eastman made his score. And they love us for supplying the products they need for prosperity.

Figure that out.



Why shouldn't a physician inspire himself and compliment his favorite teachers at med school by asking them for portraits for the walls of his office?

Kodak

accent

Cheese: Best of Both Worlds

by Charles W. Morton

Fortunate is the community that can number among its resources a proper cheese shop, or more usually, a proper cheese counter in a shop of more general character. Such a utility speaks well for the community's way of living, also for the shopkeeper's interest in his customers and their happiness.

Cheese fanciers tend to be chauvinists, according to their national origins, but for a family living in the United States, where cheese is more often for the cuisine than for the table, the touchstone of a good assortment would be whether or not it included a supply of Parmesan cheese from Parma, in its natural and not pre-grated form. Only a devoted merchant will manhandle and carve a heavy wheel of Parmesan, and only a loyal clientele of considerable size and appetite can make it worth his while to stock the stuff.

Parmesan is perhaps more for topping and tossing and finishing than a cooking ingredient; the inept chef can convert Parmesan into a rubbery sheath, something to be stripped off and discarded; and Romano — or even a creamy Cheddar, chauvinists notwithstanding and with all respect to the Swiss — is preferable in the cooking stage. But freshly grated (easily enough by the inexpensive little turn-the-crank device called a Mouli) Parmesan brings to some very simple dishes indeed a delicate distinction that scarcely any other substance can supply.

An example of Parmesan at its best could well be its addition to ordinary filets of sole, or flounder, or whatever passes for the word in one place or another. Usually heavily breaded and overcooked in deep fat in the restaurant version, the filets can become a dish of remarkable excellence, yet are prepared from start to finish in a few minutes and well within the power of a child of ten to accomplish.

Four filets — about right for two persons — laid out in a shallow baking dish and brushed generously with soft butter, are sprinkled with perhaps a half or three fourths cup of freshly grated Parmesan. A small amount of medium cream — a quarter of a cup or so — is dribbled over the cheese, and the dish goes under a hot flame in a broiler until the first signs of heat, no more than a few spots of a beginning-to-brown condition, appear on the top. At this point the dish is whisked to the

table, and should be served immediately. Another easy use of Parmesan is simply tossing it with plain spaghetti or noodles and a little butter or olive oil. Even the faint wheaten whiff of the pasta survives with these light flavors, which combine in an agreeable contrast to the sauces dominated by tomatoes and strong spices.

Insistence that the Parmesan must come from Parma could raise the question of cheese snobbery, the concept that the importation is necessarily better than the domestic. The issue can be settled offhand by a comparison of the freshly grated import with what emerges from the cylinder of crumbs or dust or whatever was supposed to have been domestic "Parmesan" before the grating process; — whenever in the dim past that might have taken place. Any simple kitchen test will make clear the difference, but like the wine snob, the cheese snob is always with us — haughty, incurable, and uninformed.

Brie, from the district of that name in France, is of course celebrated; the best of it, at the right point in its existence, is good enough for anyone, but the cheese snob would never admit the possibility that a similarly constituted cheese, from a small Illinois town called Lena, is far superior to the run of the imported variety.

The St. Regis Hotel, in its heyday under the proprietorship of the late Vincent Astor, served the "Brie" from Lena, and it has been the choice for many years of a New York club, long distinguished for its cellar and cookery. "We buy it from a New York wholesaler on a standing order — two hundred pounds every two months," the club manager reports. "It is delivered weekly. There is a week in the late spring, when the cattle are turned out to pasture, and another in the fall, when they come inside to be fed during the winter, that the cheese is a little slower to mature. In these two short periods, while the cows are getting used to the change, the cheese is not quite as soft in the center as it should be. For the rest of the year we believe it is better than anything else on the market, and, naturally, we try to sample everything."

The cheese counter expert in a Cambridge shop — a real snob — declares reprovingly, meanwhile,



"Young man, have you ever flown this airplane before?"



If he has the keys to one of our Astrojets, he has.

The typical captain of an American Airlines Astrojet has about 5 million miles behind him. (*One million would take you around the world 40 times.*)

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that only his crumbling Brie from overseas can meet a civilized standard. As for the producer in Lena, he has — loftily — never heard of the place . . .

Nothing much is gained by trying to settle questions of taste according to nationality and place of origin. The effort has made for absurdities in wines as well as cheese, and unhappily, in politics and industry. The “Brie” from Lena is fully capable of earning a proud name of its own, as good in its own right as the best of the French product, but necessarily not identical with it. The cheese snob is certain the English have no worthwhile candidate, yet experience could teach him otherwise. Our blue cheese from Iowa is a wonderful accomplishment for any nationality, but it isn’t Roquefort and doesn’t pretend to be, and it took that first taste of Roquefort after its years of absence from the market — its seemingly pronounced qualities which nevertheless leave intact and fully perceptible the subtle secondary flavor which sets it apart from everything else — to make us realize what we had been missing. There is really no need to lose the fun of all this in a battle of nomenclature.

The Laws of Probability and Bureaucratic Style

by Hugh Nugent

The author is assistant to the Deputy Attorney General of the United States and a former teacher of English composition.

Whatever the cause, it is indisputable that bureaucrats have a deep suspicion of the way things appear. This suspicion manifests itself in the way bureaucrats write, in their reluctance to say that something either is or is not something else. Rather than take flat positions on the existence or nonexistence of facts or the identity of propositions with one another, bureaucrats prefer to remind their readers that they are dealing only in appearances, behind which realities may or may not lurk, or at most in probabilities, not certainties.

An interesting example of this phenomenon crossed my desk recently, and I offer it here not as a good or a bad example, but rather as a typical example, for it rests

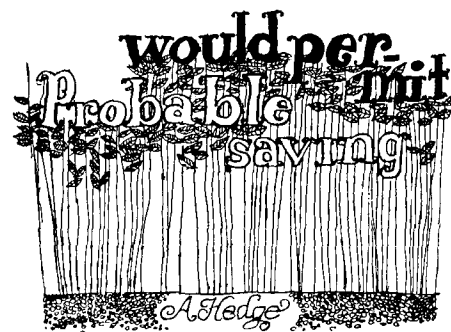
midway between the possible extremes. The sentence in question reads as follows: “Nevertheless, it would seem probable that reorganization would permit a significant reduction in total expenditures involved.” A close analysis of this sentence reveals that it contains a quintuple hedge, a considerable accomplishment for a sentence I know to have been written in haste, but far from a full exploitation of the possibilities for nonstatement contained in the sentence. Before exploring these possibilities, let us analyze the sentence as written.

A direct statement of the proposition would have been: “Reorganization will save money.” Watch how the insertion of the hedges dilutes the certainty of that statement. First, compromise the prediction by changing the fact predicted to a mere possibility. Thus, instead of saying that reorganization “will save” money, say that it “will permit a saving.” This is a beautiful bureaucratic hedge. Even if the saving does not actually come about, the writer can always remind us that he predicted only the possibility, not the actuality, and the possibility would have ripened into actuality had not someone else bungled the job.

The next step is to introduce doubt by changing the indicative “will permit” to the subjunctive “would permit.” Then give the statement an illusory quality by subordinating it to the clause “it seems that.” Next, hedge the “it seems” by changing it to “it would seem.” Finally, raise a question of improbability by calling it probable. The result is the quintuple hedge: “Nevertheless, it would (4) seem (3) probable (5) that reorganization would (2) permit (1) a significant reduction in total expenditures involved.” Because I am devoting my attention to just one sentence, I will not explore the implications of the “nevertheless” which opens the sentence other than to point out that it makes the whole sentence a hedge against the preceding sentence, which had said that another proposition was “likely.”

A quintuple hedge in a sixteen-word sentence is a remarkable achievement on a words-per-hedge basis, but alas, the experienced, dedicated hedger has never viewed brevity as a desirable goal. Indeed, in the very sentence under exami-

nation, the writer could have lowered his hedge frequency from once every 3.2 words to once every 2 words by using the shortcut I used above and abbreviating “a signifi-



cant reduction in total expenditures involved” to “a saving” or “savings.” His sentence then would read: “Nevertheless, it would seem probable that reorganization would permit savings.” The choice of the longer locution shows us that our writer, in addition to being a talented amateur hedger, adheres to the principle of Addition of Obscurity by Multiplication of Verbiage, to which we will return later.

What would a professional hedger, his heart set on deliberate nonstatement, have done with this sentence?

One ploy overlooked by our writer was the double negative. I refer not to the classical double negative, used by Chaucer for emphasis but condemned by contemporary grammarians, but the modern double negative, used by contemporary writers for de-emphasis and regarded as a hallmark of gentility. Thus, “probable” becomes “not improbable” and “significant” becomes “not insignificant.” The effect of the double negative in grammar is slightly different from its effect in arithmetic. Canceling equal numbers in arithmetic leaves what is left in the condition it would have been in if the canceled numbers had never been there. In grammar, however, the cancellation itself still appears in the sentence and has a subtle weakening effect on everything around it. Other aspects of the double negative to be explored by someone less bewildered by them than I lie in what we may call the “near-miss double negative,” exemplified by the clause “it is no more than probable,” which means, of course, the same thing as “it is no less than probable.”

Parenthetically, we should note the mysterious appearance of the

word "significant" in our sentence. Should we attribute its presence to a slight residue of bona fide directness in our writer, or to a sophisticated realization that he has so successfully destroyed meaning in his sentence that he can taunt us by pretending there is still something significant in it? Either would explain his choice of "significant" over "not insignificant."

The writer of the sentence under consideration has also overlooked the possibilities of nonstatement inherent in the multiplication of illusion. He has been content to say "it would seem" without sufficiently warning his readers that he is dealing in appearances only. The simplest thing to do is to add the word "apparently," but greater complexities of nonmeaning can be achieved by using the pollsters' technique—that is, by showing tendencies or trends. With a little imagination, we can change "it would seem" to "everything would apparently tend to indicate." Some may object that substituting "everything" for "it," a pronoun without antecedent, comes dangerously close to restoring meaning to the sentence. But just as pantheism is a disguised form of atheism, using "everything" in a context where nothing has been specified is a disguised way of saying nothing.

"Everything would apparently tend to indicate" is another example of the Addition of Obscurity by Multiplication of Verbiage. In application, this principle means that you never use a word where you can use ten, never use a word where you can use a phrase, never use a phrase where you can use a clause. A related principle is Subtraction of Clarity by Division of Verbiage. Somewhat more difficult in application, this means that you never let the parts of a grammatical element, like the subject and predicate of a clause, stand next to each other. The last clause of the preceding sentence is a good example.

One final way of destroying commitment to meaning in a sentence is to put verbs in the passive rather than the active voice. This has the twofold effect of making the sentence run against the natural flow of the English language, and of removing responsibility from any active agent in the sentence. People suffer rather than do in the passive voice. Of course, in the sentence in question,

no one was doing anything anyway, but the conversion to the passive will still sap what little strength the sentence had.

What do we end up with? Something like this: "Nevertheless, it would seem, or at least everything would apparently tend to indicate, that it is not improbable that a not insignificant reduction in the total expenditures which would be involved would possibly be permitted by reorganization, at least to some extent."

Although he follows rhetorical rules with mathematical names, the basic purpose of the writer of non-statements is horticultural. That is, if he has enough hedge below him to cushion his fall, he's not afraid to go out on a limb.

Hairpiece

by Elinor Goulding Smith

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH, who lives in New York City, has been writing for the ATLANTIC since 1943.



If hair serves any physiological function, it is hard to imagine what it could be, since bald-headed men, though possibly morose, seem to remain reasonably healthy. It might be argued that hair keeps the head warm, but that merely raises the question, why then are our feet not covered with hair?

Thomas Vicary considers the question in "A Profitable Treatise of the Anatomic of mans body" (1577) as quoted in Daniel George's "Alphabetical Order." Vicary says: "Of the Heire of the head . . . it defendeth the Brayne from too much heate, and too much colde, and many other outward noyances

. . . it maketh the forme or shape of the head to seeme more seemelyer or beautyfuller."

But whatever the physiological function, there is no doubt that some pretty deep and explosive emotion is universally displaced on the hair.

My own theory is that every woman suffers deep anxiety about her hair, and then brushes this feeling off on her daughters by standing around clucking worriedly and making disparaging remarks about *their* hair. The woman has not been born who thinks her hair "looks nice." Comment on a woman's hair, and her hand flies up to tuck it in or fluff it out as she tells you, at length, of the despair it causes her. For most women, hair, far from being a crowning glory, is more of a crowning blow.

Hair (the care and arrangement of) is a consuming preoccupation with women and always has been. The earliest Babylonian and Egyptian carvings show women with elaborately curled coiffures; Roman women knew how to bleach their hair; and throughout the centuries, hairstyles have ranged from artlessly naïve and simple (what might be called the shepherdess look) to wildly intricate, even bizarre, arrangements. But make no mistake—those disarmingly simple coiffures were and are just as hard to achieve as the towering confections of the eighteenth century. Ask any woman who has just spent hours in a beauty parlor having her hair straightened.

You know those soft, tender, artless wisps of hair that drift appealingly, as if by accident, across the foreheads of young actresses and models and chic women? Well, listen, they're *glued* there. Those soft, wispy tendrils have been permanent-waved, shampooed, dyed, soaked with lotions and chemicals, wound on rollers, blasted with hot air, combed, brushed, teased, and sprayed with lacquer. If you touch them, you can bleed. In fact, the whole lovely head of hair feels, to the touch, like horsehair or piano strings. The owner of the hair has suffered at best discomfort, at worst real pain, in order to have achieved the look of having had nothing done to her hair at all.

Hair arrangement is, legitimately, an art, and like all arts, consists in subduing, altering, and arranging nature. A head of hair merely

allowed to grow and then be blown around by the wind is simply a savage, snarly mess. A windblown coiffure is a work of art which appears windblown while staying in place with or without a wind. It doesn't just happen: it is created by a human being, and frivolous or not, it is part of the same drive to rearrange nature that makes gardens out of weedy tangles and sculptures out of chunks of stone.

Hairstyles change rapidly, not just over the decades, but sometimes from fall to spring. When I was a very small child, ladies kept covered glass jars of a dark and opaque color on their dressing tables, and if you were so foolhardy as to peek inside, you screamed and jumped on a chair. I'm not really sure about this, but I think they saved their hair combings. As to what they did with them when the jar was full, I can't guess and would prefer not to know. What I do know is that they placed, by means of hairpins and optimism, an object called a rat on top of their heads and then combed their own hair over it to effect a nice high coiffure, the pompadour, not really so different from the bouffant or beehive styles of the past few years. In those days, length was the chief criterion of hair splendor (though thickness counted).

When the bob burst on the world in the twenties, with the shock of this year's transparent dresses, the very words "bobbed hair" conveyed a sense of slightly illicit pleasures — cocktails in brassy speakeasies, lipstick, red liquid nail polish — and a woman with bobbed hair was the object of, at first, scorn, followed almost immediately by envy. Hair was sheared off by the yard, and women were exuberantly telling each other how free they felt. The trouble was that after the novelty wore off, there was no fun in it anymore. Women like to fuss with their hair, and when it was cut short they were deprived of a very real, deep basic pleasure.

By the late twenties, they were slaves to their hair again, letting it grow and having it marcelled or having permanent waves. A permanent wave in those days was a form of extreme torture that only dire vanity could make a woman submit to, and a scalp burn here or there only added to the chic.

When I was a girl, dyed hair was called dyed hair in a tone of voice

that curdled your blood. Only women willing to be considered "fast," or actresses (who were considered fast anyway), dared it. When some genius began calling it tinted hair, dyed hair became as acceptable as clean fingernails. Acceptable, nothing — as necessary as clean fingernails. Occasionally, I'm told, a sudden and complete change in hair color brings on an emotional crisis, and some women break down and cry when they see their newly blond hair, even though they grow to love it later. Sometimes it's the woman's husband or children who feel the shock, and just wish, as men always have, that she would leave her hair alone. They always liked it better the way it was, even though the way it was might not have been natural either.

For a great many women, a weekly visit to the beauty parlor is in the same category as eating, breathing, or paying the gas bill. But if the hair is naturally very soft and fine — in a word, disastrous — the resulting coiffure cannot last a whole week. The difficult bouffant styles of the past few years produced an explosion of new home-care hair products. A glance in any drugstore will confirm this. (A long hard look will bowl you over.)

What it also produced was the biggest thing to hit the hair business in a hundred and fifty years — the resurgence of the wig. I myself would not like it. I think it would give me a nasty turn to walk into my bedroom and see a head of hair sitting around by itself, but more intrepid (and wealthier) women than I may have not only one but several, in assorted colors and styles, taking their turns at the beauty parlor to be shampooed and set.

When my mother had typhoid fever in 1924, she was forced to wear a wig for a year while her own hair was growing back in, and I want to tell you that for secrecy, the Manhattan Project had nothing on that wig. Only the wigmaker knew for sure, and when suspicion dawned, my father, my sister, and I were all sworn to secrecy in a midnight ceremony with our names signed in henna.

As if all this were not enough in the way of neurotic preoccupation with hair, there continue to be home remedies, passed along from woman to woman or from hairdresser to customer, compared with which

Grandma's home remedies for a cold or fever were the last word in the scientific approach. When I was small, it was hot olive oil, and every female child had to submit to havin' hot olive oil rubbed into her scalp after a shampoo. Please don't ask me what it was supposed to do. "It'll make your hair less mousy" was the best I could get out of my mother. She didn't know. No one knew. They just hoped it would do *something*. After that it was a shampoo made with a home brew of camomile flowers. Then everyone had her hair singed to seal in the vital juices, which presumably were leaking out. Then there was the violet-ray machine, which was supposed to put life in your hair. Whatever it was, though, it was always because your mother hoped it would somehow make your hair less mousy.

There is nothing in the way of groceries that some women will not shampoo into their hair with high hopes. Beer is the favorite. It is said to give the hair body. ("Body" is today's criterion of hair beauty, and hardly anybody's hair has it naturally.) Eggs, lemon juice, vinegar — you name it. Somebody, somewhere, is urging you to try it in a rinse. If I were to mention that I had rinsed my hair with sour cream, not one person would laugh, and at least eight would try it before tonight. I once read in a magazine the suggestion that you save your leftover dead champagne for hair rinses, and though I've never tried it, I can't forget it. I've wanted to try it — I thought it would have a certain cachet to mention it casually among my friends — but I just never seem to accumulate much leftover dead champagne.

Well, what's the difference? It isn't *what* a woman does to her hair, it's simply that she *do something*. Anything she does, she is convinced, can only improve it.

Small Talk

by Richard O'Connell

Theodorus told me
That Homer is dated —
His long line unwieldy
And his epithets hackneyed.

He has therefore decided
To not write an epic.

He walked!



Five-year-old Kenny has just learned to walk. Most youngsters are on their feet at a year. But Kenny was born with cerebral palsy, and for him walking is a monumental achievement. Some CP children never walk at all. Some can't speak or hear, or use their arms to feed or dress themselves. However, there is hope for the more than a quarter of a mil-

lion children in this country born with the tragic handicap of cerebral palsy. And your help can bring that hope through a contribution to your local affiliate of United Cerebral Palsy Associations. Then, when you see the radiant face of a five-year-old who has just taken his first steps, you'll know what they mean when they say, **Happiness is Helping.**

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places

No Man on Ocracoke

by Ralph Maloney

When I wrap my hand around the label of a weighted bat I swing every morning for the exercise, my index finger and thumb don't quite touch. They form a tight C, or perhaps a Q from which the squiggle has deflected. That is exactly the shape of the harbor at Ocracoke, on the Outer Banks of North Carolina. It was dredged into a perfect circle by the Navy in World War II to accommodate antisubmarine vessels. The harbor is called Silver Lake, although it is patently neither, but the Outer Banks is public relations country, a land of euphemism and overstatement where a harbor is a lake and a dune a mountain and nobody carps.

For starters, a public relations man told me, and meant it, that Hatteras Island, the next north of Ocracoke Island, was Land's End, the easternmost reach of the United States. It is not, and by some five hundred miles. Hatteras, indeed, seems on the map about a hundred miles west of Manhattan. In one of the innumerable brochures advertising the Outer Banks, I read that Pamlico Sound, separating Ocracoke and Hatteras from the Carolina mainland, is the largest *sound* ("forming a channel between the mainland and an island" — Webster) in the world. It may well be, but once the child or the tourist in us has been lied to or misled, it doesn't listen anymore. Hence I suspect that the beachcomber Edward Teach became the fearsome pirate Blackbeard with a good deal of help from Outer Banks press agents. Armed with this sort of suspicion I learned that the great dune, topped by a memorial to the Wright Brothers and commemorating the first powered flight, is not even suspected to be the dune the Brothers first flew from.

With the customary lament over artificial folklore read into the record, let me say that the Outer Banks is a sure bet to survive its ecstatic press. The water is deep sea and absolutely without taint. Swimming beyond the surf, I found it necessary to drink small mouthfuls, it was that pure. The ocean beach at Ocracoke is eighteen miles long and splendidly duned — Amagansett comes to mind, and Truro. The surf-fishing is like surf-fishing everywhere, expensive and futile, but a good workout and a fine way for nervous people to sunbathe. In the inlets and channels and out near

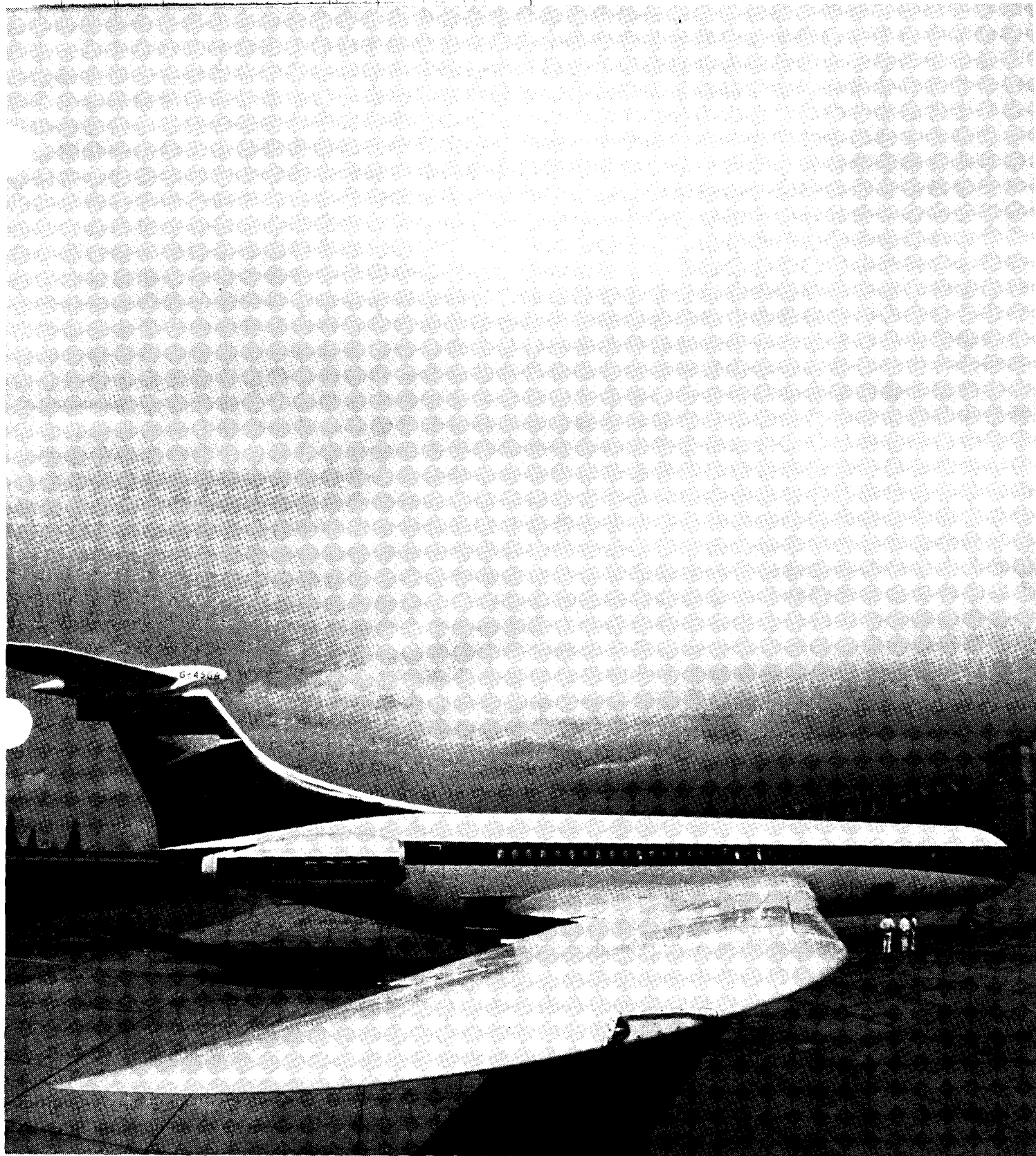
the Gulf Stream, there are more kinds of fish than I dreamed existed, and I have worked commercial boats. Included in one day's catch was a cobia, a streamlined toughie that weighed twenty pounds and fought as if every plunge and turn were for his wife's honor or his child's life. At one point he came clear of the water and danced on his tail, he was so mad. When he had been gaffed aboard and clubbed repeatedly, his eye was just as baleful as Sonny Liston's before the fall, and I was glad we lived in different neighborhoods. The great catch of the season, pure serendipity, was made by Fat Tony, who spent most of October with me on Ocracoke. He was surf casting with a sea trout lure through a school of flashing mullet, and beached a bath mat flounder thick as *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. More about Tony and the flounder later. Let us simply establish here that Ocracoke will survive its press agents.

One reason it will survive is sunset. Thick clouds pile five miles high over Pamlico Sound late every afternoon. Then the sun burns down behind the clouds, turning them orange or purple or both, and it is difficult for three hours to be sure you are sober or awake. There is a theory that says certain segments of land are sacred or profane, and in terms of this theory, the Outer Banks, and Ocracoke Island especially, are enchanted, graced. There are presences all about. Our language is not equipped to describe many of the awarenesses we have, and one is reduced to saying the joint is haunted.

It is. Fat Tony and I took a Joad-Jukes shack on the sound, remote from everything. We are both city kids, and unaccustomed to such thoroughgoing isolation, we quarreled. I told Tony to go away and he went away, leaving me in an old house in an unending hot wind. Everything banged. The wind seethed permanently in the live oaks at the door, and when I woke up in the middle of the night, it took an effort of will to go back to sleep. It was the kind of horror-picture spooky fright that is delicious if you are not alone. But I was alone except for those feet going up and down the stairs all night.

Historically the Outer Banks is spooky country. Sir Walter Raleigh established a colony on Roanoke





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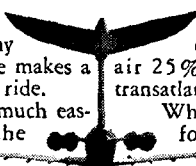
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Island, which now links the Banks to the mainland. The colony disappeared. When the relief ship arrived in 1591, no trace of the settlers was discovered but the word *croatan* carved on a tree. Scholars have since learned that *croatan* in Mattamuskeet means "no Indian women allowed," and count the absolute eradication of the colony as the first Red backlash. The brochures want us to be happy, and they say, with no evidence, that the people of the Lost Colony were absorbed by Indian tribes on Hatteras and Ocracoke. I hope so. The first white child born in America, Virginia Dare, was born on Roanoke and disappeared with the colony. I became fond of her from her picture on wine bottles, and I want to believe she survived.

After Fat Tony had been gone a week, I decided my housing situation, while colorful, was too lonely and frightening. I walked around perfectly circular Silver Lake to the motels near the ferry slip and learned that a room with an efficiency kitchen would cost from \$45 to \$100 a week, and this a month after Labor Day. I walked right back around the harbor to my shack. At those prices I would simply have to be braver.

So much for the housing on Ocracoke. Food was a problem, too, as it is everywhere south of Baltimore. Kitchen work is beneath Southern whites, and Southern Negroes can't cook. (I took Tony's bath mat flounder to a local restaurant and tipped the chef to prepare it for all of us — owner, staff, customers, me. He broiled it, which was fine, then poured a can of cold mushrooms on it to show that this was a class operation.) Scrambled eggs and bacon are impossible to bitch, and I ate breakfast twice a day, but soon I went into withdrawal for garlic and did my own cooking, which made my loneliness infinitely greater.

Ocracoke Island is in Hyde County, which is dry. No part of North Carolina can be described as sopping, and when they vote themselves dry down there, they mean it. Before I went to Ocracoke, I knew there was no legal whiskey, and I took along a moderate supply. I would certainly have taken more with me, but I assumed I would be able to find The Man on Ocracoke who sold whiskey without a license.

There is no Man on Ocracoke. It

is, in fact, a marvelous territory for an enterprising young bootlegger. I drank some of the scuppernong wine that I had purchased in, of all places, Scuppernong, North Carolina, as a curiosity, a brown and tasty wine made from wild grapes with skin as tough as Wallace Beery. I am sure the wine press makes cubes of old automobiles in the off-season.

Some seventy miles north to Kill Devil Hills, where the Wright Brothers probably were first airborne, there is a liquor store, and a friend of mine named Alice owns the Sea Ranch. After the bare bones of the shack, which actually had a privy, the air-conditioned and laundered fastness of Alice's ranch was somehow unmanaging, like being kissed by your nurse. On my way back to Ocracoke I learned there are wild horses on the Banks: mustangs with an apparent strain of palomino which once numbered thousands and now are a herd of forty with a fence around them (like a graveyard) to keep the people out. I also discovered there are some seventy camping grounds on the ocean and sound sides of Ocracoke alone, each equipped with water and brown table-and-bench facilities I associate with Robert Moses. The horses are truly wild in the unridable way that cats are wild; I went in with them, but you can't get too close or they will bite you. The birdlife on the islands is preposterous. I bought a paperback on local birds and had frequent and frantic reference to it. Fat Tony does not know birds, but he looked several times in the book out of curiosity, and once when we had stopped to picnic on the Pamlico Sound side of Hatteras Island, he said calmly, "That looks like a rufous-sided towhee." I looked, and bejays, it was a rufous-sided towhee. I gave him the bird book wrapped in the blue tie with avocets on it that the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds sells for \$3. As always, where there is abundant birdlife there are those hardies who migrate heavily armed to defend themselves against stupid Canada geese and those rabid teal and an occasional savage swan. Oddly enough the hardies make nice company, and I visited duck blinds miles out in the Atlantic, standing in a foot of water, and I drank their bourbon, always bourbon, and

I fondled the splendid and alien guns.

Between Bodie Island to the north and Hatteras is a stupendous bridge. The islands are so undeveloped and the bridge so grand that it is rather like joining potatoes with a bracelet. Between Hatteras Island and Ocracoke is the world's champion ferry. It weaves twenty miles across Hatteras Inlet, around big nun buoys and sandbars, the exquisite sea spraying the cars and the people standing out of them, taking pictures of one another. The ferry is free. That is to say, it costs no money to take this irremediable boat ride, and while I was working on some stories, Fat Tony rode it back and forth so many times the management once refused to carry him on suspicion he was running rum.

Well, now, this trip from Alice's Sea Ranch to the shack at Ocracoke became a sweet routine. During the week, I lived in a kind of wool-blanket harshness in the shack and the spooky beauty of Ocracoke, and on weekends Tony drove us north to live in the whoopee luxury of Alice's motel. (Tony was chauffeur not in the hired-out sense but because he is an excellent driver, so I let him drive.) Mondays I would point Tony south, and we'd tool down the Banks, swimming and fishing at spots that had become favorites. It was a marvelous fall.

There is another ferry to Ocracoke from the mainland south of the island. It costs \$9 one way for two people, and the best that can be said of it is that it departs a few miles north of a town called Lola. Its passengers are, in the main, elderly, and come to Ocracoke to see what's left of the mustangs and to look at the Coast Guard station and to send postcards to anybody they can think of who is still alive. They go look at some of the wrecks on the beach (there are so very many that the area is called the Graveyard of Ships, but please remember this is PR country), and then they drive onto the ferry and go away.

On each ferry from the mainland there is usually a Jeep or a Land Rover with six or so ten-foot surfing rods standing tall from the front bumper. Or sometimes it is a car called a camper, a pickup truck with bunks over the driver's cab and living space in the rear. The camper has rods on its front bumper too. These vehicles all seem to be

operated by jolly graybeards, who drive their Jeeps and Rovers and campers as far out on the Atlantic wetlands as the tide allows, which is sometimes several miles, and he goes out after stripers and blues, and she makes sandwiches and friends. I like them.

There is a man in Ocracoke by the name of Sam Jones. He is rich enough to buy Marrakesh, but he uses his money to erect enormous houses with octagonal towers all over town. Just as a guess, I'd say he has two hundred empty rooms in a town of five hundred people. While I was trying to arrange an introduction to Mr. Jones, Fat Tony rang his bell and told him he was me. Sam didn't take to Tony and ate shrimp slowly in a ruffled formal shirt and told Tony only that the two hundred rooms were "for family use." He owns the rubber cancellation stamp from the first airmail flight in America, from Ocracoke to Kill Devil Hills, and is otherwise interesting, but I can't go see him and explain that the immense chap who interviewed him was not me. He'd go get a bowl of shrimp and eat until I went away.

On the next trip to Alice's ranch somebody stole our rods and tackle. The gear belonged to Tony. We always left it on the beach so other guests at the ranch could fool around surf-fishing. I went out to catch dinner (or fool around surf-fishing), and everything was gone, and I looked at the sky and the water and saw that it was November. I will not labor the connection between the theft and the coming of winter because I don't understand it. It is, fortunately, not my business to understand things but to say them, and so I will say that the loss of the rods and the change of season were directly related, and ask you to accept. If you accept it and are otherwise good, I shall take you all down to the Outer Banks next fall, and if we find the cat who took Tony's rods, we will stomp him.

Lancaster County Tragedy

by W. Lowrie Kay

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But he went the house cat in.

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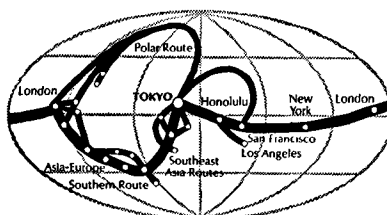


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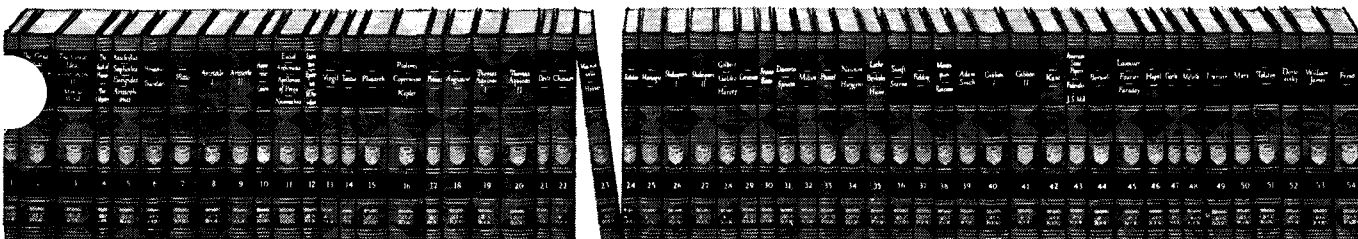
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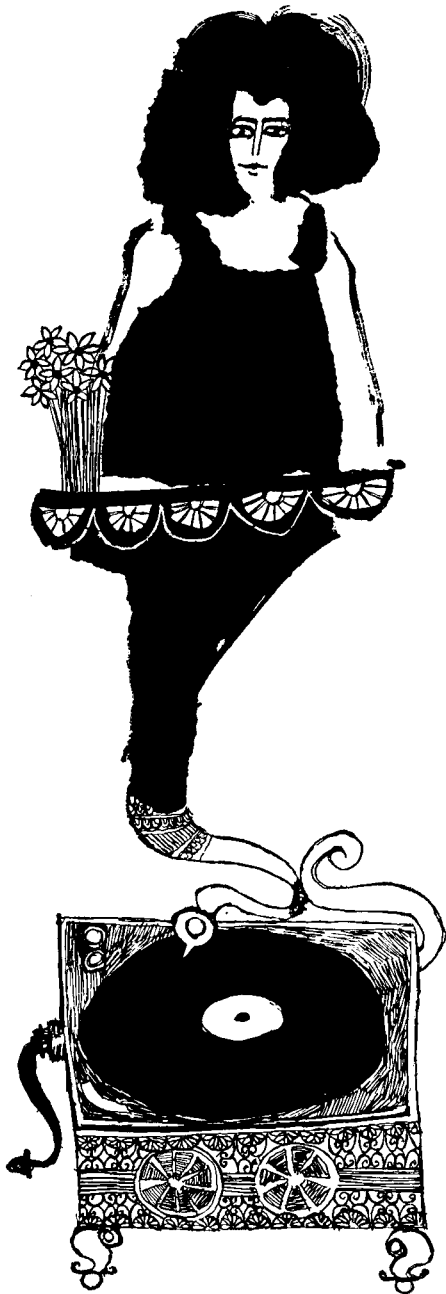
GREAT BOOKS



music

The Long-Singing Singers

by Herbert Kupferberg



A famous musical anecdote concerns the eighteenth-century composer and vocal teacher Nicola Porpora, who once kept his pupil Caffarelli singing a single page of exercises day after day for six years. At the end of that time Caffarelli asked when he might go forth and sing, and Porpora answered: "You may go now, my son; you are the greatest singer in the world."

Things nowadays are quite different, as any singing teacher will attest. Porpora's pupils today would not only be appearing in public long before six years, they would be making records as well — at least if one can judge by the number of new vocal recital recordings that enter the Schwann catalogue monthly.

Actually, while long-playing records are ideal for bringing a lengthy opera or oratorio into the living room, they really do very little for a solo vocal concert made up of a dozen or more disconnected numbers. But that hasn't stopped singers of all vocal ranges, nationalities, and degrees of aptitude from turning out records hopefully built around some supposedly unifying theme. *Joan Sutherland Sings Noel Coward*, *Jenny Lind Songs* by Elisabeth Söderström, *Old Spanish Romances and Folk Songs* by Pilar Lorengar, *My Favorite Hymns* by Leontyne Price, *Three Centuries of Baritone Art* by Geraint Evans — these are some recent issues. Often such records represent little more than catchy titles bestowed upon unrelated songs and arias. But some of these really do illuminate a musical style or epoch, and provide some highly agreeable listening in the process.

The most surprising, though certainly not the most satisfying, of these records is Joan Sutherland's collection of Noel Coward songs. Miss Sutherland must be the world's busiest soprano these days, for simultaneously with her Noel Coward record (OS-25992, stereo; 5992, monaural), London has released new recordings of Rossini's opera *Semiramide* (OSA-1383, stereo; 4383, monaural: three records) and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (OSA-1159, stereo; 4159, monaural: two records).

Is it easier to sing *Semiramide* and Beethoven's Ninth than the show tunes of Noel Coward? Apparently for Joan Sutherland it is. The Australian soprano is nothing less than brilliant in Rossini's absurd

opera about the complicated love life of a legendary Babylonian queen, and she is similarly equal to the quite different demands of the taxing soprano part in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

But strangely enough — or perhaps it isn't so strange at that — the sophisticated lyrics and deft melodies of Noel Coward quite elude her. In addition to the normal difficulty a "classical" singer has in adjusting his voice to the narrower compass of popular songs, Miss Sutherland misses most of the piquancy and the frothiness of the Coward lyrics. Her enunciation has never been sharp, and this defect somehow seems more noticeable in songs like "I'll See You Again" and "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" than in "*Bel raggio*" from *Semiramide*.

It is only fair to note that Mr. Coward apparently does not share these views. Not only does he like the way Miss Sutherland sings his songs; he actually joins in two of them in the recording. He hasn't much of a voice, but one can understand every word he says.

Elisabeth Söderström doesn't exactly pretend she's the Swedish Nightingale in her new album, *Jenny Lind Songs* (London OS-25949, stereo, 5949, monaural), but she does recreate a vivid and delightful impression of one of the great personalities and epochs in vocal history. Jenny Lind, who lived from 1820 to 1887, was famous for her florid operatic singing, but she also developed her own repertory of simple Swedish songs, much as John McCormack, who also was a remarkable operatic singer, did with Irish ballads. These folklike songs made up a large part of her repertory when P. T. Barnum brought her to the United States in 1850 for a triumphal tour.

Miss Söderström, who also is a Swedish girl who has made good in America, is the possessor of a fresh and radiant voice, and she has assembled a singularly graceful collection of songs. Jenny Lind evidently preferred melodies that were light and romantic, and she was particularly partial to those written by her friends. Two of them, Adolf Fredrik Lindblad and Jacob Axel Josefson, are liberally represented on this record, and it must be acknowledged that they wrote some very pretty songs indeed.

Also taken from the Jenny Lind repertory are familiar lieder by

Schumann and Mendelssohn and two songs in English, "Last Night in England" by Charles Jefferys and "Greetings to America" by Julius Benedict. The former is an affectionate tribute to England, where the singer spent her final years, and the latter a number especially composed for Jenny's American tour. For all its bombastic words ("I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,/ Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled"), the song has a certain majesty about it, and Miss Söderström unrolls it in flawless English. Jenny Lind left no recordings of her own (Thomas Edison came along just a bit too late), but this belated tribute to her suggests that at least in one instance P. T. Barnum's customers got their money's worth.

Spain, like Sweden, has produced an uncommon number of internationally famous singers over the years, and among the most accomplished is Pilar Lorengar. The power and purity of her voice are evident in a record of operatic excerpts released by London (OS-25995, stereo; 5995, monaural) in which such familiar arias as "Un bel dì, vedremo" and "Sì, mi chiamano Mimì" are heard side by side with such neglected numbers as the haunting invocation to the moon from Dvořák's *Rusalka* and "Chi il bel sogno di Doretta" from Puccini's early *La Rondine*.

But an even more unusual record is Deutsche Grammophon's *Old Spanish Romances and Folk Songs*, in which Miss Lorengar is accompanied on the guitar by Siegfried Behrend (139155, stereo; 39155, monaural).

The Spanish romances, which occupy one side of the record, are brief love songs and snatches of heroic ballads by a variety of sixteenth-century composers, including the ever present Anon., whose contribution is a sad little song about three Moorish maidens named Aixa, Fátima, and Marien who went to pick olives in Jaén only to find that they were already picked. A startling entry in the list of "Spanish" composers is George Frideric Handel, who, it turns out, wrote in his youth a brief Spanish Cantata for Soprano, Guitar, and Viola da Gamba.

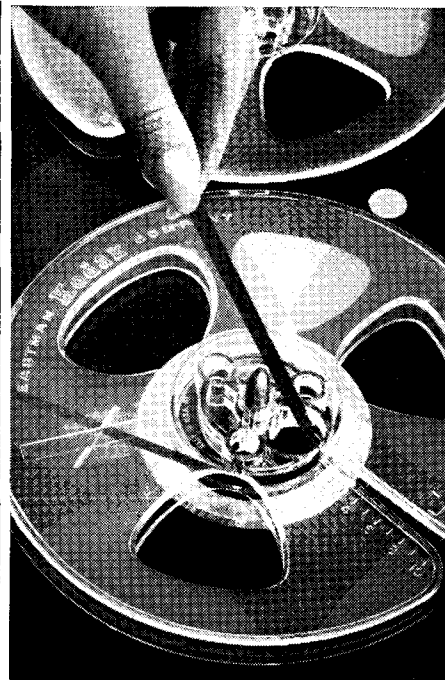
As engaging as these pieces are, it is the nine Spanish folk songs on the reverse side of the record that really bring out all of Miss Lorengar's natural warmth and fervor. These are songs about bullfighters and muleteers, soldiers and pilgrims, and

lovers both enraptured and unrequited. The question of what makes Spanish songs sound Spanish is an old one, and the best answer always is to listen to a singer like Pilar Lorengar sing them.

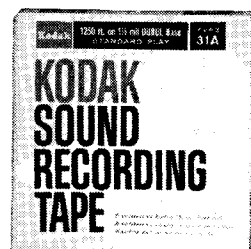
Geraint Evans is a Welshman, born in the village of Cilfynydd, and it is no secret that the Welsh have a special affinity for strong, virile baritones. That is the kind of voice Mr. Evans has, and he displays it handsomely on a record entitled *Three Centuries of Baritone Art*, with Byron Balkwill conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London OS-25994, stereo; 5994, monaural).

For all its imposing title, the record consists merely of a series of operatic arias running chronologically from Handel's *Berenice* to Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with stops along the way at Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*. Although Mr. Evans performs in a manner at once strong and supple, there is only minimal artistic cohesion between the numbers on the record. What really might be interesting would be to hear Geraint Evans in a sequence of Welsh songs, or possibly a set of Kipling songs, or some similarly sturdy baritone specialties of a sort which used to be quite popular some years back, but which nobody seems to be recording nowadays.

A good Irish collection is provided by a contralto named Bernadette Greevy on an imported Argo release entitled *Over Here* (ZRG-5459, stereo; RG-459, monaural). Miss Greevy also is a singer of operatic quality, as she demonstrates on another excellent Argo release devoted to Handel arias (ZRG-5501, stereo; 501, monaural). But it is in the songs of her native land that her voice really seems to take on its true color and vibrancy. Included are such songs as "Wee Hughie," "The Song of Glen Dun," "A Ballynure Ballad," and "Sea Wrack." The title song, "Over Here," is one of the most famous and touching of the songs of the Great Famine: "Oh, the praties they are small,/Over here, over here!/. . . Oh the praties they are small,/And we dig them in the fall,/And we ate them coats and all,/Full of fear. . . ." To hear Miss Greevy, who is Dublin born, sing these woeful measures to the accompaniment of a solo



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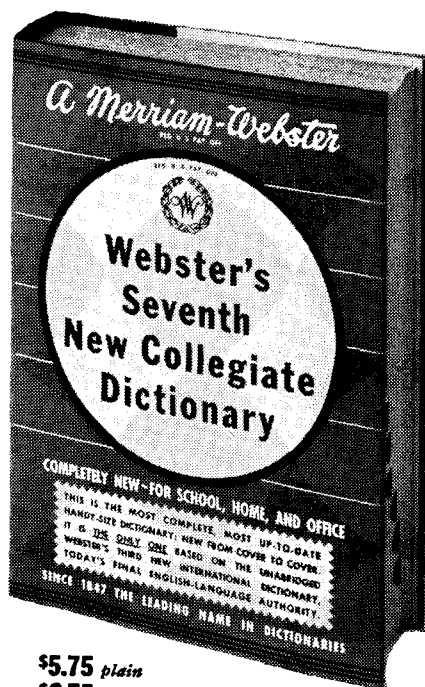
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harp is quite a moving experience. Equally affecting is a record by Leontyne Price entitled *My Favorite Hymns* (RCA Victor LSC-2918, stereo; LM-2918, monaural). Miss Price has made dozens of records ranging from Italian operas to Negro spirituals, but her voice has never seemed more rich, round, and beautifully focused than it does in these hymns. To hear her stride magnificently into "Holy, Holy, Holy," the first hymn on the record, is nothing short of thrilling. And her voice soars just as effortlessly through "Amazing Grace," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Bless This House," and the other familiar religious songs on the record.

Joining with Miss Price is the Choir of Men and Boys of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in New York, an American group which closely approximates the pure and floating singing of an English cathedral choir. Some of the choral arrangements, such as that for Schubert's "Ave Maria," are overly elaborate and fussy, but for the most part choir and soloist blend ideally. Such songs as "Lead, Kindly Light" and "The Church's One Foundation" can hardly claim the virtue of novelty, but this record demonstrates that it takes only a singer like Leontyne Price to return them to grace and glory.

Record Reviews

Henze: Five Symphonies

Hans Werner Henze conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 139203/04 (stereo) and 39203/04: two records

At the age of forty, Hans Werner Henze is Germany's most important new post-war composer, and esteem for his works, including several operas, extends beyond his own land. These five compositions, some of them more rhapsodic than symphonic, show an impressive ability to draw upon the musical resources of the century, reaching as far back as Mahler and extending toward the twelve-tonalists. But Henze's personal contributions are equally imposing: a sure-handed mastery of the orchestra, an admirable terseness and brevity, and most important of all, a genuine lyric gift. He writes music rather than mere

sounds, which is something of a distinction for a young composer nowadays. He is, moreover, a prolific composer, and there seems no doubt that further works of quality are on the way.

Strauss: Don Quixote

Herbert von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic, with Pierre Fournier, cellist; Deutsche Grammophon 139009 (stereo) and 39009

Sleekness, smoothness, suavity—whatever word is applied, it can only suggest the seemingly effortless playing that goes into this almost luxuriantly rich recording. The Berlin Philharmonic under von Karajan is a master orchestra, and Fournier is a master cellist. Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote* is a pretty masterful piece of musical biography, too, and it is hard to think of a finer recording of it than this.

Moore: The Ballad of Baby Doe

Emerson Buckley conducting New York City Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Beverly Sills, Walter Cassel, Frances Bible, and others; Heliodor HS-25035-3 (stereo) and H-25035-3: three records

Perhaps the Great American Opera hasn't yet been written, but *The Ballad of Baby Doe* can serve at least as a thoroughly admirable stopgap. Its libretto, by the able John Latouche, is an authentic story drawn from Colorado's silver-mining days, and its music, by Douglas Moore, catches the zest, liveliness, and eventual tragedy of the participants in that lusty era. And what other opera ever written can boast Chester A. Arthur and William Jennings Bryan among its cast of characters? This is a bargain-price reissue of a recording once available on the MGM label, and it's a pleasure to have it back.

Verdi: Nabucco

Lamberto Gardelli conducting Vienna Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Tito Gobbi, baritone; Elena Suliotis, soprano; Bruno Prevedi, tenor; and Carlo Cava, bass; London OSA-1382 (stereo) and A-4382: three records

This opera about Nebuchadnezzar not only has the virtue of shortening the Babylonian monarch's name; it also provides him and his cohorts with some darkly dramatic music. *Nabucco* is early Verdi, as anyone can tell; its crudities and shortcomings are self-evident. Yet it is a powerful work, and the veteran baritone

Jobbi makes the mad king a moving and sympathetic figure. Elena Sulitis, a young Greek soprano raised in Argentina, has an intriguingly beautiful voice, though some of the songs she produces are excessively explosive. But the big moment in *abucco* always is the chorus "Va, pensiero," which once served as an Italian patriotic hymn and really is a soaring Verdian adaptation of the psalm "By the waters of Babylon."

Spanish Strings

Enoch Light and the Light Brigade; Project 3 PR-5000-SD (stereo) and R-5000-M

Project 3" is the name of the new label devised by Enoch Light, who, as former chief of Command Records, established a reputation for high-quality sound in both the classical and popular fields. *Spanish Strings*, the first in Light's new line, as his familiar engineering characteristics — absolutely silent surfaces, clear and brilliant highs, rich and full-bodied lows, sharp separation of the two sound channels. It still makes for exciting listening for stereo and hi-fi buffs, even though the Spanish content of the music is mostly Broadway Latin.

What Now My Love — Richard Tucker sings Today's Great Popular Favorites

Richard Tucker, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Franz Allers; Columbia MS-6895 (stereo) and ML-6295

The Association of Admirers of Richard Tucker — of which this writer professes himself a charter member — would do well to petition their man to avoid records of his sort like the cholera. Songs like "What Kind of Fool Am I?", "Who Can I Turn To?", and "What Now My Love?" (curious that all end with question marks) need Tucker's powerful vocalism no more than "Vesti la giubba" needs Frank Sinatra's cozy tones. This recording is not only a mishmash but a mismatch, with both the songs and the singer — not to mention the listener — coming out as losers.

The Best Loved Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Read by Hal Holbrook; Caedmon TC-1107 (monaural)

Longfellow is hopelessly out of fashion nowadays, but even so, there may be a schoolchild somewhere

with a secret yen for "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," or even "Hiawatha." Such a lad will find great joy in this record, for Hal Holbrook reads these poems as if he, too, believed in them. Without trying to adopt a deliberate New England accent, he has just the right amount of crisp businesslike clarity in his approach, even down to the tumultuous "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Stephen Spender: Selected Poems

Read by the poet under the direction of Arthur Luce Klein; Spoken Arts 953 (monaural)

Spender has recorded his poetry before, of course, but what lends new interest to this recording are the little spoken introductions that precede each of the verses. In a few words the poet briefly sketches the history or the background of each work, and sometimes even suggests the significance of his symbols and images. Among the well-known poems thus revealed are "The Truly Great," "The Landscape Near an Aerodrome" (in which Spender explains that at the time he wrote it he thought aircraft shut off their engines while landing!), and "An Elementary School Classroom in the Sun." More than most other recordings of poetry readings, this gives a highly intimate sense of the presence of the poet himself.

A Heritage of Song From Old Russia

Maria Christova, soprano, with Dobrynya Choral and Instrumental Ensemble directed by Daniel Salmanoff; Nonesuch H-72010 (stereo) and H-2010

Nothing on the record jacket tells where this recording was made, nor is the background of the singers divulged. So it can only be said that the Russian-language performances have the ring of authenticity and a properly Slavic quality about them. In fact, they are quite beautiful, with an exotic tinge to their sad tales of frustrated loves and tragic separations. Maria Christova, who does most of the singing, has a lovely limpid soprano voice, and the accompanying choristers are rich in sonorous Russian basses. The English translations are printed on the jacket, but not the Russian words. This is one of those rare folk-song records that is a musical delight, quite apart from its ethnic values.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



My first experience in the West was one of almost total ignominy. At the time, June, 1919, I did not think of myself as a dude, I thought of myself as a war veteran, capable of doing anything. There was the sign on the bulletin board in Cambridge reading: "Wanted: Harvest Hands. Help Get in the Bumper Crop at \$7.00 a Day!" I multiplied the 90 days I expected to be there by 7, and allowing for the travel expenses, came up with a cool \$500 for my next year in college. The fact that I had never seen a steer, harnessed a horse, or handled a pitchfork did not seem to me a disqualification. Nor did it to the good-natured Irishman at the Boston Chamber of Commerce to whom I applied for my credentials.

"So you want to work in the wheat fields," he said. "They tell me it's hot as hell. Put your name down on this, and show it to the clerk in Kansas City." This was a small piece of paper addressed to the Chamber in Kansas City and stating, "To the best of our knowledge the bearer, _____, is entitled to work as a harvest hand. Signed: _____." I filled in my name, he rubber-stamped it, and I was certified.

The greeter in Kansas City was not overly impressed by my credentials. "They're harvesting right now at Colby," he remarked, "one hundred and sixty-four miles due west." "Gosh," I said. "I've only seven dollars left. How do I get out there?" "That's your lookout," he said.

Well, anyone who has done KP in the Army can wash dishes in a café, and by the third day I had earned my rail fare to Colby. When I boarded the train, my last dollars had been spent in an army surplus store where I purchased blue denims, cotton shirts and gloves, a red bandanna, and a straw hat with a wide brim, a regalia which I donned in the lavatory of a hotel.

The greeter had advised me to see the head of the bank in Colby, who would tell me what to do. The sun was barely up when I stepped off the day coach at Colby, and after the night's jogging and no supper I was ravenous. I followed Main Street into the center of the dusty little town, passing throngs of rangy, sun-burned men squatting on the curb or leaning against the shop fronts. The bank was not open yet, but I asked the way to the president's home, found it, and knocked on the door. A

genial-looking man in undershirt and pants admitted me, glanced at my credentials, and grinned. "Son," he said, "you sure look hungry. Sit down there on the porch, and my wife will fry you some eggs." Eggs and bacon, a slab of homemade toast, and country-fried potatoes. Boy! He was dressed by the time I had cleaned the plate, and I accompanied him downtown. "You just take your place with those other hands," he said cheerily as we parted. "Somebody is sure to sign you on before dark." I must say I didn't feel quite so confident.

The signing up was already in progress. A Ford would appear out of a cloud of dust — we could see it coming from far away — the farmer would step out, and after a little sizing up, would announce, "I want four headers and a stacker," and then take his pick. The big guys went first, then the middle-sized, and by midafternoon, when they were getting down to the bottom of the barrel, my turn came. I was signed on by a capable-looking man named Carpenter, evidently in his mid-thirties, and good-natured. "Ever done any harvesting?" he asked, noticing my lack of tan, and when I shook my head, he said, "Well, we'll take a chance."

Carpenter was harvesting three sections, about a thousand acres of wheat and barley, and on the ride out I learned that my job would be in one of the header boxes, stamping down the wheat that would be poured into us by the conveyor belt of the reaper, and then forking it onto the stack when our load was full. I also learned that the other hands had been following the harvest north for at least a month, finishing each job and then leapfrogging ahead to the next uncut square.

They called me Slim, and from the moment I arrived at the Carpenter farm, I was a curio. We slept in the barn and were up at five to catch the horses. The men watched me brush my teeth; they were amused by the slow way I ate; they listened to my accent; and they couldn't believe that anyone could know so little about harvesting. On the third morning they left me to harness the horses for my header box, and I did as I had been told. But I must have left out something, for when I had finished, the wagon tongue, leather traces, and all had sunk to the level of the horses' hocks, A

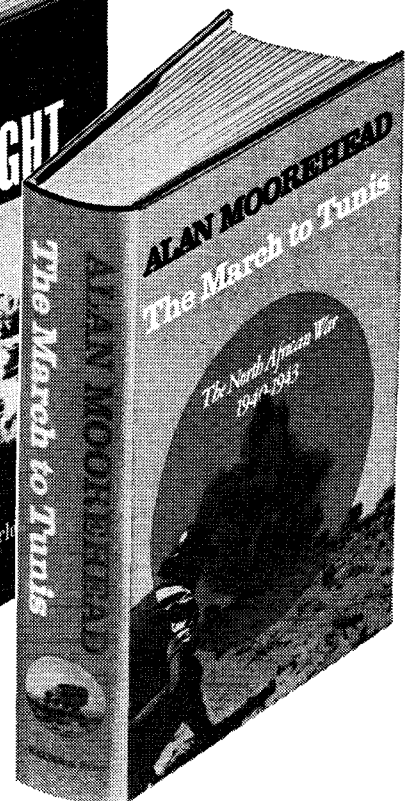
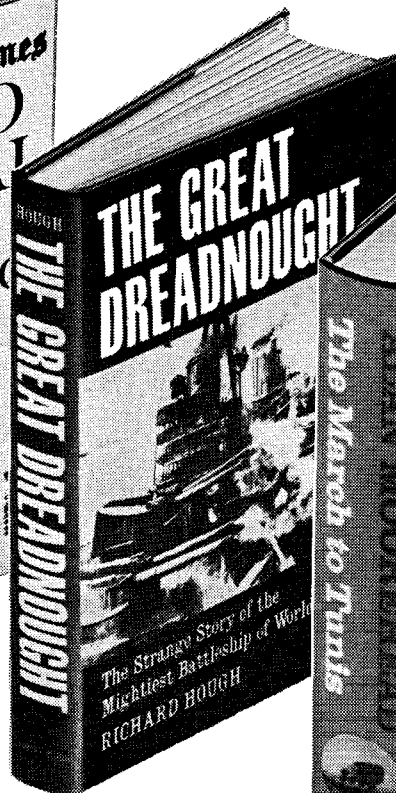
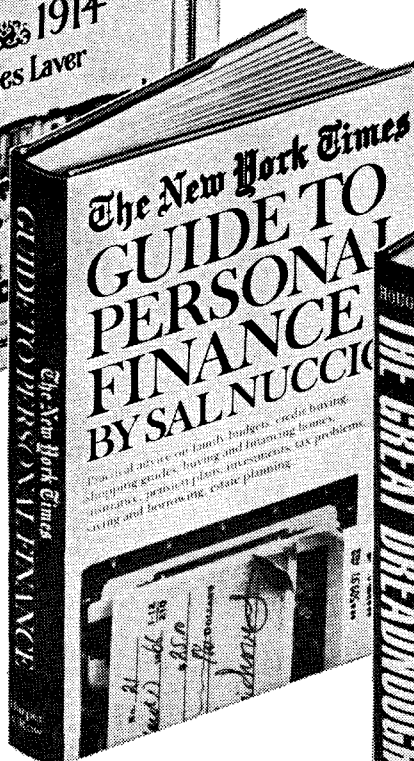
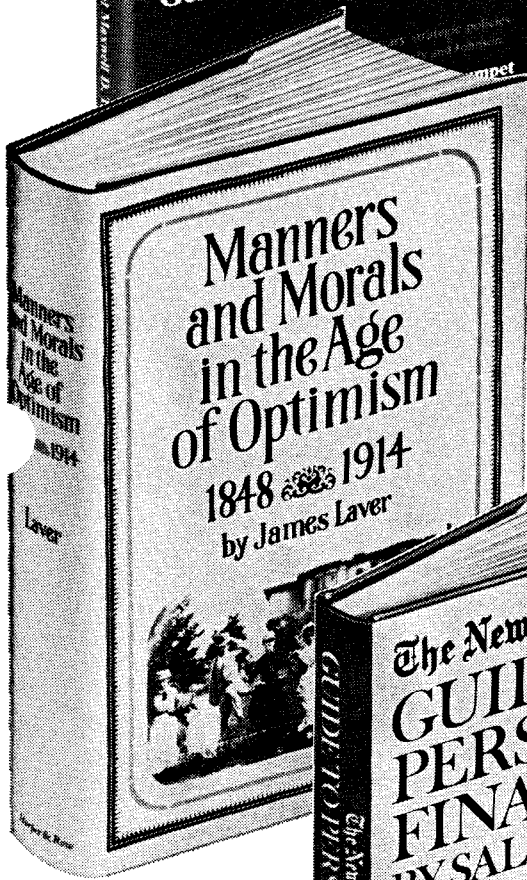
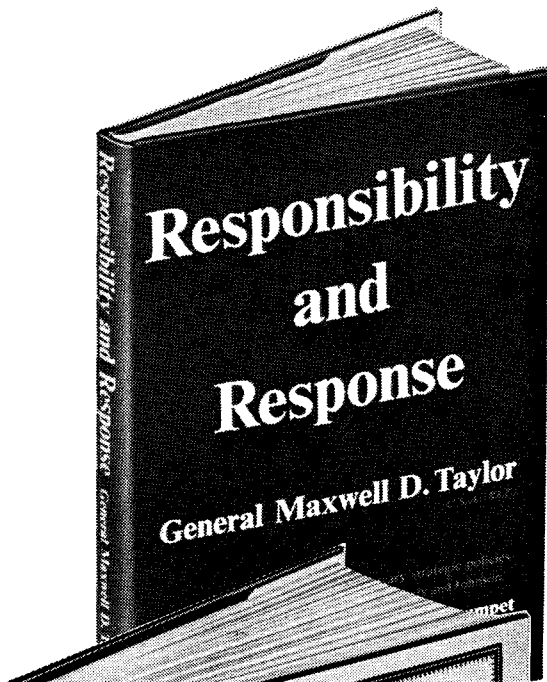
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barely six inches above the ground. I was still puzzling over this when the barn was split by a roar of laughter from the crew, who had been watching me out of sight.

We worked in a temperature that climbed above 100 degrees at noon. My partner was no veteran but a high-school boy of sixteen who handled the pitchfork the way some people handle a violin — all rhythm and no sweat. I handled it as if it were a snow shovel — dig, grunt, heave, and blister — and by the second day my hands were mighty painful. The reaper, thank heaven, had a way of breaking down in the late afternoon, just a little before I did, and while the boss was tinkering with it, I would wonder how long, oh, Lord, how long?

The ride home at five o'clock came with incredible relief, and the great Kansas plain with the sun lowering and the wind blowing was quite a sight. After supper the other men would wrestle. It was a contest to see who could throw the cow-puncher from Wyoming — but as for me, lying flat out, I had barely enough zest to lift my head and watch.

I was obviously the weak sister, slowing down the whole process, and it was only Mr. Carpenter's kindness that kept me on. When he paid me and dropped me off in Colby, I reverted to my previous occupation, washing dishes for \$2.50 a day, board and keep, "keep" meaning that I shared a room with the cook, who got drunk on Ed Pinard's hair tonic on Saturday nights. Kansas was dry.

Dandies go West

The European dandies **MARSHALL SPRAGUE** writes about in his beautifully illustrated **A GALLERY OF DUDES** (Little, Brown, \$8.75) were most of them of noble birth. They all possessed wealth, they were adaptable, with the digestion of a goat, and the West which they visited in the nineteenth century was really wild. They went for a variety of reasons. Captain William Drummond Stewart, whose biography opens the book, ran away from domesticity; he was also a famous shot, and he had exhausted the hunting grounds of Europe. Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, who was the wealthiest and most powerful of the lot, was temporarily tired of St. Petersburg and went for

the kicks; the Marquis de Mores and Count Pourtales went with the illusion that they could make some quick money; Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, a first-class naturalist, was lured to the Dakotas and Montana by the hope of discovery, and his notes about the Indian tribes he lived with are the last word about some of them, written just before the smallpox epidemic wiped out 15,000 Red Men, including several of the smaller tribes.

The only woman among them, Isabella Lucy Bird, who was thought in Scotland to be an invalid suffering from backache, insomnia, and nervous tension, went West to get source material for a travel book. A small trim woman of forty riding astride in Turkish trousers with frills falling over her boots, she made her way to Estes Park, and there fell in love with one of her guides, the hard-drinking Mountain Jim Nugent, and he with her. Their romance alone is worth the price of admission.

These dudes, young Theodore Roosevelt being about the last of them, were gregarious people with strong wills. They were well educated, and whether they were wintering in a Hudson Bay fort or drifting down the Missouri or camping with the Assiniboines, who proved to be the most reliable guides, they were quite aware of the great potential in this raw, unbroken country and delighted in trying to read its future. As Mr. Sprague so aptly says, "They wrote well about what they saw and their writings helped Americans to evaluate themselves at a time when they were too busy building a new world to have time to think." They covered incredible distances through virgin wilderness, and the resourcefulness of Prince Max at the Battle of Fort McKenzie or the hardihood of the insouciant Lord Milton, who survived a Saskatchewan winter in a log cabin 15 by 13 feet, makes one gasp.

It depended on the remittance from home how they traveled: some, like Captain Stewart, traveled light, in a party of three or four; others, like the Grand Duke, went in style, traveling on a private train and attended on the buffalo hunts by a small army led by General Phil Sheridan, General Custer, and Buffalo Bill, who did most of the shooting.

Mr. Sprague's portraits of his nine adventurers are entertaining in what

they tell us of the dudes and solidly grounded in what they show us of the country more than a century ago. The early comers were sometimes accompanied by artists whose drawings are as graphic as the photographs that came later. This is a happy combination of what was bizarre, romantic, and memorable in the newly opened West.

The great General

Hitler attacked Poland on September 1, 1939, just a few hours before General Marshall assumed office as our Chief of Staff. Our Army and Air Force then numbered less than 200,000 men. The conservatives, the liberals disillusioned over Versailles, the isolationists of the Midwest, and the businessmen haters of FDR were united in blocking our aid to the Allies and in avoiding any provocative buildup of American armament. The myth of Nazi invincibility was in the air, and in mid-September Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh warned that our involvement in the war would mean the loss of American democracy. Such alarm as there was subsided in the early months of 1940 as Hitler regrouped his forces, and on April 3 the House Committee cut the budget of the Armed Forces by almost 10 percent, struck from Marshall's list the air base at Anchorage and all but 57 planes from the requested 166. It is no wonder that in later life the General would remark that the years 1940–1941 were his most difficult period of the war, a conviction which is patiently and forcibly brought out in **DR. FORREST C. POGUE'S** crucial book **GEORGE C. MARSHALL, ORDEAL AND HOPE, 1939–1942** (Viking, \$8.95), being the second of a four-volume biography.

General Marshall refused many sizable offers for his memoirs, among them one estimated at a million dollars. But he wanted the record clear, and for this purpose he gave his papers to a research library in Lexington, Virginia, and in 1956 taped in confidence a long oral history for the biographer to use after his death. Dr. Pogue, of course, has had access to all the interlacing published material, including the diaries of Secretary Stimson and the private papers of many of the General's associates. The portrait that emerges is that of a severe, un-

sparing, farsighted commander whose integrity and high temper as he strove to arouse this nation won the grudging assent of even the most stubborn.

"It is doubtful," writes Dr. Pogue, "that Roosevelt ever enjoyed Marshall's company," and the reason becomes clear as one reads, for it was Marshall's duty to override FDR's impulsive gestures, especially toward Churchill. "I never haggled with the President," said Marshall quietly. "It took me a long time to get to him." When Britain stood alone after Dunkirk, Churchill became importunate at what he called "the hungry table" in Washington, and when Hitler turned against the Soviet Union, the Russians were even more demanding. But it was Marshall's duty to build up an American Army in the eventuality that we might have to go it alone, and after Pearl Harbor, he had to divide our equipment between MacArthur in the Pacific and those who were to have the prior claims in Europe and Africa. He did all this in the face of a reluctant Congress. No one was ever satisfied, and the castigation always fell on him. Marshall had had two serious warnings of overwork when he was Pershing's aide in World War I, and it is remarkable that he came through this ordeal unscathed.

The warmth in the book is engendered not by its style but by the genuine human detail. Marshall's quickly won and indispensable friendships with Harry Hopkins and Sir John Dill; his Little Black Book, feared throughout the Army, in which he wrote down the names of officers deserving promotion and crossed out those whom he distrusted; his appraisal of the British commanders and his feeling that Air Chief Marshal Portal was "the best mind of the lot"; his forbearance with his former chief MacArthur; his anguish over the misjudgments in the hour before Pearl Harbor; his delight with the G.I. who mailed him a tough steak as evidence of the poor cooking inflicted on his company; his unshakable belief that final victory would depend on our closing with Hitler's ground forces; and so often in the crisis his quick blaze of temper, which helped to clear the truth — these are a few of the many scenes which enliven this vital, comprehensive, judgmatic book.

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Editorially the subject of war in Southeast Asia must have consumed more tons of newsprint than any other since the last presidential election. Confusion has been compounded. It is time to hear a historian who has also worked in the tight inner circle of policy-making. Such a writer is Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., distinguished Pulitzer prize winner for history and biography and Special Assistant to two Presidents during a crucial time in our deepening involvement in Vietnam.

THE BITTER HERITAGE: Vietnam and American Democracy 1941-1966 predictably drew the wholehearted approval of the publishing trade journals as soon as advance galleys were distributed. "Incisive, clarifying, calm, Mr. Schlesinger deals with the situation from a position of informed authority in relation to the seats of power; of the many, this is the one book on Vietnam which appears to hold a usable key in this connection, to provide a move acceptable to the administration," said the *Kirkus service*. "An insider's excellent short basic review of the American experience with Vietnam, even back to World War II," said the *Publisher's Weekly*.



But also among early readers were two distinguished generals and this put another, highly professional, widely significant, challenge to the book.

General Matthew Ridgway wrote, "A brilliant historian presents a perceptive and forthright analysis, offering common sense suggestions, not glib solutions, and, in my opinion demolishing with reasoned logic many of the slogans which have guided and the strictures which have narrowed our views in dealing with the great problems of foreign relations, and in particular, at the moment, with the No. 1 problem of Southeast Asia."



General James Gavin wrote, "I have read a great many books and articles about Vietnam during the past year. Practically all of them deal exclusively with the situation within that distraught country and none concern themselves with what might happen within our own society as a consequence of our Vietnam policy. Yet, this may be the most serious result of the Vietnam business. To understand it, one must know America, its history and traditions. Arthur M. Schlesinger, is, therefore, especially well qualified to interpret Vietnam in these terms . . . It is not a long book, but it is meaty with historical fact and sound postulation. I would consider it must reading for anyone who would understand the meaning of Vietnam to Americans."

As this goes to press, **THE BITTER HERITAGE** is about to be published. It is, to quote the General, must reading for the American public.



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Reader's Choice
by Oscar Handlin



No one is better qualified than ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., to apply the insights of history to contemporary problems. His combination of talents is unique — a sound knowledge of the American past, practical experience in the process of arriving at national decisions, and the skill at writing which reflects the play of a brilliant mind.

His **THE BITTER HERITAGE: VIETNAM AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY 1941-1966** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95) is nevertheless a disappointing work. The book advocates a middle course, not withdrawal from Vietnam, but also no escalation. The United States is immediately to halt its bombing raids on North Vietnam and to cease its search-and-destroy efforts. Instead, it is to confine itself to holding the areas now under control while working out a negotiated settlement. A quick review of the step by step American involvement in Southeast Asia buttresses the argument.

We have a right to expect from Arthur Schlesinger a more probing analysis of the strategic issues at stake. Who knows better than he that the war in Vietnam runs counter to the basic military tradition of the United States, one to which not only generals but Presidents subscribed. Like MacArthur, Marshall, Pershing, and Grant, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wilson, and Lincoln all believed that war was hell. It followed, in their view, that the only way to fight was to get it over with quickly, to mobilize maximum power and destroy the enemy.

The United States departed from

that tradition some fifteen years ago when it recognized that it could no longer destroy the enemy without destroying itself. The alternative to nuclear warfare was graduated deterrence, the response to provocation one step at a time, escalating the scale of combat only as much as was necessary to inhibit the antagonist but also meeting each blow with pain-dealing retaliation.

History has by no means yet proven the new strategy wholly successful. But Professor Schlesinger cannot afford to back away from it now. For without some other plan for keeping the peace, we would then revert to the old strategy, still advocated by some hawks, but which Professor Schlesinger brilliantly criticized when General MacArthur stated it some years ago. If we do not resist by "one more step," do we have any capacity for response to aggression other than massive nuclear retaliation?

That question Professor Schlesinger seeks at all costs to avoid. Hence he urges us to negotiate without contemplating the possibility that the enemy may not wish to do so. There is ample evidence that the Vietnamese Communists, like the Chinese, have become so habituated to war as a way of life that they will accept no terms short of victory as long as they can hope that victory is possible. The effort to lure to the conference table those who wished to fight has not been notably successful in the past.

In any case, Professor Schlesinger is fully aware of the dangers of appeasement but denies the analogy to the situation of 1938. Hitler had overwhelming military power, and his invasion of Czechoslovakia passed "across old and well established lines of national division." There the history is a little shaky. At the time of Munich, Czechoslovakia was, after all, only twenty years old, and its boundaries, which conformed to no past reality, were fixed by émigrés. Furthermore, Nazi military power by no means seemed so overwhelming at Munich or even a year after as it does in retrospect. The British and French in the winter of the *Sitzkrieg* were perfectly willing to take on a war with the Russians at the same time as with the Germans, who seemed no more dangerous then than the Chinese do now.

History is not inscrutable, but

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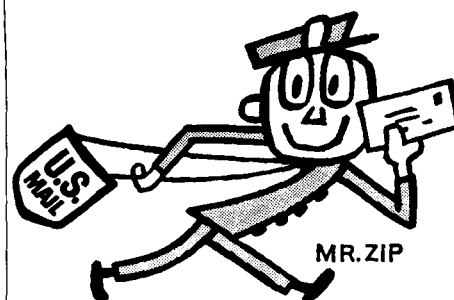
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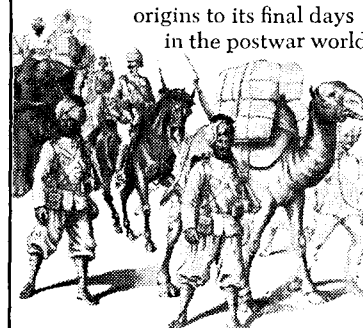
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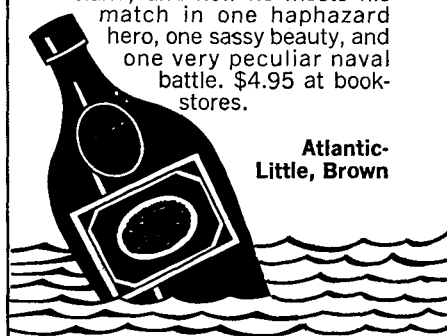
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it is shadowed by wish fulfillment. Professor Schlesinger suggests that we follow the precedent of Laos and admit the Viet Cong to a coalition government in South Vietnam. Yet that settlement which opened out the war against Saigon was short-lived indeed, and Laos even today survives only with American military support. Schlesinger also exaggerates the extent to which the Russo-Chinese split has "set all Communist states free to pursue national policies." Whatever flexibility of policy actually exists in Communist countries is due not only to internal stress but also to the inhibiting presence of nearby American power. Differences of opinion with the Chinese did not restrain the Russians from their Cuban missile adventure in 1962. Important as it is, the divergence between China and Russia is on means, not on ultimate objectives of Communist victory. It is optimistic indeed to expect that the split alone will halt Red aggression.

Nationalism and Communism

The basic premise of most criticism of American policy is the certitude that the Viet Cong are fighting a nationalist revolution. Professor Schlesinger is even willing to speculate that Ho Chi Minh would have been a buffer against potential Chinese aggression had he taken all of Vietnam in 1954. The only evidence in support of this cheerful guess comes from Viet Cong statements. Yet Communists have used such disclaimers of foreign influence for forty years in Asia as well as in other parts of the world, with results that have not been reassuring.

We are not likely in the near future to have better evidence on this question than that presented in LUCIEN BODARD'S *THE QUICKSAND WAR: PRELUDE TO VIETNAM* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95). The author is a French journalist, born in China, who lived through the disastrous decade after the defeat of Japan, knew everyone, saw everything. He has written the best account of any phase of modern Vietnamese history available in English. And although it reaches down only to 1950, there is no better introduction to the problems of 1967.

The book actually condenses two volumes of a series ultimately planned to carry the story to 1954. It is a pity that some of the detail has

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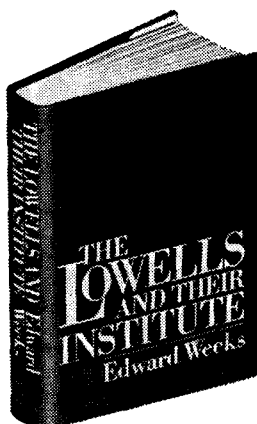
The story of that Institute, of the four remarkable men who have been successive trustees since 1840, and of the development of the New England mind from Darwinism to educational television is now told with all the skill and

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THE LOWELLS AND THEIR INSTITUTE

by Edward Weeks



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been lost. But none of the essential elements are omitted, and the excellent translation by Patrick O'Brian admirably captures the verve and the mordant humor of the French original.

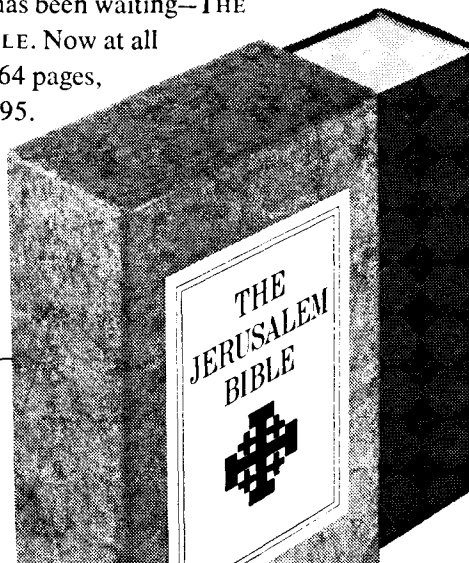
Bodard has no illusions. He is critical of everyone and not least of the United States. The French, the Vietnamese, the Communists, the Catholics, the Buddhists all are begrimed by their encounters on the bloody ground of a pleasant land. The only heroes are the dead, redeemed by failure in a situation where every sacrifice is futile. However much it is necessary to discount Bodard's jaundiced point of view, his story of corruption, cruelty, lust, and deception carries conviction. He knows about what he writes. Although his words drip acid, they convey the real meaning of a tragic struggle.

From the mass of fascinating detail, there emerges first of all an impression of the enormous human complexities of a society in which exploitation, torture, and vice were casual incidents of life, one in which a quarter century of fighting had made war a normal aspect of existence. There is an unforgettable portrait, for instance, of the wrinkled, arrogant Leu Huu-tu, the white-clad Trappist bishop of Phatdiem, reduced by fanatic flagellation to little more than a pair of burning eyes. From a huge baroque cathedral, he ruled the people, continually on their knees or marching in processions. In 1946, the Communists allowed him to carve out whole Catholic states in the middle of Vietnam, and then, when the alliance was no longer useful, turned against him; whereupon the bishop resorted to prayer and to double-dealing, in a determined effort to save his faith and his power. Then there is the Pope of the abstinent Caodist sect who granted himself dispensations so that he could drink champagne with a guest at ten o'clock in the morning. And Lu Han, master of Kuming, who had tortured thousands of Reds yet who became a tool of Mao out of hatred for Chiang.

Bodard also answers the fundamental question of the relationship of Communism to nationalism in Vietnam. There cannot possibly be a doubt that the decisive point in the Viet Minh struggle came in 1949 with the intervention of the Red Chinese. Until then, Ho —

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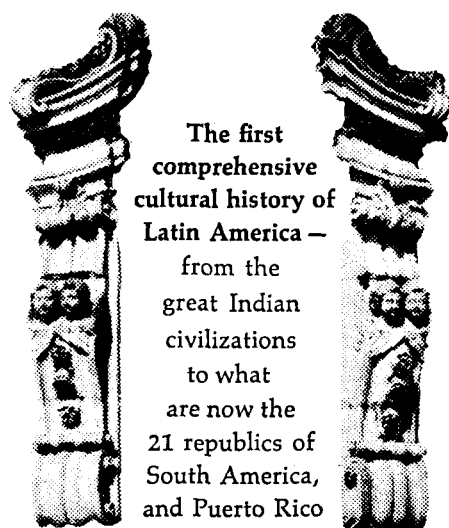
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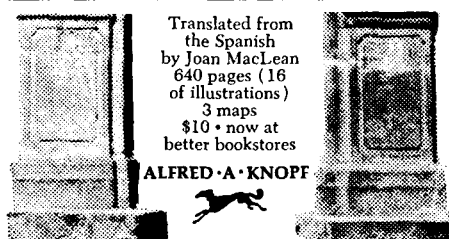
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great Indian
civilizations
to what
are now the
21 republics of
South America,
and Puerto Rico

LATIN AMERICA

BY GERMÁN ARCINIEGAS



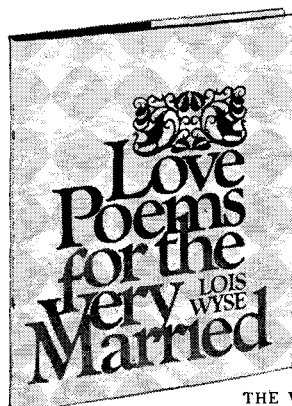
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about whose Communism there was never any doubt, except among a few innocent Americans — followed a tortuous course, collaborating with nationalists, Communists, American imperialists, and the Emperor Bao Dai. It was important only to survive. With Mao Tse-tung installed across the border, the whole situation changed. The Communism of the Viet Minh emerged into the open. And the delicious irony was this, that the French, who had been diddling the United States with stories they did not believe about Red influence in the rebellion in order to squeeze out more dollars, now discovered — too late — that it was all true!

In dealing with nationalism, the Communists were dangerously flexible. In Tonkin Ho Chi Minh had no need of the nationalists. He ordered them massacred. Gentleness, assimilation, and advance by successive purges were unnecessary. "He was already strong enough, and what he wanted was 'purity' straight away, a solidly Communist party. It had been appalling. Thousands, maybe tens of thousands of men had been liquidated in 1945, 1946 and later — always in spectacular numbers, as though the Communists wanted to destroy not only their bodies but even their memory. The intention was that horror and dread should extinguish the last trace of respect for them among the masses." On the other hand, in Cochinchina, the Communists receded into the background while Giap's battalions fought in the north. "During all this time the propaganda in the south amounted to no more than this — Maintain the Party but do not stir. Just do your utmost to improve Communist thinking and wait until the people's armies from Tonkin reach you and liberate you." Whoever suggests coalition in the future should keep past experience in mind.

Finally, Bodard unintentionally reveals the French character of the defeat. A remote central government, itself constantly shifting and for a time penetrated by Communists, resented every American suggestion that the day of colonialism was over and struggled to hold its territory by using foreign money and mercenary soldiers. Its failure, as in other parts of the world, was neither surprising nor an omen of what a different kind of effort might yield.

The opportunities of the Red

leaders arise from the fact that the abstractions of neither Communism nor nationalism mean much to the mass of peasants. Two quite different books show the results.

SUSAN SHEEHAN'S *TEN VIETNAMESE* (Knopf, \$4.95) is surprisingly informative. She spent less than a year in the country, was unfamiliar with its institutions, and did not speak the language. Undaunted, she set out with an interpreter to interview typical Vietnamese, among them a Buddhist monk, a Montagnard woman, an orphan boy, and a refugee.

Mrs. Sheehan was a good listener, and dealing on her own level with a sophisticated politician, Dr. Diep, she is thoroughly perceptive. At other times she is uncritical. She accepts the refugee Duong Tam's statement that he had never heard of Prime Minister Ky or of Ho Chi Minh. It does not occur to her that the profession of ignorance may only have been the poor man's prudence.

One of Mrs. Sheehan's subjects was a V.C. defector who neither in his joining nor in his escape betrayed the least indication of ideological concern. DOUGLAS PIKE'S *VIETCONG* (M.I.T. Press, \$8.95) arrives at the same conclusion. This careful and lucidly written study, based on hundreds of documents and interviews, surveys the structure of the National Liberation Front and its operations, strategy, and relations with the outer world. He concludes that most of its success has been organizational. While the leaders and true believers were Communists in the sense that they swore blind allegiance to the world movement, whose loci of power were Moscow and Peking, they recruited and governed their followers by means of a carefully constructed apparatus rather than through some unique spirit or élan. "The deeper one plunged into the study of the NLF the stronger became the feeling of being on the edge of a future social morass, only dimly seen. Here, one felt, was tomorrow's society, the beginning of 1984, when peace is war, slavery is freedom, the nonorganization is the organization." Yet there is an element of hopefulness in that conclusion. If the organization begins to crumble and communications between the Communist cadres and the people weaken, it may not be difficult to detach the followers from the leaders. Once the

military problem is settled, reconstruction may not be more remote than it was in Japan after 1945.

While it lasts, however, the war is nasty and creates doubts among those unwilling to reckon the costs of the alternative. **THE UNITED STATES IN VIETNAM** by **GEORGE McTURNAN KAHIN** and **JOHN W. LEWIS** (Dial, \$5.95), for instance, is a book of solid appearance by two respectable political scientists who go astray in the eagerness to prove American policy wrong despite a double set of notes. It may be just ignorance when they write that the United States showed little interest in Vietnam until 1949 or that Bishop Huu-tu was a simple ally of the French regime. But it is more perplexing to read the following description of a reign of terror: "Hastily trained political cadres . . . were overzealous in their interpretation of the agrarian laws." When Ho's instructions to his southern henchmen to go underground are interpreted as signs of his peaceful intentions, it becomes clear that the authors' errors arise out of a tendency to discount any statements emanating from either Saigon or Washington and to take at face value those from Hanoi. Hence there are in these pages those high-minded agrarian reformers seeking national independence who were so prominent in books about China two decades ago, although, alas, they never existed in actuality.

In **THE ARROGANCE OF POWER** (Random House, \$4.95) **WILLIAM FULBRIGHT**, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, puts into print the broody forebodings about American foreign policy he has voiced for some time in public hearings.

Many features of American foreign policy trouble the senator. At times he seems an isolationist, as when he argues that the United States has no business in Asia, and yet he calls for an invasion of Cuba during the missile crisis. At other times, the arrogance of power he criticizes seems to mean the tendency to create and extend an empire. But basically, he objects to any effort to use power for moral purposes. Our own Civil War was needless. Had the hotheads "been less influential, the war might have been avoided and slavery would certainly have been abolished anyway, peacefully and probably within a generation

after emancipation actually occurred." He deplores "Puritanism" or "crusading" — that is, the impulse to impart an ethical quality to our relationships with the outer world. In that respect he echoes the French complaints, which Bodard repeats, against the United States in 1949. In any case, the fear of a moral commitment has put Senator Fulbright in an anomalous position that helps explain the inability of the committee he heads to influence foreign policy.

One could wish that the senator would read the long and thoughtful essay by **FRANCIS L. LOEWENHEIM**, in **THE HISTORIAN AND THE DIPLOMAT** (Harper & Row, \$6.95). This carefully written analysis traces the continuities in American foreign policy from the Revolution to the present. It reveals that those continuities with remarkably few exceptions have focused on the nation's moral and intellectual heritage from the Enlightenment — freedom, self-determination, and the rights of peoples. This little volume should have a much wider audience than the scholars at whom it is primarily directed, for it goes a long way toward explaining why Americans act as they do in their relations with the rest of the world.

The old pros

There is a comfort, by no means negligible, in the writings of the tried and true professionals. One expects no exciting novelties, no great revelations. But also one gets no disappointments.

JOHN GUNTHER'S INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA (Harper & Row, \$6.95) follows the pattern of his earlier books. He has been to the right places and seen the right people, and he covers the whole story, all ten turbulent countries of it, except for Guyana. He knows how to do the job. The book is informative, well written, and nicely seasoned with anecdotes and vignettes of personalities. For those who do not wish to read every page, a neat fact sheet summarizes it all.

The book, however, lacks depth, and the catchy chapter titles — "Uruguay on the Rocks" — give the impression that the author is less serious than he actually is.

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD'S THE COURTESY OF DEATH (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95) is a rousing story which follows a reliable formula.

There is a man alone — in this book an engineer recently returned to England and without friends — who pursues and escapes from the members of a powerful conspiracy. The enemy are members of a maniacal religious group whose creed permits them to kill so long as they do so courteously. The twist in this case is the setting, a vast network of underground caves in which the protagonist is twice incarcerated. The chase goes on in high spirit, just the right length. Household's narrative skill permits him to carry the story off without any lag of interest.

I DON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE (Viking, \$4.95) assembles nine short stories by **ARTHUR MILLER**. He is at his best in the title story, an impressionistic account of emotional family crises seen through the eyes of a five-year-old. Here and in "A Search for a Future," Miller deals with the family tensions that elicit his best writing. In view of his prolific work for the stage, it is surprising that there are so few dramatic elements or conversational passages in the stories. But they are competently put together and exhibit considerable variety of style.

Geoffrey Household's

best man-hunt novel since
Watcher in the Shadows

THE COURTESY OF DEATH

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Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams

TREASURES OF TURKEY (Skira, \$29.50) is a beautiful, useful, maddening book, devoted to descriptions of all the lovely objects accumulated in Turkey by civilizations dating from 6500 B.C. to 1700 A.D. It is beautiful because of the fine colorplates, useful because the text by Ekrem Akurgal, Cyril Mango, and Richard Ettinghausen discusses styles and origins clearly and notes precisely where things are to be found, and maddening because the reader inevitably yearns to go and see all this splendid stuff — a project which requires travel over a rectangle running from east of Trebizond to Istanbul and Troy, down the Ionian Coast, east across the Tigris, and north again to the Black Sea.

Back in 1948, **BEN SHAHN** exhibited a painting of a demonic beast with a halo of flames. He called it *Allegory*, and a previously sympathetic art critic denounced it as a Communist manifestation and called for the deportation of the artist. Since Mr. Shahn had really had in mind a fire in which four children died, he was taken aback, and the business has continued to gall him for nearly twenty years. The result of his annoyance, for which one must be incongruously grateful to that misguided critic, is **THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PAINTING** (Paragraphic Books, \$3.95), which reproduces, with Mr. Shahn's illustrations and in his clear handwriting, his meditations on the intellectual process underlying any picture. He describes the assemblage of scattered aspects of reality, their conversion into a symbol with a private meaning, and the modification of that symbol to achieve a universal meaning. Mr. Shahn writes succinctly, with the simplicity of serious purpose, and his ideas are both subtle and stimulating.

PIERRE SICHEL's biography **MODIGLIANI** (Dutton, \$10.00) makes little attempt to understand the artist's character or motives. It is devoted merely to tracing his actions, a formidable task. During his years in Paris, Modigliani seems to have known or met everybody from Picasso (predictable) to Katherine Mansfield (who would have thought it). Most of these people were unbridled gossips and memoir writers

in any case, and Modigliani's disorderly life and pitiful death overstimulated the imaginations of a good many of them. Mr. Sichel quotes everybody, patiently sorting probable fact from sentimental fancy, hoping to demolish the legend of Modigliani as a drunken satyr painting in a fog of hashish. The author cannot dispute the fact that Modigliani was his own enemy, but does reasonably well in establishing limits for the war. Why it existed at all is a question for some more analytical, less courteous biographer to dig into, and Mr. Sichel has left a neatly cleared piece of ground for the purpose.

Behind a facade calculated to alarm the unscholarly, **GUTENBERG AND THE MASTER OF THE PLAYING CARDS** (Yale University Press, \$15.00), by **HELLMUT LEHMANN-HAUPT**, conceals a nice little piece of detective work on the printer's



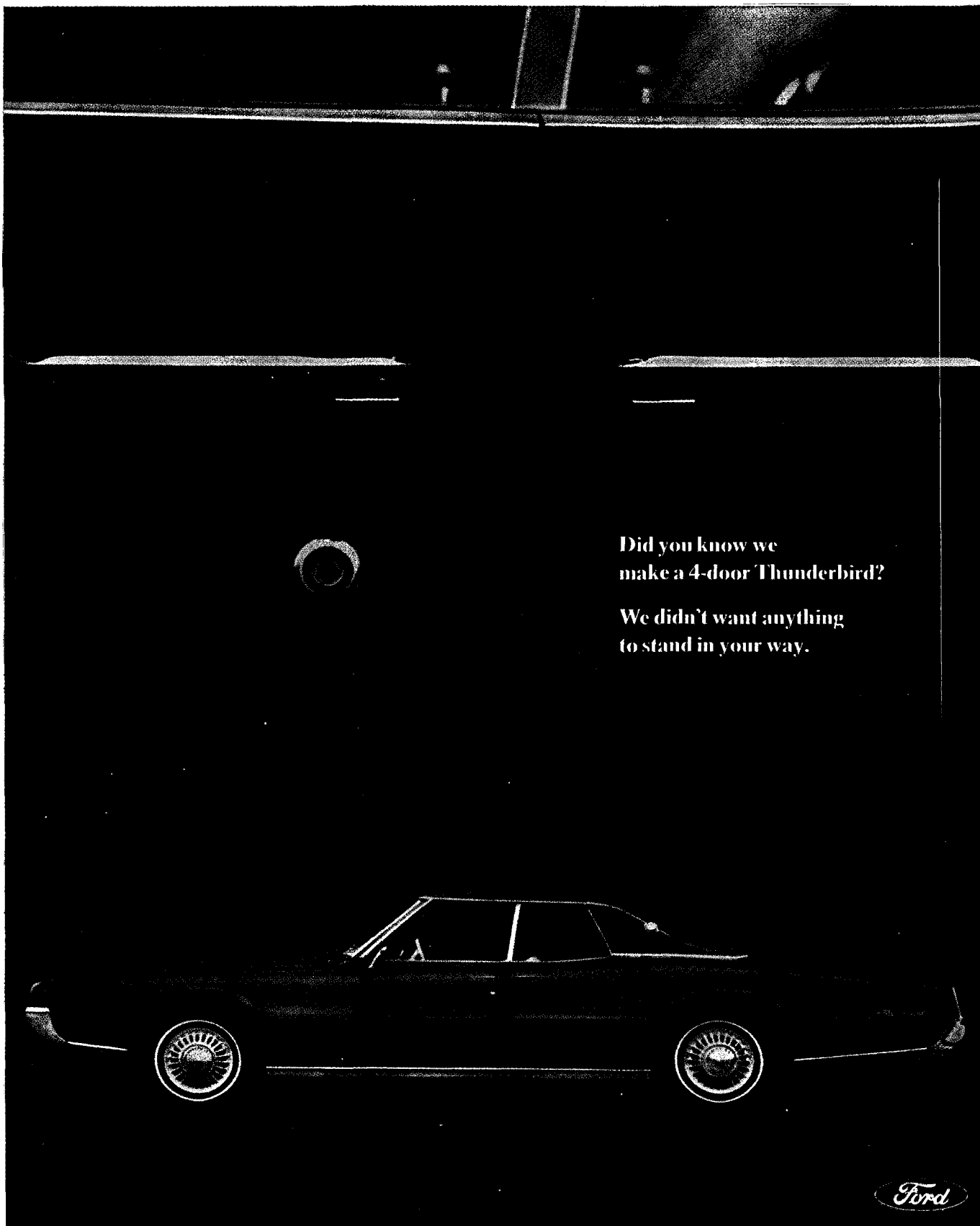
aims and the people who worked with him, plus much information on the transition from written manuscript to printed book.

THE AYLWINS (Norton, \$4.95) by **J. I. M. STEWART** makes good on its subtitle, "an Oxford Comedy," and succeeds into the bargain in keeping the reader absorbed to a surprising degree in the goings-on among the dons and fellows of an Oxford college. What is involved is a peculiar and somewhat batty crisis of conscience. The denouement, wholly unexpected, is as skillfully developed as one would expect it to be by this expert novelist, himself a lecturer at the University of Oxford, who writes equally attractive mystery

stories under the pseudonym of Michael Innes.

DICK SCHAAP's TURNED ON (New American Library, \$4.95) is another of the true crime books that have flowed like a river since the success of *In Cold Blood*. Mr. Schaap rather testily denies any connection with that work; his book is "simply reporting" of the sad, dreary, inadvertent killing of a young woman by a lover who, with nothing but goodwill in his heart, gave her an overdose of heroin. Since the girl was dead and the young man in jail, Mr. Schaap's researches had to be centered on their friends, the New York drug scene in general, and the police. What he turns up is a portrait gallery of lost dogs — the timid, the ineffectual, the unattractive, the would-be artists a trifle short of talent or nerve or both, and the plain sick. Although somewhat given to thievery, dope being an expensive consolation for their troubles, they are on the whole a gentle and inoffensive group of criminals and of serious danger only to themselves. Part of this impression may well be misleading; Mr. Schaap was dealing with young people who came, predominantly, from middle-class or wealthy families, and allowances and private incomes were common. The book proposes no solution for drug addiction, offers no diatribes pro or con anything, and is written with an agreeable lack of sensationalism. It also presents a couple of wisecracking narcotics policemen who will wind up on television if they don't watch out.

With the luck of owning an agreeably lackadaisical father, **JAN YOORS** now a designer of tapestries, did what most boys merely dream of doing. He ran away with the Gypsies, and for ten years or so traipsed around Eastern Europe with their jingling horse caravans. **THE GYPSIES** (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) describes that experience, which was much less disorderly than legend leads one to expect. According to Mr. Yoors, Gypsy society, although far-flung, constantly on the move, and blandly contemptuous of Gaje law, is within itself carefully organized, soberly administered, and severely honest, while the people themselves are a various, likable crew. *The Gypsies* is unsensational and unsentimental — a respectful, affectionate tribute to the "race of strangers" who became the author's adopted kin.



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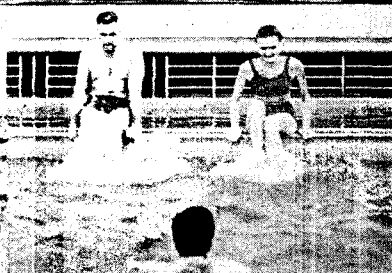
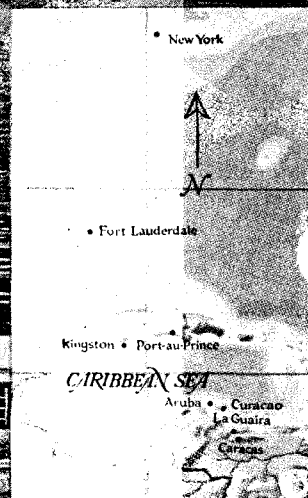
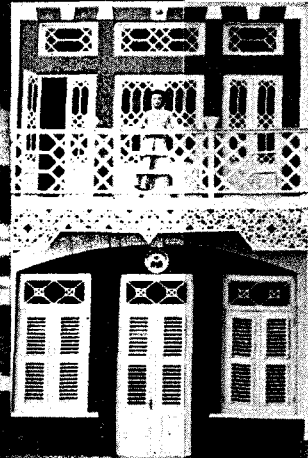
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